

Six Times The Machine

by Zaraen

Category: Halo, Transformers

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Characters: Optimus Prime, SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six, W. Lennox

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-02 23:49:27

Updated: 2016-04-13 03:25:15

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:12:17

Rating: T

Chapters: 17

Words: 114,240

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: She was ready for her final stand. Ready to take as many as those alien bastards down as she could. Only, things didn't turn out how she expected. Death didn't claim her and now she's on the one planet they all swore to protect, but there's one difference. Someone else found it and now she's an alien to her own heritage. A machine in the eyes of this Humanity. Then there's that AI.

1. Prologue: Lone Wolf

Alright, so here's what's been hogging all my attention from my other story. I haven't finished writing the whole thing yet -not even close, haha- but here's a little taste of what it's about.

To those of you who haven't read my other stories, be thankful ;) Just kidding, they're alright, but I think I've improved a lot since I wrote them. At least I hope I have.

Anyway, this is a fic primarily about Noble Six's interaction with another alien species and how she deals with it without losing who she is, if you get what I mean. There will be action, but the story will -and I'll do my best to make it work- be about the culture clash and interaction. There'll also be the subject of Six being like a machine; with the inspiration coming from Halo 4 and Chief's lack of humanity.

If I ever get anything wrong -as I don't have a beta-, or something need's explaining better, then just leave a review or PM me and I'll answer.

One last thing, the updates for this will be slow. I may have written ahead -for once- but this is going to be a long journey for Six so it will take a while.

I hope you all enjoy :)

Thoughts

"Speech"

Prologue: Lone Wolf

* * *

><p>Reach: The hub of the UNSC's military power. It was their fortress among the stars and all that stood between the Covenant and the home of the Human race; Earth.<p>

It was a hub that had all but been destroyed, regardless of any attempts to stop it.

Despite the odds, the UNSC had put up a good fight, but in the end it was not enough, and all they had to show for their efforts were the heavy losses they'd sustained. Countless people had died, civilian and military alike. Their screams of both hopelessness and determination had been heard all over the planet as it burned. No one was safe from the might of the Covenant's overwhelming force. Any resistances left on the planet were being stamped out by Covenant forces, while the glassing of the planet took place.

But while some continued to resist, the noise of their fighting was overshadowed one individual who made the loudest noise, as she refused to go down. She survived wave after wave and no matter how tired she felt, she continued to battle on against the seemingly endless horde of Covenant. Her guns frequently clicked out of ammunition, but that didn't stop her as she managed to scrounge around for more.

Like anyone else, she'd had a team. There'd been six of them in total and each of them had done their part to ensure humanity's survival. But they'd all gone, just like so many others, and once again she was a Lone Wolf.

Irony hit her as she downed another Ultra. Her Commander had said to leave all her 'Lone Wolf stuff' behind her, and look at her now; a Lone Wolf, fighting against all the odds just to survive another day. She snorted to herself as she slammed a magazine of bullets into her beaten and borrowed Assault Rifle, and took aim at yet another Elite.

Rumbles echoed across the sky as the glassing of the planet carried on behind her while she continued to fire at the Elite and before long the bullets pierced its shield. Under her helmet she gave a small smile in satisfaction before rolling out the way of the plasma grenade that had been thrown in her direction. Heat licked at her armor and with the overturned and burnt out Warthog no longer protecting her from its fire she heard the Elite growl in success. She frowned to herself and a single shot managed to sneak in and hit her shields before she downed the Elite with a well-placed shot to the head from her magnum.

A small noise escaped the creature before it crumpled to the floor and she ran out to its body to see if there were any plasma grenades that she could use. Unfortunately there wasn't any, instead there was just the single plasma rifle it'd been trying to take her down with. Her eyes scanned the fallen body of the Elite, taking in the style of

the armor and putting it together with the weak shield that it'd had, she came to the conclusion that this was a 'Minor', one of the lowest ranked Elites she'd come across. In fact, over the past hour she'd started to see less and less of the lower ranked Covenant soldiers, which meant that somebody was diverting the tougher enemies to her.

A huge roar in the distance made her head snap up before she started to scan the area in front of her. In the heavy cloud of dust and dirt that surrounded the whole battlefield, she managed to make out the silhouettes of a group of Elites that were evidently making their way towards her. Another smile crept onto her face, and keeping herself low the black and crimson coloured Spartan picked up the plasma rifle before moving away from the corpse and seemingly disappearing into thin air.

She moved quickly and quietly and flanked around the new contacts that had appeared. She watched their movement, took note of what she expected their skill set's to be and formulated a plan in her head. The Elites walked slowly and cautiously towards where she'd just vacated as they knew she was not yet gone. The leader of the group â€"what appeared to be a General- stopped and crouched down at the body, muttering something that was incoherent to the watching Spartan. His group of four Ultras also stopped and took up positions around him. One called out something to the General, who then barked back a reply and stood up from the body.

From her crouching position the Spartan scooped up a small rock and threw it into a small crumbling structure. The small noise it made caught the attention of the Elites and the General sent two of the Ultras to the structure. Smiling inwardly the Spartan followed after the Elites, pulling out her combat knife as she did so.

When she reached the structure she found one of the Ultras with its back to her while the other was on the other side of the room. She noticed that they were both getting twitchy and knew she had to take the opportunity to take one down. Bracing her legs she launched herself onto the Ultras back with her knife raised. Noticing the new weight on his back, the Elite tried to pry her off but it was to no avail as she swiftly plunged her knife into its neck and twisted it roughly. Pushing off it's back with her feet as she pulled out the knife, blood splattered back at her briefly before the momentum of the dying Ultra sent it crashing into its comrade. Ignoring the blood that had begun to cover her armor the Spartan charged forwards so fast that the second Ultra had little time to recover before it found a knife sweeping up and splitting open its neck.

A gurgled sound escaped the Elite as its blood ran onto the Spartan's armor and it too fell to the floor beside its comrade and was soon surrounded by a pool of blood. The dark purple blood surrounded the Spartan's no longer invisible foot and with a small chuckle she flicked the blood off her knife and unholstered her assault rifle.

Let the fun begin, she thought as she ran out to meet the remainder of the group and whatever else lay before her.

So began one of the last battles the Lieutenant of Noble team would ever be in, in the Human-Covenant War.

This was the last stand of Noble Six, Spartan-B312.

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading, don't forget to leave a review, favorite or follow.<p>

See you all next time.

2. Guardian's Approach

I decided to put this chapter up sooner than originally planned. It's not long, but I assure you, they'll get longer.

Thank you for all the reviews, favs and follows guys :)

****Telron:**** I'm glad you liked it, I hope it doesn't disappoint :)

****Guest:**** Glad I did her justice, Six won't go down easily in this story especially when it comes to aliens :)

****Mr Review** (I'm so sorry I got you're name wrong, I was in a bit of a rush):****** I'm on it :D I've written ahead, but I won't post it all at once as I want to go over it and you'll have to wait longer for the stuff I've gotta write :L

****MarshallAlexandraAnderson:****Ah, well, here you go, no Six this chapter, but we'll see her again very soon :)

Thinking

"Sangheili"

Guardian's Approach

* * *

><p>Roh 'Rithinee, Surface of Reach, Fifty Kilometres from Noble Six

Roh 'Rithinee was not a happy Sangheili. In fact he was beyond anger and as far into rage as you could possibly get. The reason for his rage being the sleek, shiny, but closed door that was sat tauntingly in front of him. He and his team of three Zealots had managed to uncover it a few days ago and due to its forerunner nature he had managed to have the glassing in the surrounding area held off until the last possible moment.

"_Field Marshal 'Rithinee?"_ A voice from behind him rumbled and he turned to see who'd disturbed him this time. When he saw who it was, he barely managed to hold back a small chuckle, before him stood the newest and youngest addition to his team; Vito 'Sivee.

"_Vito, why have you disturbed me?"_ _Roh asked, his voice more stern than usual as he knew he would otherwise be soft on the youngster. Vito reminded Roh of his brother, only Vito had been less affected by the war than Thar. But now his brother was dead. Killed by one of the

Demons at the beginning of the battle on this planet when he'd been sent to a place the humans called 'VisegrÃ;d Relay'.

"_Fleet Master M'Kla 'Norhonee wishes to know if you have made any progress with the Forerunner structure," _Vito said in a respectful tone.

Roh kept himself from sighing in frustration and instead kept up his usual calm demeanor, _"Tell the Fleet Master that we have not made any progress. No doubt the relic on the other side is well protected for a reason." _

"_Yes, sir. I shall go tell the Fleet Master, unless you require anything of me?" _

"_Report back to the Fleet Master first, I may have something for you later." _

"_May the Forerunners guide you, Field Marshal." _Vito bowed before backing out of the room and left Roh once again, alone with his thoughts and the locked door in front of him. His amber eyes scanned the door from corner to corner until an uneven amount of rock on the right side caught his attention.

"_What are you hiding?" _Roh murmured to himself as he began to walk towards the object of his attention.

The rough dull rock appeared to curve outwards and as Roh got closer to it, it became more apparent that there was something underneath it. His mandibles curled into a smirk and he stretched a hand out to the piece of rock. Its surface was rough and cold underneath his black skin. He frowned as he ran his hands over the rocks chipped edges and wondered how they'd managed to miss something that seemed so obvious.

Grabbing a hold of what he now believed was the obstacle between himself and enlightenment by the Forerunners Roh smirked. He increased the pressure of his hold on the rock and found that it was already loose. Figuring that it must not have been completely dislodged in the excavation of the structure Roh made a mental note to deal with whoever had be head of the excavation team later.

Roh chuckled to himself as he wrenched the rock off the wall and as soon as he did three beams of orange light struck him -one from each side of the door and another from above. He felt nothing but a slight tingle as he was bathed in the light, which finished as quickly as it'd begun. The beams retreated back to the ports they had come from and the door did nothing but remain its stationary sleek self that emitted a small blue glow.

A growl was about to escape his mouth but before it could a floating metal orb appeared beside Roh. The Field Marshal quickly unclipped his dual plasma rifles from each of his legs and aimed them at the floating orb. On its front was a glowing pale blue eye that flashed dimly when the orb began to speak.

"I would suggest that you cease trying to enter my instillation as you are not a Reclaimer. Anyone who is not a Reclaimer or has not been given authorisation by the Librarian is forbidden to enter this installation," the orb said as it whizzed around Roh, causing him to

miss the faintest flicker of red on the orbs 'eye'.

What is a Reclaimer? The thought floated through Roh mind and left him clueless. But, perhaps, he would find out soon.

Frowning, Roh stopped his eyes from following the orb around the room before speaking, _"Tell me construct, who are you?" _

"I am five-three-seven Guardian's Approach, Monitor of Forerunner Outpost zero-seven."

"_An Oracle of the Gods?" _Roh muttered to himself, not believing what he was seeing. An Oracle of their Gods that could give the Covenant all the information they needed to wipe heresy, which was the Humans, from the galaxy and aid in their ascension.

Lowering his weapons Roh addressed Guardian's Approach, _ "If I were to find you a 'Reclaimer' would we be allowed to enter?" _

"Only if the Reclaimer deems it necessary," Guardian's Approach beamed.

Roh had no idea what a Reclaimer was but he'd noticed how the Oracle spoke in the human tongue. Was it possible that a Reclaimer was a human? No! Roh quickly dismissed that thought. If the Humans were important to the Forerunners the Prophets wouldn't declare them as Heretics, would they? Roh's trust in the Prophets had been wavering lately as they seemed to favor the Brutes more and more, something that all the Sangheili were displeased about. But, there was always the possibility it would amount to nothing and Roh was thinking to deeply about it.

Bringing himself out of his thoughts that some could consider heretical, Roh decided â€œagainst all he'd been taught- to go with his original assumption and asked the Oracle, _"These Reclaimers you speak of, they're what we call Humans, yes?" _

"That is correct," Guardian's Approach confirmed before it began whizzing around him again. "That must mean you have encountered a Reclaimer, wonderful! You must bring them here at once! There is much they need to do!" Roh once again missed the flash of amber that came from the Monitor as its constant spinning made it impossible to see. However, Roh did not miss the sudden change in pitch of the Monitors voice when it said 'do'.

Thinking it was just the Oracle getting over excited, Roh ignored it as he mulled over the recent and important revelation that had befallen him. Had the Prophets truly been lying to the Covenant the whole time? Did they know that the Humans were important to their Gods? Roh wasn't sure what to believe, the Oracle of the Gods or the Prophets? It should have been a simple choice but something was stopping him from making it. The fact he'd spent all these years killing Humans made him not want to believe that the Oracle was right, as it meant everything they were doing was for nothing. And what about 'The Great Journey'? Was this a lie too? The Prophets had claimed that the Forerunners had ascended into Godhood but, perhaps the Oracle knew what happened to them. If it did and it turned out the Prophets were wrong Roh would have his answer.

"_Tell me Oracle, what happened to your makers?" _

"Of course, my makers fired the Halo Array in order to combat the Food infection that was consuming the galaxy. The Array wiped out all sentient life within the galaxy, including most of my makers," Guardian's Approach explained as a sad tone entered its voice.

Roh clipped his Plasma rifles back onto his legs and brought a hand up to his temple. A sense of betrayal washed through his mind. So Prophets had lied to them, the entire reason for the Covenant was a lie and the Humans were being slaughtered to extinction for no reason.

He began rubbing his temple in frustration â€"something he'd also seen a few humans do- as he wondered what to do next. He could tell his team, no, they wouldn't believe him. He may be their commander but the things he would tell them would be heretical and they'd cut him down. But he couldn't just continue on this journey of lies. The humans may have killed many of his brethren but in the end the Covenant had brought it on themselves by trusting the Prophets. They were all fools.

As if sensing his dilemma the Monitor spoke up, "Is something distressing you?"

"_No," _Roh lied. "_I shall get you your Reclaimer, wait here Oracle." _

"Oracle?" Guardian's Approach started but Roh caught no more of its ramblings as he exited the small, purple illuminated cave.

Outside the cave Roh was met with the sight of his team. Behind them were a few other units that had been sent to ensure the sites security and an expanse of supplies were positioned around their camp. Hovering above the air were a few Phantoms that had recently dropped off some new supplies and to the left of them was the smooth, sleek purple structure that allowed them to communicate with the Fleet Master and other officers if needed.

"_Did you discover anything Field Marshal 'Rithinee?"_ His oldest Zealot -N'tho 'Amasee- asked from where he lent against the wall. His purple armor shifting as he folding his arms across his chest, a clear sign that he â€"like Roh- wasn't impressed with how long it was taking to access the structure.

"_I have discovered an Oracle,"_ Roh declared to his Zealots and decided to allow them to take it in before he said anymore. Their reactions were as he expected; N'tho stiffened slightly in shock but after recovering he gave a small incline of his head, Luro's mandibles twitched and his eyes narrowed into a question that asked 'are you sure?', while Vito had the least controlled reaction as his eyes widened and his mandibles sagged in surprise. The all knew what finding an Oracle meant and they'd never imagined they would ever find one.

"_It told me that we need a Human to enter its domain,"_ Roh watched as looks of disgust formed on all of their faces.

"_Why must we have one of those Heretics to gain access to the shrine of the Gods?" _ Luro spat, disgust lacing his words.

"_Do you doubt the Oracle?"_ Roh asked and Luro visibly flinched. "_I thought not." _

"_What should we do?" _Vito asked.

"_Tell all active field officers to bring any Human back to base, alive. Demons included." _

"_It will be done Field Marshal 'Rithinee," _the three Zealots said in unison before inclining their heads slightly and began walking towards their communications tower.

Roh waited a while before he went to see if anyone had encountered a Human. He'd spent his time mulling over everything he'd learnt. His mind had gone round and round in circles as it had churned up a whirlwind of emotions as everything he'd been taught clashed with this new revelation. Anger and confusion were at the center of the storm but there was nobody who he could trust to talk him through it. The only one who might have listened was dead and his other brother was too much of a believer to be of any help. His Zealots were also too blinded by their religious campaign to even consider telling.

Thinking about it only made Roh more frustrated and it got him nowhere so instead of making his mind more chaotic than it already was Roh went to see if they had a Human.

"_Has anyone found a Human, Vito?" _He asked the young Zealot who currently had his hand on one of the green holographic buttons. His head was tilted to the side at a small angle while his other hand was on the next terminal along and tapping away at multiple buttons. Above the second terminal a holographic display was constantly moving until it locked onto something and began zooming in.

Roh's eyes scanned over the image and flicked his eyes to the corner of the screen where he read the co-ordinates of the place that was currently displayed. It wasn't far away, a Phantom should've been able to get there within moments and back just as quickly. He looked back over the map generator and took in the purple representation of the location. It seemed familiar, but Roh could think why. However, he didn't need to as Vito had finished what he had been doing.

"_I apologies for keeping you waiting Field Marshal,"_ he said, turning to face Roh. "_I have managed to locate a Human -a Demon in fact- that is still very much alive. It has been causing numerous problems for Field Marshal 'Amasee. He was about to engage it when I contacted him. I have given one of the Phantoms his location."

_

"_He is aware I want it alive then?"_ Roh checked, now knowing why the place seemed familiar. For the past hour he'd been directing a few of his own forces to deal with the Demon. The fact it was still alive didn't surprise him, he knew how deadly they could be and only hoped that Field Marshal 'Amasee exercised caution when capturing it.

Vito nodded, "_He does and if he loses more men trying to subdue her then kill her, he hopes you know what you're doing." _

Roh didn't answer. Instead he gave Vito a small nod, turned around

and made his way over to his other two Zealots, muttering to himself,
_"I don't know if I do anymore." _

Behind him a single Phantom to lifted itself high into the clouded sky of the planet they had invaded. It paused for a mere second before its shimmering purple body disappeared into the distance and towards the Demon it intended to transport.

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading, don't forget to leave a review, favorite or follow.<p>

See you all next time.

3. Seven Devils

So here's the next chapter and well I guess things are gonna get a bit more interesting. I'm taking a few liberties with some things, which you'll see below. They're not major, but I just thought I'd forewarn you :)

Thank you for all the reviews, favs and follows. I'm glad you're all enjoying it :D

****MarshalAlexandraAnderson:** ****Thank you and here you go :)**

****Mr Review:** ****He might stay, it really depends on Six. I mean she hates them with a passion ;)**

****ILikedabubbles:** ****Don't worry, the chapters will be longer, the first two were just to introduce some of the characters :)**

****Telron:** ****Glad you think so :) Things are only going to get more interesting.**

****Guest:**** Yeah, it was quite fun writing Roh's POV even though it was a bit of difficult. I'm glad you found it good :)

~/~

****Waning:** ****There is violence in this chapter, much worse than before.**

"Speech"

"Sangheili"

_Thoughts or words that are stressed upon. _

Seven Devils

* * *

><p>Noble Six, Reach

Six didn't know how much time had passed since she'd started fighting. She felt herself tiring, but she refused to give in. Bodies of Elites were stern across the dull and dusky ground. All of them

had different wounds; bullet holes, plasma burns, knife wounds and even a few were dismembered. Their blood pooled on the floor and even coated parts of her armor. She almost revealed in it, her destruction was unrivaled on the battlefield.

Even Insurrectionists had come to fear her as she never left any of them alive. After all why should she? They hadn't extended the same courtesy to her father. They'd capture and tortured him, all because he was UNSC personnel. She'd never forget the day she'd found what was left of him when she'd been out enjoying the forests of Charybdis Nine. His body had been a message to the UNSC and all those that stood with them. The incident had been one of the reasons she fought as hard as she did, but now? She did it because she was ordered to and because she enjoyed it. The feeling of twisting her blade into another and watching as their life left them was something so amazing she could not put it into words.

Although, she never revealed it to anyone as it would cause them to question her mental stability. But, there was no doubt that her mostly now deceased team had figured she had a thing for killing the enemy.

"Noble Six, I am detecting numerous contacts closing in on our position," DOT spoke through her helmets speakers in her usual emotionless voice. Six still wasn't completely sure how she'd managed to get a hold of the AI.

She vaguely remembered stumbling into a small communications outpost that had contained minimal supplies that she'd grabbed.

She remembered getting ready to move on when DOT had appeared on one of the monitors and spoken to her for the first time. Sure the AI had spoken to the Noble team but she'd never addressed Six herself, something that amused the Spartan. She'd then managed to find an empty data crystal chip, a fact which had surprised her as all the crystals should have been destroyed. Although, as she'd taken in the trashed area of the outpost, the dead bodies and blood splattered walls, perhaps they hadn't had time. Her discovery ended up with her slotting the AI into the back of her standard Mjolnir mark five-dash-bee helmet, which was outfitted with the UA Attachment.

While Six was one of the rare Spartan-III's to have a neural implant at the base of her skull, she'd never been issued an AI. Even when she was given the chance to handle an AI chip, she only allowed them to occupy the neural interface for as little time as possible.

"Acknowledged," Six muttered as she discarded her empty plasma rifle and unholstered her assault rifle. Just as she did, the silhouette of an Elite appeared in the dust that still encase the battlefield around her. The single Elite was soon followed by more and by then Six had already begun to engage them. She took down the first one without a problem, her bullets swiftly took down its shields and it managed to get a few hits in before she finished it off.

Six shrugged off the hits and began dodging around the others. As she continued to battle her shields took more and more hits. The sounds of DOT telling her to find some cover were blocked out as every muscle in her body fought through the fatigue that was trying to

claim it; she didn't want to give into it, she wouldn't give into it.

More fire hit her and her shield broke. The first few burning shots hit her body and hands and she dropped her weapon. Another two others hit her helmet cracking the visor and forcing her to pull it off. When she did, the noises that had been DOT's voice faded away as she dropped it to the side.

Six scooped up her weapon and as she stepped to the side she began to calmly shoot down the Ultra that had been shooting at her. When the Ultra hit the floor she sensed something behind her and instinctively elbowed an Elite General across the face, knocking it to the ground. Its sword fell from its grasp and she gave it no time to grab it or recover from her blow as she pulled out her pistol and shot it in the head.

Breathing in deeply and attempting to ignore the pain Six only got hit in the stomach by more plasma fire. The hot substance burned at her skin and the pain of it almost caused her to sag to the floor, but she held strong. She unleashed a torrent of bullets at the Elite that just shot her in retaliation. Another one appeared in the corner of her vision and as she continued to fire from the hip at one, she shot the other with her pistol. Both Elites soon fell, but Six was given little time to recover as a hard force knocked her to the ground, sending her weapons flying from her hands. She caught the barking of another Elite as the Ultra pounced at her with its energy dagger raised.

Kicking out at the Ultra with as much force as she could muster, Six sent the white Elite stumbling away. After hearing footfalls of another Elite to her right she turned and managed to knock it's sword from its hand.

More barking could be heard in the background only it's more furious this time.

The Elite she disarmed recoiled while the Ultra came back at her with its energy dagger. Six rolled out the way and elbowed the Ultra in the jaw with one arm, while she reached round for her knife with the other. Straight after elbowing the Ultra she turned to stab it in the side of the face and was greeted by a gurgle as the blade tore through the alien's skin.

She then turned back to the Zealot she'd previously disarmed and saw it coming at her with its energy dagger. Six attempted to roll to the side to avoid the dagger, but found she couldn't when the wind was suddenly knocked out of her. The pain from her wounds intensified as something hard pressed down on her chest. Looking up she saw a Field Marshal and a scowl formed on her face as it barked at the Zealot and looked back at her.

In a last ditch attempt to be defiant of her death Noble Six brought her knife around at the Elites leg but her attack was knocked away and more pressure was applied to her stomach. A small hiss of pain escaped her along with all feeling as the Elite 'smiled' down at her before punching her in the face with its free hand. Blotches of black appeared all over her vision and before long blackness is all she could see as she dropped into unconsciousness.

~/~

****Jaor 'Amasee, Reach****

Jaor looked over the Demon he'd been told to keep alive. It was a miracle from the Gods themselves that his squad hadn't killed her in their attempts to 'subdue' her. He'd called out to them on numerous times when it had appeared they would kill her. But each time she'd managed to dodge out the way and continue fighting, despite being mortally wounded. Jaor wasn't completely sure why Field Marshal 'Rithinee wanted this Human, but he had a feeling he would soon find out as he threw the Demon over his shoulders.

"_Pick up its helmet!"_ He growled his fool of a Zealot who'd almost killed her. The Zealot grunted back before sauntering over to pick up the damaged helmet.

Jaor turned his attention to the sky as the sound of a Phantom's engine caught his attention and soon after the streamlined purple vessel flew into view and stopped over them. He waited for the gravity lift to appear and when it did he stepped into the green light, which floated him up, into the belly of the Phantom.

The inside of the Phantom itself was empty, bar the pilot and two Spec-Ops Sangheili. Both of them stood either side of the pilot and remained hidden in the darkness. Jaor dumped the Demon on the floor and called to the pilot to take off. A grunt of confirmation was thrown back at him and turned around to see the only survivor of his squad; Lak 'Valisee.

"_Why did you ignore my orders?"_ Jaor growled, "_I specifically told you we needed the Demon alive!"_

"_Why must we keep the Demon alive? What is so important about this one? There are always more of them out there, defiling the artefacts of the Gods."_ Lak responded, tossing the Demon's helmet next to its prone form.

"_We shall find out when we reach Field Marshal 'Rithinee,"_ Jaor said. "_Now go get the binder for the Demon."_

"_Of course Field Marshal 'Amasee,"_ Lak assured, his voice holding a small hint of mockery that Jaor decided he would deal with later. Leaning up against the wall opposite the Demon Jaor studied its blood splattered face.

It lacked the usual softness he'd seen on most of the Humans that did not fight them, but it still held youth. To the side of one of her closed eyes a large, dark purple mark was fading into view. Something that had probably been caused by his swift punch to her face, the knowledge caused Jaor to smirk for a moment before his eyes moved on. An angry pink line appeared to have been carved onto her face, running from the right side of her jaw and up, over her eye and into the short mess of blood matted hair. It tugged tightly at some of the pale skin around it and where it curved in at her mouth it seemed to pull her lips into a constant sneer.

It was at that moment that Lak returned with the binder. Jaor watched as the Zealot pulled the Demon's armored hands together and place the binder between its hands before activating them. In an instant rock

hard blue plasma encircled her wrists and Lak let her drop back to the floor with a thud.

"_Satisfied, Field Marshal?"_ Lak growled to him.

"_Very, Zealot."_ Jaor gave a calm reply that was accompanied by a small taunting lift of his head, a challenge to the Zealot if he ever saw one. Lak exhaled another growl before strolling around to the other side of the Phantom. Amused by his Zealots reaction Jaor released a small throaty chuckle that soon faded into silence that stayed with him for the remainder of the short journey.

~/~

****Roh 'Rithinee, Reach****

Roh stood with his three Zealots as they waited for the Phantom to return. All of them were decked out in their usual weapons: Vito with his simple, but effective, Needle Rifle, Luro with his Concussion Rifle and finally N'tho with his heavy Fuel Rod Gun. Everyone â€"including Roh- carried an energy sword to make them even more deadly in close combat.

Roh liked to believe that his team was prepared for every eventuality, but there had been teams just like his that had easily fallen to the Demons. Curling his hand into a fist Roh thought of his brother and while he may be angry towards the Demon that killed him, he was equally angry at the Prophets who may as well have killed them all.

A deep hum brought Roh out of his thoughts as he looked up at the sky to see the Phantom return. Soon after appearing it came to a stop above the ground and two figures descended via the green lift. One of them he recognised right away as the Field Marshal. The distinct protrusions on top of the deep purple helmet were what gave it away, along with how he barked commands at the Zealot behind him. Roh also noticed that the Demon was slung over his shoulder; its hands were bound together with the distinctive blue light that was used throughout the Covenant.

Waiting at his position for the Field Marshal to make his way over Roh stole a glance back to the cave. He hadn't returned since he'd last left and although not much time had passed, it felt like it had been much longer. Roh had also refused to think about what the Oracle had told him, now wasn't the time and while he couldn't just stand by and allow the Prophets use his people, getting himself killed for Heresy wasn't on his agenda either.

"_Field Marshal 'Rithinee?"_ A deep voice called as the Field Marshal that had just arrived, reached them.

Roh turned to greet the newcomers, "_That is me. I trust our Demon is still alive?"_ Roh eyed the black and red armored figure that was slung over his shoulder, along with the helmet his Zealot was holding. Two cracks were visible on the visor and it made Roh wonder how wounded the Demon was.

"_Your Demon is alive, she is merely unconscious,"_ He growled back, insulted that Roh would think him incapable of capturing a Demon. The Field Marshal's attitude would've surprised Roh had he not decided to

look up Jaor's service record.

The record itself had been average in length and while Jaor had a few notable achievements to his name there was always one flaw mentioned; his arrogance. A trait that didn't bode well in Sangheili culture was always dragging down Jaor's record. It appeared to get many of those under his command killed and as he noticed the Demon slung over his shoulder and its lack of extra bindings, Roh wondered if Jaor's arrogance would kill them all today. After all, any credible Sangheili knew how dangerous and heavy a Demon was.

"_We shall see,"_ Roh murmured. "_Bring her inside the cave and let us see if what the Oracle says is true."_

Roh turned, not waiting for an answer. He was anxious to get this over with as the whole discovery had been a lot of trouble; he only hoped it was worth it. As they began to cross into the dimly purple lit cave human sounding groans could be heard and they all turned their attention to the Demon who was beginning to wake up.

~/~

****Noble Six****

The first sensation to hit her was pain and, oh boy, did it hit her. Her muscles screamed in pain as did her face and, in fact, the whole of her body. The biofoam had begun to do its job but it hadn't completely finished sealing the plasma wounds that had been inflicted on her body. A groan escaped her and she inwardly cursed to herself, now whoever had her knew she was awake. However, the fact remained that she didn't know who had her but that mystery was soon solved when she heard the tale-tale growling and barking of Elites.

Six stiffened and took stock of what she knew: her hands were bound, there were multiple Elites surrounding her, her helmet was missing â€"she only hoped they hadn't found DOT- and the only weapon she had was Emile's kukri that she'd strapped to her leg for a reason she couldn't currently recall. The odds weren't in her favor, but she wasn't labelled hyper lethal for no reason. She didn't need any fancy weapons; all she needed were her fists and the right opportunity.

She could feel the Elite under her loosen its grip as her weight was obviously growing too much for him to bear. Six smirked internally. All she needed to do was wait for the Elite holding her to weaken enough for her to overpower him and take him out.

For the short walk that continued Six came up with a few rough plans in her head. Each one was different to the other, taking in to account different variables and if some of the actions in her original plan were stopped.

The voice that spoke next was something that Six hadn't expected and if she should have to, she'd guess that it was an AI, "A Reclaimer! How wonderful, the Librarian will be pleased."

Six frowned at the strange pitch the AI took on when it said 'Librarian' but made no indication that she was aware of the conversation.

The rumbling voice of an Elite spoke to the AI with a few others contributing to the conversation.

"If the Reclaimer deems it necessary then I shall allow you to enter."

More rumbling.

"Yes. Now bring the Reclaimer here."

Six felt herself moving, and as she did the Elite beneath her began feeling weaker but she had little time to think more of the matter as she was stood upright in front of a huge shiny metal door. As soon as she managed to regain her composure three orange beams shot out and hit her body. Where she expected pain Six was only greeted by a small tingling sensation that disappeared quickly and a loud rumble echoed through the cave. The walls shook with the rumble and she knew that it would distract the Elites, if only for a second.

Taking advantage of the situation Six quickly unsheathed the kukri and turned on the Elite that was behind her. The Elite had no time to react and was soon dispatched of as the kukri was embedded in through its eye. Her lips tugged into a smirk and she wrenched the knife out of the beasts head before charging at the next one, which was holding her helmet. In the split second it took her to charge at the Elite it pulled out its energy sword and was about to swipe at her when she ducked low, kicked out its legs with one of her own and pounced on it.

Its head rocked back and revealed the vulnerable gap between the armor, which she managed to exploit by slashing across its neck. As its blood splashed back at her, Six mentally crossed off a second Elite from her assumed list of six.

Quickly sheathing the kukri, Six scooped up and activated the energy sword before turning around and jumping back onto her feet just in time to block an attack from one of the others. With both hands occupied with holding the energy sword in an awkward manner Six pushed forwards with all the strength she had in both arms.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw movement and with a big push to the side she managed to sweep the Elites sword away from her long enough to kick it back and send it flying through the now open door and into another Elite.

Six quickly stepped backwards to keep the two Elites that had attempted to flank her, in front of her. They all stood facing each other for a split second before the Elite on the right lunged at her with his energy sword. Stepping to the side, Six caught the Elites blade between her own and tilted hers to the side. But before she could disarm her opponent the other Elite swung down at her and she was forced to back off.

As she backed off she took a chance and managed to place a well-aimed round house kick to the Elites back. The Elite went stumbling to her right and within a few seconds Six had charged forward to stab it in the gut. Her attack hit and the Elite crumpled to the floor in a heap, not completely dead but not currently a threat.

The other Elite roared and charged at her with a flurry of attacks that she just managed to keep up with. It's skill with the blade would've been the only thing to make it difficult, but with her speed and battle instincts she managed to keep up. It lunged to her left and she parried it right back before launching her own attack as she tried to keep on the offensive. She knew she would have to dispatch him soon as there were still two left and so Six created an opportunity for her to finish him off.

The Elite brought his weapon around for another attack and Six brought her own around to once again capture it between the two prongs of her blade. As soon as her opponent's weapon was caught in her own she twisted her violently to the side and forced him to let go.

In a split second she shook his sword away from hers.

In another split second she swiped her energy sword across his neck, tearing through the flesh and burning through any armor or shield that would've offered up any resistance. The beast's head lolled back and a small amount of blood managed to spray back at her before she swiftly kicked him to the floor.

Coughing to her side caught her attention and without any hesitation she stabbed the Elite she'd already downed, right through the back. The coughing ceased and as she pulled her blade away he fell to the floor with a thud.

Harsh, long breaths escaped Six. She was still too tired to continue to fight like this, there had to be somewhere she could go. Something around her gut tingled with the distinct feeling of pain and Six looked down to find blotches of red blood oozing from her bodysuit. The wound wasn't deep and it wouldn't slow her down much, but that only meant something if she could escape. And as if some form of God was listening, an escape route more or less offered itself up.

"Oh my, Reclaimer! We must leave this outpost now if you are to survive!" The AI from before exclaimed.

"Lead on," She murmured in reply as a glowing blue orb floated into view. Although, she didn't trust it quite yet, it appeared to have the only ride off the planet. What happened after it helped her escape would depend entirely on what it wanted.

"Of course. However, our route is compromised by two more of the creatures you just defeated."

"I'll deal with them, could you take that with you?" Six inclined her head towards the helmet and DOT- which lay on the floor next to one of the first Elites she'd downed.

"I will," The orb answered. A blue light appeared from his eye and surrounded her helmet, which was then lifted off the ground and disappeared after the orb as he left the room. The orb zoomed past the two Elites who'd recovered and noticing that the orb had her helmet their heads snapped in her direction.

What happened next surprised Six because only one of the Elites charged at her, while the other yelled something at it. The Elite charging at her ignored what the other had said and continued to run

at her, its blade out and looking menacing as it did. Six could see that the Elite was distracted by its rage, as the Elites usually got when one of their own was downed. Deciding to see how much she could push it she sent it a smirk, which only grew when the beast let out a roar and sped up.

They both met with their blades and Six again threw herself into another duel. But, as the Elite continued to throw attacks at her, she began to notice how sloppy and easy they became to block.

Until one took her by surprise.

She'd just brushed aside another attack when suddenly his sword was at her again. It was only thanks to her astoundingly quick reactions that it didn't do more damage than skimming her armor. The slip up annoyed her, and Six decided to make up for it by taking her opponent out there and then.

As he was still recoiling from his latest attack she kicked out with her foot and landed her heavily armored foot in the center of his chest. The force of the kick appeared to wind the Elite for a second before she swung down with her energy sword. Slicing through the Elite's thick flesh and burning through its armor until the sword would go no further. The Elite let out a pain filled whine as its grip slackened and its weapon clattered to the floor.

In the background she heard the footfalls of the other Elite along with its frustrated chattering that told her that it regretted not jumping in earlier.

Wrenching the sword from her fallen opponents body she lifted it up to prepare for another fight when suddenly, the blade of the sword flicked out of existence leaving nothing but the handle cradled awkwardly in her cuffed hands. Six mentally grimaced to herself and knew there was no time to pick up another as the Elite arrived in front of her, sword ready.

Six knew she didn't have the energy or the maneuverability to take down the Elite, especially in hand to sword combat. Acting as quickly as she could Six knocked his hand out the way before he had the chance to attack. Jumping over him, she pushed away his hand before dashing out of the entrance and further into the metal structure.

~/~

****Roh 'Rithinee****

Roh was shoved away by the Demon with such force that he stumbled over one of the bodies of his Zealots. As he took in the carnage of the cave, Roh could barely believe what had happened in a matter of a few moments. One minute the Demon was slumped over Jaor's shoulder and the next she'd knocked him over by kicking Vito into him, killed Luro, N'tho, Jaor and Lak with such brutality that even a Jiralhanae would be put to shame; had she not managed to add her own form of fluidity into it. Seeing his comrades and long-time partners slaughtered in front of him Vito had become enraged and while he'd put up a good fight against the Demon, his broken and bloodied body said otherwise.

No sound escaped Roh. He knew he could have stopped this. He should have made sure the Demon was properly restrained and-

Roh stopped himself.

What was done was done and clearly the Forerunners wanted the Demon alive. That much was clear from the way the Oracle had offered the Demon a way out. Now, two decisions were presented before him: follow after the Demon and leave the Covenant or call for reinforcements and remain in the Covenant.

His decision should've been easy and instantaneous. But given what the Oracle had told him it only made everything more difficult. He'd been with the Covenant since the beginning -as it had formed when he was much younger- but he'd always been told to believe the word of the Oracles.

Time seemed to stretch on before him as he mulled over the implications that his decisions could have. If he chased after the Demon without contacting anyone then something might be suspected of him. However, if he stayed with the Covenant then he wouldn't be able to change anything as many would sooner label him a heretic than listen.

That's it, Roh thought, determination coursing through his mind. His decision was made and while he would miss the Covenant that had almost been like a strange and distant family, it was for the best. One thing Roh did hope was that his decision didn't affect his family back home on Sangheilious. He wouldn't be able to live with himself if it did.

With the knowledge that he would come back with a way to stop the madness of the prophets Roh murmured a few words of respect for his fallen brethren. Their deaths wouldn't go unpunished; he would make sure the prophets paid for _their _heresy and perhaps even the Demon would feel the end of his sword. Roh straightened up, clipped his sword back onto his leg and with one last glance back at his team he sprinted off to catch up with the Demon.

All the while he muttered curses to the prophets under his breath.

* * *

><p>Thank you for reading, don't forget to leave a review, fav and follow :)<p>

On another note, anyone else seen the Halo 2 cinematic trailer? So amazing :D Really looking forward to the Master Chief collection now. Why does it have to be so far away? D:

4. High Above The Ground

Heyy all, sorry about the horrendously long update time. Uni started again, I was super busy at the end of the summer...and then Destiny came out :p

Anyway, updates are going to slow down as uni and rowing will keep me busy, but I hope you all bare with me on that.

Thank you for all the favorites, follows and reviews I'm glad you're enjoying the story so far.

****Mr Review:** ****Glad you like Roh, can't say if he'll stay, guess you'll just have to wait and see ;) Sorry for the long update, enjoy the chapter.**

****Mars. :** ****Your wait is over! :D**

****Guest:** ****Thank-you, hope you think the same of this one :)**

****AK74FU2:**** Thank-you and I will :)

****Telron:** ****Thank-you, I'm glad you like him, wasn't sure how he'd be received as writing the thought process from someone from the Covenant is pretty difficult :L**

"Speech"

"Sangheili"

Thoughts or words that are stressed upon.

High Above The Ground

* * *

><p>Noble Six

Her breaths fell short and heavy. Her movement was a cross between a run and a jog. The fatigue was catching up with her and while she was a Spartan, there was only so much she could endure. She could feel her determination slipping and her vision narrowed until it was settled on the glowing blue orb she was following. Why? She didn't know. She only hoped that it had a way out for her so that she could live to fight for humanity another day.

Sleek, glowing walls whizzed past her as the orb led her deeper into the ground. The few doors they passed simply opened before them and she wondered how far behind the last Elite was. But, her wondering was stopped when they stopped before a huge door. This one obviously hadn't opened straight away for them.

But why?

"It appears this door requires a while longer to open," The orb said and after what felt like minutes of waiting the door opened to reveal a massive room. The architecture was the same as the corridor she'd been running through; blue glowing lights were embedded into the sleek silver walls and floor as well as the sharp and complex webs of straight lines that ran the length of the rooms.

The few moments Six spared to look at the architecture took her breath away. She could appreciate the beauty and the simple yet complex flare it had. The designs seemed so human, yet so alien. But her sightseeing was cut short when everything around her started shaking. Her head instantly snapped up to the orb, who gave her a quick -but cryptic- reply.

"Travelling through Slipstream-space in unsuitable conditions is not advised."

Six frowned, _how does it plan on_â€|

She stopped herself short because at that moment a large expanse of the room's floor slid away and a platform rose up from deeper underground. What caught her attention wasn't the platform but what was on it.

The structure was at least fifteen meters tall, with what she guessed was the main body, being held five meters off the floor on top of thin and fragile looking stands that were of the same design of the room. There were four of the stands and all of them exited the main body at an outwards angle. The tops of the stands were chunkier than the rest and from what Six could tell, they weren't physically held in place. A sharp but streamlined body rested upon the stands and continued the same design she'd seen on everything else. It stood another ten meters tall with more a few pieces of metal fanning out at the sides and floating against its sharp spine at the back. What she'd decided to label as the cockpit was about ten meters wide at the base and steadily sloped inwards to a width of five meters at the top. At each side of the cockpit's base were a set of 'wings' that â€"like everything else- weren't physically attached to it and were split down the middle.

Six's eyes traveled all around what she could only guess was a ship of some sorts. A ship who's makers had evidently had a geometrical design in mind, but also ensured it held the same decoration as the structure she was currently in. Many questions filtered through her mind, ranging from 'who were these people?' to 'how did we miss this?'

She was about to ask the orb something when a soft blue light reached down from the center of the silver ship and the orb called out to her.

"We must leave this place now Reclaimer," it called. "This way!"

Her eyes narrowed as she watched the orb float up the light with her helmet in tow. A frustrated sigh escaped her while she curled her hands into a tight ball and dashed after it.

The inside of the ship was softly illuminated by blue lights that lined the walls. At the front, in front of a large window, a blue holographic interface flickered into existence over a blue glowing block of silver metal. The interface had a simple circular image surrounded by many other blue straight lined shaped buttons. A single small red button was positioned off to the left and at a right-angle to the whole of the interface were multiple square screens. All of them contained different images that Six had a feeling were to do with the status of the ship.

The sound of her boots hitting the metal floor echoed around her as she walked closer to the control panel. The orb was already there, placing her helmet in a small beam of light that allowed it to hover in mid-air. As the helmet was held suspended in air, Six's thoughts briefly flickered to the AI that she hoped was still there. But before Six could contemplate on DOT's status the orb spoke to her.

"Welcome to the Forerunner planet escape shuttle _Liberator_, " it said, whizzing over the control panel. "Press the center button to prepare for launch."

Despite the doubts she held Six pressed the button and braced herself for the worst. But, as her fingers left the tangible button nothing happened. No explosions, no one jumped out with a gun in hand and tried to kill her. The only thing that did happen was the small shudder that reverberated throughout the ship and ended with sensation that they were hovering above the floor. A quick glance out of the window confirmed Six's suspicion before she turned her attention to the orb.

Time to get some answers.

"What are your intentions?" She growled, keeping the question as vague as possible in hopes she'd yield more information.

"My intentions?" The orb repeated. "Why to help the inheritors of my creator's legacy, of course. I was also given the objective of getting a Reclaimer to the _Librarian_ on Requiem."

Six noticed a sharp change in pitch when the orb mentioned Librarian and frowned at the action. But, gathering information took priority at the moment so she pressed on.

"Who is the Librarian?"

"The Librarian is the leader of the life workers of the Forerunner ecumene." There was no change in pitch this time and it left Six wondering whether or not her fatigue was getting to her and causing her to hear things.

"What does she intend to do with me?"

The orb appeared to sadden slightly, "I'm afraid I was not given that information. All I know is that it is very important."

Six frowned at the orb. Something was wrong here, she could feel it. It was niggling at the back of her mind and whenever she tried to focus on it, it would simply slip through her fingers. However, she wasn't done questioning the orb.

This time she decided to take a different approach, "What is this facility?"

"Outpost zero-seven was originally built for transportation to in-system planets, but was later turned into a means to evacuate the planet to the nearest shield world. Because of this the structure had to be heavily reinforced and redesigned in order to withstand opening Slip-space portals. The majority of these Outposts were destroyed in order to prevent the Flood from gaining access to the shield worlds."

Six processed all the information she was being told and some of it opened up more questions than answers. Subjects such as the 'Flood' made her wonder why an obviously highly advanced race was scared of water. _Unless, it's a label for something much worse. _Something that had these 'Forerunners' worried enough that they would destroy

entire facilities to stop it.

Her short trail of thought was stopped when the orb yelled something out to her.

"Reclaimer, numerous life-signals have been detected entering my Outpost. The self-destruct program is available for activation if you do not wish for them to follow. To activate it, press the yellow button on the far right."

Without hesitation Six quickly reached out and pressed the button. As soon as she did, the screen above that section changed to three symbols in a line. The symbols began to rapidly change, confirming that it was a countdown, but for how long Six had no idea.

A noise at the back caught her attention and Six snapped around to see if anything was there. Her eyes were met with nothing except the closing of the hole she'd come in. As soon as the hole hissed shut relief washed over her.

She'd made it.

But, she was alone. The thought hit her as she slumped against the wall. She dug her hand into the satchel on her leg and pulled out four dog tags; Jorge's, Thom's, Kat's and Emile's. She knew that Thom was the one she'd replaced, the one that some members of the team blamed themselves too much for his death. Curling her hand into a fist around the tags Six felt a strange feeling envelope her. It was something she hadn't felt in a long time. Loss.

It was a small niggling sensation at the back of her head; almost non-existent. It hadn't always been like that, but everything had been so different back then. The last time she'd felt the full force of the emotion was when she'd lost her parents all those years ago. She'd lost one to each enemy of the UNSC; Insurrectionists and The Covenant. Like many other children she'd been promised the chance to gain vengeance and oh boy had she. Since being pulled out of Beta Company she'd eradicated as many militia groups as she could and then she'd gone on to eliminate as many Covenant as she could. But, there'd been the time she'd spent in a team.

She'd spent over a month in Noble team and despite her efforts to remain emotionally distant from her team, it had been inevitable that they'd become close. She couldn't remember how it'd happened, but she supposed that working in close proximity with them had just led to it happening. She was sad that they were gone. Although, she probably wasn't as sad as a civilian would be. But, that was because she was a soldier and they'd been soldiers. Back when she'd lost her parents she'd reacted much differently; sadness had overtaken her at first before changing into rage. But the rage she'd built up back then was something that she'd honed over the years in order to be the best killer she could be.

"Your current combat skin is damaged," the orb piped up. "The ship's logs state that there is a single combat skin left in the storage compartment at the back of the transport."

Six only graced the orb with a nod before making her way over to the back of the ship. She noticed straight away the compartment the orb had been talking about, after all there was half a blue sphere poking

out from the wall right next to the doors. Placing a hand on the orb Six wondered what this combat skin looked like. Then, as the door hissed open Six got her first look at Forerunner combat skin but it was safe to say that she was unimpressed.

The advanced looking armor was scorched in multiple places, with burn holes piercing through one arm and the legs. What she guessed had been a silver colour was now a tainted and tarnished dark grey. A frown creased onto her face and Six pulled the armor set out of the storage compartment. But, just as she was about press the button again something on the floor caught her eye. It was relatively small and appeared have a less elaborate design of the ship she was currently in. With the combat skin weighing down her one arm Six placed its helmet on the floor and scooped up the small object.

It was heavier than she had anticipated and just smaller than her hand. Down the front she could feel convex grooves that felt like they formed different symbols. Figuring she'd investigate it more later, Six clipped it to the magnetic strip on her thigh and scooped up the helmet before returning to the orb.

"It appears that the combat skin is severely damaged," it said, turning in her direction. "A shame as a class eleven combat skin would offer much more protection than you current class two."

Six raised an eyebrow in mild confusion. Was it comparing her armor to the almost completely battered piece she was holding? If the piece she was holding was so good she wondered what kind of weapon could have done so much damage. Her mouth twitched at the thought. Weapons like that could win the UNSC the war. It was then that Six decided that when "not if- she returned from Requiem she would find a way to bring all its treasure home and help the UNSC beat the Covenant. Another thought then hit her and wondering if it would work, Six asked the orb.

"Would it be possible to incorporate this 'combat skin' into my current one?"

The orb didn't say anything for a few moments as it mulled over her question. When it finished it whizzed around her as it spoke, "It should be possible, given the right amount of time and resources."

Six nodded, "Time to leave?"

"Of course, while you were acquiring the combat skin I took the liberty of imputing the co-ordinates to the slipstream-space portal that we would be using. All you need to do Reclaimer is press the green button to the left."

Before blinding stumbling forward and pressing the button Six stopped to think for a moment, well aware that the symbols on the countdown were being to whittle down to the last few. She wanted to go to this Requiem place, but not for the reasons the orb had said, instead she wanted the tech to help humanity prevail. However, she was sure that the orb wouldn't take that lying down, but that didn't mean she was going to mindlessly go through with its plan. But before she could even being to decide on what to do something knocked her out the way and took over the control panel.

Six cursed to herself as she looked up to see the Elite from earlier ripple into existence and try to use the control panel. Apparently he wasn't getting anywhere as he soon hammered down a fist on the interface. But immediately after he did he glanced at her, and what Six guessed was the Elite version of a grin curled onto his face. He lunged for her and she just about managed to dodge, all the while the orb was yelling at the alien to stop interfering or it would be eliminated.

Not wanting to give the Elite an opening to catch her, Six's eyes locked onto the Elite seconds before it disappeared into nothing. Six listened carefully and darted her eyes around the room in order to find any sign of where the Elite was.

There was a split second between her noticing the Elite and it tackling her. She'd attempted to again dodge out of the way and deliver a hard blow to the back of its head, but evidently her plan had been halted before it could begin. It pushed her towards the control panel with the force of its tackle and using her still cuffed hands to its advantage it started trying to use her to change something.

"Yâ€|ou mu-st no-t-," it growled to her in broken English.

Paying little interest to its words Six resisted against whatever buttons it wanted to press and tugged the Elite with all her strength. The motion brought the Elite along her side and crashing into the control panel. With the Elite still recoiling, Six managed to sweep out its legs but as she did so she unintentionally altered the set path. Unaware of her mistake, Six slammed her hand on the green button.

There was a silent hum, but before it could register the small ship shot forwards and into the dark portal that had appeared before it. Just as they entered the portal the outpost behind them began to explode, giving the ship a quick boost as it entered the portal.

The darkness of slipspace was the only thing visible through the window. The sterile like lights where the one source of illumination in the ship, but Six had no time to stand and admire it all. After all there was an Elite dragging itself up from the floor right next to her.

Not wanting to give it a chance to attack her again, Six aimed the strongest roundhouse kick she could muster at it. But, her movement must've been sluggish from fatigue and she found her kick hitting below her mark of its head. The Elite grunted at the contact and tipped to its right before grabbing her foot as she wasn't fast enough to pull back.

Her reaction to the grab was instantaneous and watch she did next was the quickest thing she could muster. She wrenched her leg towards her, but the Elite held strong and she was pulled towards it. This however did not affect plan as she then slammed her foot down â€"forcing the Elite to let go- and at the same time she delivered a swift uppercut with both tied hands. As the Elite was sent stumbling backwards, Six dragged in a breath of oxygen and reached down for Emile's kuriki and began bringing it down on the alien in front of her.

Instead of stabbing it through the neck as she intended, the Elite managed to grab her hands and twist them so that she dropped the weapon. Her body was then forced to bend backwards at an awkward angle as the Elite kicked out the back of her legs, which caused her to crash towards the floor as the Elite twisted her back round so that she landed on her back.

With the breath knocked out of her Six attempted to roll out the way, but she was too slow as the Elite's giant foot came crashing down on her chest; crushing into her wounds and sending her nerves haywire. A pain filled moan escaped her as she felt the biofoam over her wounds crack, and the warm sensation of blood seep out of them. Her vision began to go blurry and as she tried to think of a way to get out of the situation her thoughts went to the strange device she'd strapped to her leg; perhaps it could do something to help her.

As the pressure on her chest increased, her vision became more blurry and her hands fumbled more frantically as they tried to reach her leg. Just as the Elite noticed what she was reaching for, Six managed to press the buttons and as she did the ship shuddered and out of the corner of her eye she noticed a blue glow. The motion of the ship destabilised the Elite and allowed her to roll out from under it. Then she swept out its legs so their positions were essentially reversed.

As she dropped her weight onto the Elite another rockier shudder â€"as if entering atmosphere - rippled through the ship, but Six held steady. Pinning its arms under her legs, Six lent forwards and applied pressure to the Elite's neck using her forearm.

"This is for Noble, Hinge-Head," She snarled, increasing the pressure. And evil, sadistic grin made its way onto her face as she put her arm down more and the Elite began crawling at her hands even more. Its attempts at breathing increased and eventually descended into choking.

Suddenly, the orb yelled something that Six didn't quite hear and the temperature inside the ship began to increase and Six could hear the groan of the ship as they continued their decent through a planet's atmosphere. As she sat choking her enemy, the sound of the heat hitting the front of the ship roared behind her and everything around her shook. Suddenly, the ship pitched forwards until it was almost facing downwards and the motion dragged Six to the back along with the orb and the Elite. She looked over to the orb and saw it was holding her helmet and praying that she could still wear it she stretch out her hand.

"Give me the helmet!" She yelled above the roaring heat that was trying to bake them alive. The orb complied with her request and dropped the helmet into her hands. Six quickly shoved it on and sighed in relief as the familiar hissing sound filled her ears.

Her relief didn't last long as the ship then abruptly smashed into something solid and the motion threw Six and the Elite to the front of the ship. Blinding light hit her eyes and was the last thing she saw before she hit the glass everything went black.

/#537- Guardian's Approach. Accessingâ€¦|

/ATTENTION!//

/Collision Imminent!/

/Reclamier Status: Poor

/Reclamier In Need Of Immediate Medical Assistance

/Wirelessly Hacking Into Local Networks/

/Networks found. Filtering/

/Potential Network Found/

/Designation: NEST/

/Collision Vector Changed/

~/~

****NEST, Diego Garcia ****

A large shudder ripped through the NEST base of Diego Garcia. The occupants of the base weren't as surprised as they should be. After all, they'd been tracking the cause of the quake since it hit Earth's atmosphere. Initially the whole of the base had believed that it was wave of Autobots, but they had confirmation that it was not of Cybertronian origin. The news was not something that eased the leader of NEST's mind.

William Lennox quickly made his way up the steep flight of open stairs up to a platform, which currently surrounded Optimus Prime. He strode along the top walkway before coming to a stop in front of Optimus. Behind Will, on a large screen was General Morshower whose picture would sporadically flicker from time to time. In the shadow of Optimus stood three more beings like him and a few groups of soldiers who were ready to go to the crash site.

"This is defiantly not you guys right?" Will checked. "Not even the message that was referred to General Morshower at the Pentagon?"

"I'm certain; neither of these things are of Cybertronian origin." Optimus assured.

Running his hand down the side of his face in frustration Will struggled to find his words, while in the background the General also appeared disconcerted. He however, remained silent.

"So this is a whole newâ€¦alien?" The word 'alien' felt strange on his tongue, though that was probably because he worked with them and had never imagined meeting new ones.

"I would not worry, Major. No matter what events occur, we will always stand with humanity."

"Okay," Will murmured before asking, "What about the signal the General forwarded here? What did you guys get from that?"

"The message was highly encrypted, but I believe with our collective effort we have managed to gain the general meaning." Optimus paused,

"It was a distress message that was requesting human aid for a 'Reclaimer' and contained a set of co-ordinates, which we cannot convert."

It was then that the General spoke up, "do you mean to say that the language this message was in could be understood?"

"That is correct General," Optimus started. "We were concerned when the message appeared to be in Earth's English. But, we have not ruled out the possibility that they have visited the World Wide Web as we did."

"That may be true, but they specifically requested human aid," the General frowned. "We need to find out what these people want and why they need our aid. I'll leave the rest in your capable hands Major."

"Yes, Sir."

Morshower's screen flicked off and Will turned back to Optimus, who appeared deep in thought. But, when the large being noticed Will's eyes on him he spoke.

"We should go," Optimus said. "These beings may be in serious trouble."

The phrase weighed heavily on everyone's mind as they all wondered if the cause of the crash was in pursuit. But, it was with that thought that everyone loaded up all they needed and left the base as quickly as possible.

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading, don't forget to review, favorite and follow.<p>

If you have any questions, improvements or I got something wrong just let me know :)

5. This Is Not Your Home

Heyy all, sorry it took a while, I wasn't happy with this chapter -still not- but I couldn't think of what to change so I eventually just figured that you guys will pick up on something if you think it needs changing :)

~/~

Thankyou so much for all the reviews, favs and follows :D

****Siphon 117:** ****Thankyou** :) and I guess you'll get a few answers in this chapter, enjoy.

****Guest:** ****Yeah**, sorry, but I'll update as much as I can :) I'm glad you've liked it so far.

****Telron:** ****Thankyou**, I hope I keep you interested :)

****ILikedabubbles:** ****Here you go and it was less than a month this time :P**

****Mr Review:** ****I find the Elites pretty cool too :) probably prefer Spartans though, although Arbiter comes pretty close :P
Thankyou.**

****Jak Dragon:** ****Thank you I'm glad you think so :D enjoy!**

****Mars. :** ****Mwahaha, this is only the start too, there'll be plenty more. But in the meantime here's your update :)**

****Z0mbieMart:** ****Yay :D glad you are.**

****vitimontherun:** ****Thankyou :) I've thought about it and at the moment I'm unsure, it might be too much of a stretch though so at the moment I honestly don't know.**

****Mugiwara N0 Luffy:**** **Hope it doesn't disappoint and here you go :)**

****Guest:** ****I'm hoping I wont, I really enjoy writing this :)**

****blaiseingfire:**** **Mwahaha, the wait is over for the moment :P**

****buckingham:** ****Please don't go insane *throws update* here you go :P
(I'm sorry the editor keeps deleting your name)**

****XRaiderV1:** ****Thankyou :D Glad you enjoyed it.**

~/~

Thoughts or words stressed upon

****_Thoughts that are stressed upon_****

"Talking"

This Is Not Your Home

* * *

><p>~~

****Six, Approx. Fifteen Minutes After The Crash****

Six's entire body felt numb and her head was throbbing. She just managed to crack open her eyes and was once again hit by light that was filtered through her helmet. She glanced down at her hands and managed to make out that they were no longer bound together; at least something had gone her way.

Groaning, Six rolled over and discovered that she was lying on soft sand. Scattered around her were shards that bared little resemblance to shattered glass. The pieces were much bigger and appeared more metal in composition. No wonder she felt like she had bruises all over.

With everything still foggy and her limbs so sluggish it brought her shame, Six eventually managed to drag herself up and prop herself against the husk of the ship. As she sat there she thought; the pain of her wounds beginning to get to her. She wondered if this was the end. If after everything she was finally going to meet her end. She didn't regret anything; she had nothing to regret. No loved ones, no team and no friends were waiting for her to return home. They'd all been swallowed up in the war and for as long as she could remember she'd been alone. Apart from the only two days of her life she remembered before becoming a Spartan; the death of her Father by insurrectionist hands and the death of her Mother by the Covenant.

Nausea suddenly rolled through her, but she was not sick.

The pain began to grow, but she did not cry out.

Instead, her eyes darted around the dry landscape that was occupied by few things. Perhaps this was the place named Requiem? That had been there intended destination. However, as she took a closer look the things she could see seemed familiar, but she could not place them. Her mind was much too clouded for that.

Six chuckled quietly to herself for no particular reason and sometime afterwards a floating orb appeared above the rolling horizon. It was the strange AI. The orb glided close to her and when it reached her it came to a stop in front of her.

"Your adversary still remains unconscious," the orb began. "Help shall arrive to attend to your wounds soon."

A familiar sound in the distance caused Six to frown, and noticing it the orb spoke to her, "The help I requested. They are primarily human as we have landed on Erde-Tyrere instead of Requiem."

There were many bits of information that stood out to Six in what the orb had just said and some of it didn't sound too good.

The orb made it sound as if the help was not just human, but also alien in origin, which was something she knew could not be possible. All the aliens that they'd come across wanted to kill them and she highly doubted they would even work with innies.

Then there was the fact that they were on a Human planet despite the fact she didn't recognise the name; a fact which she frowned at. There was something off about it and as she looked out over the horizon she noticed it; there was hardly anything there. Most cities usually had high reaching skyscrapers and even places like where she was currently would be occupied by something, be it farmland, parks or housing. But, this appeared to be neither. The colour blue was the only thing she could see apart from the burnt sand that surrounded the surprisingly undamaged ship.

The loud sound of engines she'd heard earlier prevented her from thinking any further and she instead tried to glance around the side of the ship. Six just about managed to catch a glimpse of a few strange military vehicles that she'd never seen before, along with a few less militarised. They looked too old to be anything the UNSC "or anyone- still used and while she thought about it being innies, the thought was quickly dismissed. The inneis were sometimes better

equipped than the UNSC led the public to believe and with the war going on, it would only make it easier for them.

Six shifted as the ground beneath her rattled slightly and the sound of very heavy footsteps could be heard. She kept her eyes on where she knew they would appear and soon enough something came into sight.

Only it wasn't what she was expecting.

It was "for lack of a better term- a giant, red and blue robot. Roaming her eyes up and down the giant being she knew that if it decided it wanted to kill her, she wouldn't have much of a chance in her current state. Although there was still a chance she could defeat it, but that depended on how many others there were; perhaps she could outrun it?

The robot seemed to notice her as its gaze dropped and it gave her a look of kindness and sympathy. She wasn't fooled.

Six returned the look with a cold stare before looking at the orb, who looked very interested in the robot. So interested that it floated over to it, maybe she could use it as a distraction to get away? She wasn't usually one to run away from a battle. But, she wasn't a fool when it came to engaging the enemy either.

With her decision made Six began dragging herself onto her feet. She then turned on her active camouflage, which led to a warning message -about the use time on it being halved- appearing. A minute or so would be enough time to put distance between her and the robot, or so she hoped. Turning, Six began to limp away at a fast pace as her leg had been damaged in the crash.

As she left she heard human yelling and glanced back to see human soldiers appear next to the robot and talk to it. The orb was still hovering in the air next to the robot's head before it decided to investigate the soldiers, who appeared a little concerned.

Six turned her attention away from them and settled on seeing if Dot was still functioning, "Dot?"

"Yes, Noble Six?" came the usual calm reply.

"Any damage?"

"No, but I am detecting that you are severely injured and that the armor's cloaking device is not working to optimal standards."

The group of vehicles appeared in her vision and Six quickly climbed into the driver's side of one of the more robust looking ones. There were two other vehicles that looked like they could take a few hits, but she doubted they'd be able to hold her weight and they looked more like civilian transport.

"I know, Dot. Can you connect to any UNSC frequencies?" Six wouldn't lose hope; someone had to be out there.

"Unfortunately I am unable to find any." Six's hope dropped into oblivion and she slumped against the seat. "However, I am detecting multiple frequencies that have little or no security by UNSC

standards."

Six sighed, _where the hell am I? This is can't be a colony!_

She took a shuddering breath before asking Dot to see if she could tap into any of them and send out a distress call. Her request was answered with a yes and dumb AI went to work after mentioning that it could take some time due to her limited capabilities. Although Six wasn't completely satisfied with the answer, she would have to make do.

While Dot looked for anything that would help Six, the Spartan in question decided to think about her options when she was safe. Just as Six started the engine she saw both of the cars transform into giant robots; now she was defiantly glad she didn't jump into one of those. They started towards her, but not wanting to stay with the robots a moment longer Six started the car and swiftly maneuvered down the road. Looking in one of the side mirrors, Six saw the two robots transforming back into cars and speeding after her. She pressed down on the accelerator more and was annoyed when her pursuers didn't fall behind at all.

Then, suddenly the radio crackled to life and a grouchy, rough voice spoke, "pull over, now!"

She glanced down at the radio and debated whether or not to answer, but it was at that point that she noticed a very large military looking base coming up on her left. Six debated over what kind of base it really was and when she realised she was getting nowhere soon, she pulled into it when it came up. Six knew it was a mistake when she saw even more old looking vehicles lined up on the asphalt and the robots continued following her; as if they held no fear towards the base.

Wincing from her wounds she began to make a U-turn when one of the robots transformed and grabbed onto the front of her vehicle. With it looking more likely that she'd have to try and fight them off, she made her decision.

As quick as she could, Six jumped out of the vehicle and began running up to the black robot. Without warning a giant metal hand struck out with the intention to grab her, but she swiftly dodged it. Pain shot through her with the movement and she promptly ignored it. With adrenaline pulsating through her veins, she jumped onto the black robot that had grabbed her vehicle. As she began jumping up the robot's arm it tried to shake her off when the other one yelled at it.

"Ironhide! Do not harm her!"

The one called 'Ironhide' grumbled back, "you wouldn't be saying that if she was trying to claw your optics out."

His other arm reached around and managed to grab her bad leg before she could move it. She hissed in pain before the robot placed her on the ground and pinned her down with its hand.

"Primus, she's heavy," it grumbled. "Do you thing Doc."

"Well I would, but your hand is in my way," the other "green- robot

grumbled.

"The femme will run away if I move."

"'_The femme'_ can hear you, toasters," Six snarled, pushing at the robot's hand. It wasn't the best idea as it made her chest hurt more.

The green robot looked at her, "do not strain yourself! You're in bad shape."

"Get off me!" Six snarled, pushed harder despite the pain.

"Will you run if I do?" Ironhide rumbled, its metallic face sending her a glare.

"What do you think?!"

The green robot persisted, "we need to heal-"

"No!" Six interrupted him. She pushed even harder against Ironhide's hand and kept going even with the light-headedness and dizziness that was flooding into her. Her teeth were ground together in pain, as she discovered with each push that the back of her ribs were slightly damaged and the skin bruised.

"I don't need help from a damn _alien!_"

Ironhide's hand lifted a little for just a second, but that was all Six needed. Grinning in satisfaction she rolled away from the hand and catching a deep breath she slowly started backing away. The two robots mirrored her movements by slowly taking steps towards her; the one named Ironhide appearing more irritated than the green one.

Footsteps padded around behind her and she realised that they were undoubtedly human. She read off at least a dozen contacts on her radar and then added more as a blue and red truck came speeding into the base. Six knew that the truck was one of the robots and her thoughts were confirmed when it transformed after a human and the orb materialised from inside it. Six tensed up as she curled her hands into fists and lowered herself into a fighting stance; ready to fight her way out.

When the transformation finished Six noticed that it was the red one who'd appeared so kind. She inwardly snorted at the idea of an alien being kind.

Suddenly another wave of dizziness hit her, but it was much stronger than before and Six felt herself stumble. She tried to clear her head but the dizziness wouldn't go away and the pain of her wounds only increased.

Six looked up and saw a human stood in by the robots along with the orb, which was starting to float towards her. As it did, the robots and single human looked slightly worried about something to do with her. Frowning, she glanced down only to have her eyebrows shoot up "and cause her more pain- in shock at what she saw.

Just above her hip was a huge burnt mess. It was a mix of the bubbled

black of the undersuit with the pink of her flesh just appearing in a few spots where the undersuit had thinned out. The only feeling she got from the area was surprisingly just a bit of discomfort. _The nerve endings are probably burnt out, _Six thought wearily_._

"Reclaimer," the orb said. "You need medical attention, that I-"

"You requested it from an organisation that I don't even know!" Six glared at the robots and the human, turning to the side to see the other humans behind her. "Why would I trust _them?_" _Why would I trust you?_

"Noble Six," Dot's voice came through the internal speakers. "I have managed to tap into the numerous 'NEST' frequencies in the area, and all a currently consistent with their claims to heal you. I've also found that we are on Earth, but the date appears to be incorrect."

All Six heard was the word Earth; the rest didn't matter. She couldn't believe it. She couldn't comprehend it. Aliens had found Earth. Everything the UNSC had sacrificed had been for nothing. It was..._impossible._ Her whole body felt numb despite the pain she was feeling.

"Noble Six?" Dot questioned, "I believe the date is of importance."

"What's it saying Dot?" Six asked as she snapped out of her daze and turned off her external speakers. She doubted anything the AI would say could give comfort to the fact that there were aliens on Earth. Did the UNSC know about this? She had to tell someone, let someone know!

She was not ready for what the AI had to say next.

"According to what I have found the date appears to be two thousand and eight."

The words hit her with the force of a supernova. Six knew the AI wasn't wrong as they rarely were, if at all. But, it was for that reason that Six was worried. If she was indeed in the year two thousand and eight then what did that mean? How could she get back? And what about these aliens? They weren't around in the future and the Covenant was defiantly Humanity's first contact with an alien race. Did that mean she was somewhere else entirely? She recalled the device she'd found in the ship and what had happened after she'd activated it; did that have something to do with it? Had it somehow sent her to another place? After all slip-space was made up of multiple dimensions, did that somehow have any bearing on her current predicament? She'd heard of the odd case of people disappearing because of slip-space, but she couldn't recall anyone that had returned. Did that mean that she wouldn't be able to return to the fight? And did it also mean that she would never know the outcome of the war?

Six squeezed her fists tighter, knowing that she wouldn't be there, fighting to the very end. She knew that humanity wouldn't survive the Covenant, unless some miracle happened, because the Covenant was just

too strong.

She'd lost more than a team today. It was a chilling thought and Six knew that now was not the time to mull over it.

Thanking the AI she turned her external speakers on and caught the tail end of something the soldier had been saying to her.

"-trust us because we want to help you." He appeared legitimately truthful and Six now knew that they were speaking the truth. She had no time to pick and choose the people she wanted to trust and only hoped that these people weren't on the wrong side of the law.

Sighing she spoke words that she hoped she would never regret, "I'll go with you." _For now._

The soldier who'd been prepared for rejection looked taken aback. He stumbled on his words before managing to speak to her, disbelief stark in his voice, "You will?"

She nodded, relaxing her stance in order to reinforce her words.

"Follow Ratchet â€"I'll have someone escort you- and we'll bring in the other guy from your ship."

"You would be better off killing him," Six snapped, a wooziness working it's into her, but she promptly ignored it. "He'll do the same to you, _if_ he wakes up."

He gave her a dubious look. "Why would he kill us?"

"You're Human."

"What's that got to do with it?" He started confused, "We've never-"

She started forwards aggressively, accentuating each word with a forceful step. "His. Kind. Despise. Humans. They-" she stopped a moment, her breath coming short and her vision blurring as everything became tilted.

Swallowing air she continued on, somewhat less energetic, "they hate us and won't be happy until we're wiped off the face of the universe. Sâ€|Stillâ€|"

Her legs began to give out and the tilted floor rose up to embrace her.

"Wantâ€|.toâ€|"

Her vision became more blurred and darkness crept at the edge of her vision. "Riskâ€|?"

Six lost all feeling in her body and her warning was left incomplete. She vaguely registered her legs bucking even more and getting closer to the floor. She felt lighter than air and as darkness encompassed her vision the last thing she registered was Dot calling her.

~/~

****Will Lennox****

Concern and confusion worked their way into Will as he watched the large armored being crumple to the floor. She "he assumed it was a she because of its feminine voice- didn't move from her spot, and no one knew if she was either unconscious or playing a game with them because of the armor. Not even Ratchet could get a scan through it; he'd said that something appeared to be blocking it. Suddenly, something happened that gave everyone an answer, but also made them even more cautious.

"Noble Six is in need of immediate medical attention," a synthetic and relatively emotionless voice said. The voice came from the armor, as if there were two people inside of it. But, it seemed less human and uncaring except for a small hint of concern.

"Right," Will muttered, almost speechless. "Ratchet, you know what to do."

The green Cybertronian walked over to the armored figure and picked her up, "I'll need to be left alone." He glanced down at the figure that seemed to weigh considerably in his hands. "I'll probably need a pair of _experienced _Human hands."

"I'll have someone meet you at the Med Bay," Will confirmed. "We'll bring the other to you as soon as we can."

"I will make sure they are kept apart," Ratchet growled as he strolled off. The last thing being heard was the synthetic voice.

"In order to ensure optimal medical care is provided, specialised tools are required to remove the armor." Nothing else was heard as Ratched sped up, grumbling the whole way.

After the mech had disappeared Will radioed in for a medic to get down to Ratchet's Med Bay; of which the medic was slightly nervous about. Will knew there wasn't much he could do at the moment, as the only thing they could do was ensure that the two from the crash survived. He wasn't completely sure about the ship as the strange floating orb had told them very little.

Speak of the devil, Will thought as the orb came floating over to him. _Time to get some answers._

"I want some answers," He insisted as it came to a stop in front of him. "And I want them now."

"Of course Human, I shall tell you all that I can." Came the ever gleeful reply.

"Who're you?" he asked, deciding to start with a simple question.

"I am five-three-seven Guardian's Approach, Monitor of Outpost zero-seven," it said simply.

So much for simple, Will sighed. He had no idea what it was taking

about. Ironhide and Optimus both shifted their stances slightly as they stared at the being that had decided to call them 'hybrids'. Will wasn't sure what to do with the orb after he'd gained all the information he needed. Hell, he didn't even know what to do with the other two when they recovered.

"Should that mean something to me?" He asked.

"The Reclaimer did appear confused like you, but seeing as she blew up my outpost there is no need to explain its function anymore."

"Sounds like my kind of femme," Ironhide commented. "If she's not trying to offline me," he added not so silently.

Will raised an eye brow, "She blew it up? Just like that?"

"She was given the option to use it kill her enemies who she believed would gain knowledge from my outpost." It sounded slightly perturbed at this, "this is something that does not suit Humanity."

"Why'd you say that?"

The orb "which had been floating around them- came to a stop and positioned itself in front of Will.

"Because it is us who know you the most."

The way it was said made it seemed like there would be no more talk on that subject. And given that Will had no idea what its capabilities were, he decided to change to a subject that "he hoped- was safer.

"Why did you call these guys 'hybrids'?" Will gestured at Optimus and Ironhide.

"I did not refer to them as just 'hybrids', I referred to them as Ancilla Hybrids," it corrected.

"Guardian, right? Why call them that?" Will asked again, shortening the orb's name as it was much too long to constantly repeat.

Guardian twitched slightly at the name, "they are similar to an Ancilla but there is something much more different about them." Guardian hovered in front of Optimus' chest, "something here. It is as if they are like a living organism. However, the idea is preposterous as nothing akin was ever discovered by my makers." Guardian floated away as if dismissing the idea, before it addressed Optimus.

"Who are your makers?"

Will looked up at Optimus and found that the Prime wasn't that insulted by Guardian's conviction.

"It was the All Spark that gave us life," Optimus said calmly and simply.

"This is most interesting, which part of the universe do you come

from? Perhaps that is why my makes never encountered you," Guardian paused for a second. Before anyone could answer he continued, "but, that would mean your kind was never was never catalogued and you would not exist, unless you came from outside the range of the Halo Array. Even that reached beyond where we had travelledâ€|"

"The what Array?" Will was getting more confused by the second.

Guardian didn't say anything for a second, but when it did it appeared to have had an idea.

"This is not good," Guardian sounded doubtful. "I must find the Reclaimer, she has something."

Without another word Guardian whizzed off in what they all knew was the direction of Ratchet's Med Bay. Will cast a concerned glance up to the Autobots and found that both had similar look on their faces.

"Ratchet doesn't like visitors does he?" Will asked, somewhat hopeful that the answer would be yes.

"No," Ironhide mumbled. "He hates them."

"Then let us hurry," Optimus rumbled before the three of them ran all the way to Ratchets Med Bay. Will yelled out orders for everyone and as well as telling them to expect another arrival.

~/~

****Noble Six****

Six woke up for the second time that day in pain. She didn't move as she discovered that she was no longer wearing her helmet. She could hear talking, but couldn't quite make it out what was being said. Her vision was blurred and was making it difficult to see anything.

Vibrations across the surface she was lying on brought her out of her internal log. Six closed her eyes, remained very still and kept her breathing steady as if she were still unconscious. When she thought the cause of the vibrations was near her, she opened her eyes and grabbed the arm of someone who was knelt next to her.

A short yelp came from the person, which was followed by a flustered, "woah! Hold on! Hold on! You need to remain still!"

Six narrowed her eyes and focused them on the brown haired woman kneeling next to her. She eyed the catheter in the woman's gloved hand and then the uniform, which had familiar letters stitched into it. When she thought about it, information came flooding back and she relaxed a little; the woman was with 'NEST'. She would comply; for the moment.

When Six let go of the woman's hand she gave a thankful look, "the name's Catherine Jones, but everyone just calls me 'Legs'. It's 'cause I'm so tall and mostly legs, but that what makes tall people tall really. Soâ€|what about you?"

Six smirked at the nervous woman, "Six or Spartan, take your pick."

"Those aren't names," Catherine said, frowning. "You've gotta have a real one."

"Spartan-Bee-Three-One-Two," Six said seriously.

Catherine sighed, "maybe the Major will get it out of you. I'm going to need to sedate you," she held up the catheter, "so we can fix you."

Six gave the catheter a dubious look; she doubted its contents would be able to knock her out. Catherine noticed the look raised a brow at Six.

"What's wrong?"

Six lent forwards and reached for the black case on her leg. As she did so Catherine held up her gloved hands "one still holding the catheter- and attempted to push her back down with one hand. It was a futile attempt as Six was a Spartan.

"You need to lie still," she protested. "Ratchet will blow a tailpipe? No that's not it. gasket, that's it. I'm still getting used to the Autobot's, have you met any aliens?"

"Many." Six pulled out a small metal case.

"Really? What're they like?" She eyed the case curiously.

Six handed her the case and replied bluntly, "too busy killing them to find out."

Catherine's eyes widened as she took the case and opened it. Before she could ask what the contents was Six told her.

"Polypseudomorphine, the amber one will knock me out for a few hours, use that," Six explained, lying back down.

"Oh," Catherine murmured as she closed the case and moved away.

A few moments later she came back and tried to examine the wound on Six's abdomen. She frowned a bit and looked back at Six.

"I guess knocking you out will be easier after Ratchet gets you out of your armor. Where do you feel pain?" She asked.

"Not there," Six indicated to the right side of her abdomen where the large burn was. "But here," she pointed to the gashes on her face. "Here," she pointed to her leg. "Here," She circled her over her chest. "And here," she tried to indicate to the back of her ribs.

"Well, I'll clean up what I can," Catherine nodded before she proceeded to clean up the gashes on Six's face without a word. Six inwardly snorted at the fact that the woman was scared of her because she killed aliens; if only she knew.

Just as Catherine finished up stitching up the gashes "after applying local anaesthetic- the orb came bursting through the large door with two robots and human hot on its tail.

With two clanging thuds the one named Ratchet turned around, not looking very happy. A large wrench was clutched in his tight grip.

"I believe I mentioned that I was to be left alone," he growled.

"I'm sorry old friend, but Guardian's Approach insisted on seeing the human," Optimus rumbled sincerely.

Ratchet eyed the orb with irritation, "If he doesn't leave, there _won't_ be a human to see."

"You're overreacting," Six growled, her eyes narrowed at Ratchet.

He snorted and gave her no further attention. Instead he turned on Guardian's Approach, "whatever you want from her can wait. She's my patient."

"This does not concern you, _Hybrid,"_ Guardian snarled in a degrading tone. "The Reclaimer took something."

Six looked down to the object Guardian was talking about and sighed. Leaning forwards she pulled it off her leg "ignoring Catherine's protests- and before Ratchet could snap back a comment, she held it up to Guardian.

"This?"

If orb's could smile, Six was sure Guardian would have. A blue light then stretched from his eye piece and curled around the object.

"My thanks Reclaimer." Was all Guardian said before leaving room and everyone in it confused.

The big red robot looked down at Six and asked, "what was the device you gave Guardian?"

Six shrugged, "something the..." _what was their name?_ "â€|Forerunners created?"

"This race is not familiar to you?" he asked.

"No."

"So you really are human," it was more of a statement than a question from the soldier who was sat on Ironhide's shoulder.

She eyed them both wearily, "Yes."

His brows knitted together in confusion, but before he could say more Ratchet ushered them all out the room.

When they'd all left Ratchet came over to her with three metal tools. They were all chunky around the middle, but at each end they were a different thin shape. She assumed that he'd somehow managed to get

the measurements from her armor, as Dot didn't carry that kind of information. He placed the tools down gently by Catherine and returned to his work bench.

"Get her out of the armor and get her prepared." Being all he said.

"Right," Catherine mumbled. "Hopefully this won't take longâ€|"

The process didn't take as long as Six thought, as Catherine managed to steadily work her way down the armor. Each piece came off Six with relative ease. It seemed Ratchet was competent enough to manage to build the tools to the exact size, a feat which made Six suspicious.

When all the pieces had been removed â€"which only took a few minutes- Catherine could just about push them into a neat pile that was out of the way.

Of course the whole thing was done in silence.

"Urrmmm, Ratchet?" the yellow robot turned around at the sound of his name.

"What?" He grumbled.

Catherine swallowed, "I think you can scan her now."

Ratchet said nothing as he acted on the woman's words. A faint blue yellow light shot from him to Six before it was gone after a few seconds. The light seemed to bring a small tingling sensation with it that left Six scowling in suspicion.

"Bruised ribs at the back, some internal bleeding, numerous burns that appear to have been caused byâ€|.plasma? And a small crack in the right tibia," Ratchet listed before something else seemed to get his attention. His face snapped up and he looked right at her.

"What did you do to yourself?"

"It's called war," Six sneered.

"I'm not talking about the wounds," he growled. "What did you do to your body?!"

Realisation struck her and Six gave a low chuckle, "oh that? It's classified."

"Why you-"

"Urrmm, excuse me? Ratchet?" Catherine cut in nervously. "Maybe you should talk to the Major about this after we've fixed her?"

"Yes," he said steely, eyeing Six. "We'll be having words later."

"Don't kid yourself Doc," Six snarked while Ratchet walked away muttering things about dangerous modifications.

"I'm going to need you to remove the suit _carefully_, please,"

Catherine said softly, tapping the thick black material. "I'll get the rest of the stuff while you do."

Six nodded in acknowledgement and while Catherine moved away to grab some items, she gently slipped herself out of her undersuit. It stuck a few times to some of the wounds she'd gathered over the hours of battling, but it did eventually come off with little pain. Six placed the undersuit next to her and on the cool metal, of which she was lying on.

"I'm sorry, but this is going to be a skeleton operation. It wouldn't be so bad if we were at the Human Med Bay, but they insisted on bringing you here," Catherine sighed as she propped up a small IV drip. There was a single bag of clear coloured liquid currently hanging from it.

Catherine pointed to a small silver bag, "do you know your blood type?"

Six pulled off her dog tag that hung around her neck and threw it at Catherine.

"So you're oh-negative? Good," she muttered to herself as she undid the bag and quickly pulled out a pouch of dark red blood. "I'm just going to--"

"Just do it." Six waved her along irritably, which made the woman hurry up.

When the drip was finally connected to her, Six began leaning back when Catherine stopped her again. Scowling at the woman she waited until a pillow was placed under her head, before she finally reclined back.

"Ratchet? I'm just going to sedate her," Catherine called over to the 'Bot. She then gently injected the substance Six had given her earlier. The Spartan in question watched as the clear liquid was injected into her blood stream. She found the sensation strange at first, as if water was running into her body, but it soon went away. It was a few moments later that Six found herself becoming more and more numb until she fell into unconsciousness for the third time that day.

_I better not wake up in pain, __**again.**_

* * *

><p>Hope you all enjoyed. Remember, any questions leave a review or just PM me :)<p>

6. Impossible

Heyy all, apologies for the long update time, I've got a ton of assignments to do and rowing also takes up a lot of time. I haven't gone over this chapter as much as I'd like so if there're any mistakes or things that just plain don't make sense, let me know and I'll change them when I can.

I hope everyone's in character as that's something I know I'm going

to have an issue with.

****Note 16/8:**** Changed Six's age after finding a few problems with it

Thank you for all the favs, follows :)

****Fanficbrowser:**** Thank you, I know what you mean and I'll go back and change some of what you mentioned when I can. As for why she went with Ratchet, it's only because of her armour and the fact they're not completely convinced she's human, otherwise the human medbay would get her.

****Anonymous:**** Here you go :)

****XRaiderV1:**** Thank you :) I'm glad you thought so

****Blaiseingfire:**** It really does, let's see how your bet pays out :P

****Telron:**** Thank you :)

****Mr Review:**** Here you go and I assure you, Six will be kicking Decepticon ass :D

****Buckingham:**** No problem :)

****AK74FU2:**** Glad you enjoyed it :)

****amberreed69:**** Thank you, hopefully this one won't disappoint :D

****MrSpartan3398:**** Will do and thank you :)

****Jak Dragon:**** Eventually she probably will, it won't be much though as they lack a lot of resources. Hope this answers your question :)

.

Impossible

****Catherine, Two Hours Later****

Catherine was exhausted. She'd spent the past two hours tending to two patients, just because Ratchet didn't like lots of humans in his Med Bay. Hell, she didn't even know anything about the second one, as it wasn't even human, not even close. For one thing it had two hearts! Two! How was she supposed to deal with that?

The Doctor hits the Med Bay, Catherine inwardly chuckled

"At least it wasn't awake," she whispered to herself. If it had been awake she was sure that it would've been much more difficult to deal with its eight foot frame. One thing that did make dealing with the creature easier was that it had very few wounds to deal with, which meant that she didn't have to worry about blood. Although she hadn't dared use any pain killer on it, least it kill the creature. She hadn't dared ask Ratchet about it either as the Autobot seemed very

agitated.

Catherine sighed and looked down at the dog tag that 'Six' had thrown at her. She didn't even want to begin to think about the extremely pale girl with no name, because that's what she was, a _girl_. Catherine had her own daughter that looked other than 'Six', and yet this girl seemed to full of hate towards anyone that wasn't human. What had made her like that?

Catherine sighed again before suddenly colliding with a hard metal surface.

"Owwwâ€|God damn it," she cursed as she looked up and almost recoiled in horror. "O-Optimus P-Prime? Oh myâ€|I'm really sorry, I wasn't looking where I was going, 'cause I was think about the people we had today, and I needed to find Major Lennox to give him this." She held up the dog tag.

Optimus did a calming motion with his hands before crouching down to Catherine's level.

"Don't worry yourself. I was also lost in thought," he said lightly. "How are the new comers?"

"The alien one's fine, just out for the count. The girl that calls herself 'Six', 'Spartan' or 'Spartan Bee-Three-One-Two' was in worst shape, but thanks to Ratchet she's much better. Although, I think you should go see him. Something was really bothering him about her. Anyway, I should probably go, sorry for taking up your time," Catherine smiled, edging away.

Optimus gave a small smile, "thank you, Catherine."

Okay, time to get back on track. Wait how did he know my name? Catherine thought, confused. Looking down, she found that her name was on her uniform, _figures_. And with that the tall brunette hurried down the corridor away from the heavy footsteps of Optimus Prime.

She continued through corridors as she searched for the Major and all the while she tried not to think about the strange beings in Ratchet's Med Bay. It proved difficult as they were her patients and she _would_ constantly worry about them.

Catherine rounded another corner and kept going through the base for another ten minutes until she entered the rec room. There were a few soldiers in the room, but most were too busy playing cards or other things to notice her entrance. She scanned the room, hoping to find the Major or at least someone who might know where he was.

There were so many people for her to look over, all of them had similar haircuts or hairstyles to the Major and made it difficult to make him out from the back. The room was also much too loud for her to ask if he was in here and she didn't want to interrupt their down time; as it wasn't very often they got any.

Then, at the side of the room, she spotted someone. It wasn't the Major, but it was someone who she thought would probably know where he was.

It was Graham and he looked like he was in the middle of a really good game of cards.

Catherine nibbled her lip, she really didn't want to interrupt him in the middle of a game. But, this was more important than a card game, so damn it she was going to do what she came to do. She sighed, wondering to herself why she was so nervous off the battlefield or when she wasn't doing what she was good at.

With her mind made up she strolled over to where the group of American and British soldiers were playing cards. They looked up as she came over, all smiling at her and not the least bit bothered that she was interrupting their game.

"You're just too nervous for your own good."

A chorus of "Legs!" came from a few of them while others bombarded her with other greetings.

"It's Legs!"

"Jonsey!"

"Someone call a medic?"

There were laughs all around and she gave a small smile before she greeted everyone at once. They offered her a place at the table or to simply sit and watch, but she put them down with a smile.

"Sorry guys," she held up the dog tag. "Duty calls."

They all eyed it keenly and Jack "a light haired America guy- was the first to speak up, "that from the alien at the crash?"

She shook her head, "no, it's from the girl that fainted out on the air strip. I think she lives in the armor, 'cause she's so pale. She's completely white, like an albino, only without the red eyes. She's stubborn too. Anyway, I'm not here to show you all her dog tag. I was wondering if you'd seen the Major, Graham."

The man in question looked up as the other's started chattering about the dog tag or something else entirely.

"I think Lennox was out on the air strip talking to Optimus and the floating orb, called Guardian?" Graham said, a small smile on his face.

"That orb sent Ratchet crazy when it burst into his lab, although that wasn't the only thing," Catherine muttered. Maybe she'd catch the Major if she was quick, then again she did see Optimus a while ago

Smiling she started to back away, "thanks,

Doing a one-eighty turn she dashed out the room and in the direction of the airstrip. Throughout the trip she couldn't help but think about her two patients.

The strange alien with the split jaws scared her in a way that she'd never felt. It chilled her to the bone and made her feel nauseous at

the pit of her stomach. She wasn't sure why though. It wasn't as if the Autobot's made her feel like that, although, the Decepticon's did. She'd never forget the first time she'd seen those hate filled red eyes. Her body shivered involuntarily at the memory. It didn't explain why there was something about this alien that set her on edge, perhaps it had been something Six had said? The girl seemed very anti-alien and she'd mentioned something about a war. But, despite what she'd heard Catherine had worked through it in order to do her job.

Then there was the girl. She'd been in such a bad shape that Catherine was fearful that she wouldn't survive. Of course it was mainly thanks to Ratchet that she survived as his information and superior techniques made the process much easier. However, due to the severity of the burns the girl would have to remain rested for at least a couple of days and even then the site of the burns would never be the same. Then there was the crack in her tibia, which had been swollen. They'd done as much as they could to secure it, but Catherine needed someone to put a cast on it. Before leaving she'd also managed to put the girl into a set of NEST clothes. They'd been a bit big in areas, but they'd been a better fit than the other's she'd had on hand.

Catherine almost sighed in frustration, but that was when she spotted the Major making his way into the hangar she'd just entered. Beside him was the familiar large black robot that she'd come to know was Ironhide. Truthfully the mech terrified her to an extent, she wasn't sure why. Maybe it was his trigger happy personality?

"Major Lennox?" Catherine called across the hanger. The yell caught the attention of the Major and his head snapped up and in her direction. The giant mech beside him merely tilted his head a bit to see who had called.

She ran over to them and as she came to a stop she quickly saluted him before speaking, "the patients are stable and recovering. This is the girl's dog tag."

She held up the tag and extended it out to him. The Major eyed it as he carefully took it out her hand and then proceeded to study it intently.

"Spartan Bee-three-one-two?" After a while he asked, "Doesn't she have a name?"

Catherine shook her head, "she wouldn't tell me it. I was hoping that you'd be able to use it to find out where she comes from."

The Major flipped over the dog tag and his eyes narrowed in confusion. He looked up at Catherine "Did she mention this 'UNSC'?"

"No, all I know is that there's something about her that really riled Ratchet," Catherine paused in thought. "She should be waking up soon, you could ask her, sir."

"Yeah," he looked up at Ironhide who appeared to read his mind.

"I'll Comm. Ratchet and tell him we're coming down," the large mech

rumbled

~/~

****Six, Med Bay****

Six found herself waking up and was glad to find that she wasn't in pain. Blinking away her slightly blurred vision she noticed that she was clothed. Looking down she saw that she had on a simple navy top and trousers which hung loosely on her frame.

Six scanned the room as she quietly lifted herself up. The robot from before was stood in front of a large, metal desk and her armor was in a small pile next to him; her eyes narrowed at that. But, she noticed something else, her helmet wasn't in the pile. Feelings of horror and failure spiked through her and she only hoped that they had not discovered Dot.

"Demon," growled a voice that didn't sound that far away from her. Her head snapped around to face the source and a sneer instantly formed on her face.

_Why did they save it? Do they not know the danger of even one hinge-head? It could call an entire fleet here! _Six raged within her mind as she slowly got up. Her eyes focused on the dark skinned Elite who was positioned behind her on a separate table. She brought her legs up and coiled herself to jump forward and eliminate the threat she'd been taught to.

The Elite had little time to react as Six leapt off the table and wrapped her hands around its neck. She ignored any protests from her body as she moved against its wishes. The Elite struggled beneath her and attempted to push her off. However, she simply pinned its legs with her own and applied as much pressure as she could. While its attempts to push her off became slightly weaker it didn't stop her momentarily losing her grip and allowing it to call out.

"I told you not to-" the annoyed voice of the medical robot called out before stopping short. Six could hear its heavy foot falls as it ran over to them. Just as he reached them the large door to the room opened and Six cursed. It was the red one.

Pushing off hard from the Elite's body Six just about managed to avoid the grabbing hand of the robot. As her hands touched the cool metal Six continued into a roll and from her low crouch she swiftly glanced up at the beings occupying the room. Her mouth twitched as her freshly stitched wounds screamed at the movement.

The green one was the first to talk, "Why must you insist on this? Your body needs to recover!"

Narrowing her eyes Six was about to give him an answer when the Elite spoke over her.

"The Demon cannot help herself," its English was still unclear, but she understood it well enough to know that it was taunting her.

She remained silent as she usually did and waited for one of the robots to speak. She glanced between the two robots, wagering that the red one would speak and that he would attempt to diffuse the

situation. He seemed like the _type_.

"While freedom is your right, I cannot condone senseless violence," the red one rumbled softly while Six suppressed a smirk at his predictability. He was simple enough for her to figure out. He was evidently the commander of the robots and because of his kindness it only made people trust him more. When she looked closer she could see something in its eyes, something that looked familiarâ€|

Mentally shaking herself she flashed the red robot a sneer before replying to the ridiculous statement, "Talk to the hinge-head and his _friends_ about senseless violence. I agreed to comply with you, but only if you dispatched of the hinge-head."

The Elite in question said nothing as he sat there seemingly wondering where the conversation was going. At the same time both robots shared a look before the red one tried to speak to her again.

"We took this question to the intelligence in your armor, but it refused to give _anyone_ an answer. Perhaps you could shed some light on the situation?"

Six considered what he said for the moment. She wasn't completely sure what to say, because before she'd passed out Dot had mentioned that the date was two thousand and eight. If that was true, then she had likely travelled back in time as it was theorised that slipspace had the ability to do that if something went wrong. Her mind ventured back to the device she'd found on the ship â€"the one she'd then given to Guardian's Approach- and came to the conclusion that she'd travelled to the past.

Her fears about the discovering Dot had also come true, she was only glad that the AI refused to tell them anything. But, how long would that last? Surely these robotic beings could attempt to force their way through Dot's defences and gain access to her information. Six mentally berated herself, she should've decommissioned the AI when she'd had the chance, but instead she decided to bring it on a little adventure. Since when was she so sentimental?

Deciding they had waited long enough Six gave them a short, but informative answer, "War."

"We were unaware that humanity was at war with another race," the red robot said, its eyes hardening slightly as it thought about her words. "When did this start?"

Six could tell he was trying to figure out who was the victim and who was the assailant in what she'd mentioned. But, instead of directly asking he was trying to figure out how this war could possibly happen to a species that had yet to achieve space flight.

"The year two thousand, five hundred and twenty five," Six said simply, watching for their reactions. Both robots were good at hiding their reactions â€"the red one more than the green- but she still managed to see the confusion that befell their faces.

"You're from the future?" The red one asked with a tone of skepticism.

The green robot made a spluttering noise of dismissal before addressing the red one, "Optimus, you can't seriously believe her? She's evidently deluded because of her injuries, which I may add, she is still recovering from."

"The Demon speaks the truth, constructs," the Elite said begrudgingly. Both robots considered him for a moment before the one she now knew was named Optimus turned back to her.

"While it may not be common, perhaps she may not really be from the future as I originally thought," Optimus said to the green robot before turning to her. "Were you born on Earth?"

Despite knowing what he was getting at Six answered his question, "No. I was born on Charybdis Nine, which is a colony of _Earth_."

"Clearly deluded," the green robot snapped.

"I'd originally presumed that your part of humanity originated from another section of space, similar things have happened to our race," Optimus murmured. "What disturbs me is that you do not recognise us, but you are from the future."

"We're still going through a messy first contact," Six snapped, indicating to the Elite.

"Look," she growled. "I've never seen you're kind before, but you need to get rid of him," she nodded to the Elite. "His kind are dangerous, he could call a whole fleet here if you're not careful and if you don't kill him, I will."

Six leaned back a little, letting her warning and threat sink in. It still didn't sit well with her that these other aliens were on Earth. She didn't trust them, no race would help an outsider out of the goodness of their 'heart'. They had to be after something. It didn't make sense if they weren't.

Before Optimus could say anything the large door slid open and a black robot stepped into the room carrying a very windswept man in its hand. Six tensed as she recognised the robot that had pinned her to the floor before she'd passed out, the one they called 'Ironhide'. The man was the one who been trying to convince her to trust them, the 'Major'.

"I thought I told you to wait until later," the green robot snapped at the pair, both of whom merely shrugged at him.

"If we let you have your way we'd never see her," Ironhide rumbled as he set the Major onto the table Six has previously been lying on.

"Besides, she looks fine," the Major added, a small smile making its way onto his face as the green robot rolled its eyes.

"She is nowhere near fine!" The green robot growled. "Surely the human medic mentioned this to you?"

The Major and Ironhide looked slightly puzzled while Optimus nodded his head in understanding.

"That is one of the reasons why I'm here, old friend. I encountered Catherine in the corridor and she mentioned that something about 'Six' was bothering you," Optimus said, casting a small glance at the green robot.

"It's unnatural and unnecessarily dangerous!" The green robot growled.

"You're overreacting," Six snapped before the green robot could say anymore. "We've all had to make sacrifices."

She thought back to Noble team. They'd all sacrificed so much for Reach, but in the end it had still fallen to the might of the covenant. She hoped that whatever she'd given to Captain Keys was worth it all.

She thought about them all: _Jorge_, Kat, Carter, Emile. She was so sure she could've done something to stop them from dying.

Why was she the one to survive? Why did Jorge detonate the slipspace bomb instead of allowing her to do it? He was a Spartan-Two and would've been much more proficient on the battlefield than her. _Jorge_ she mentally sighed before she could continue that trail of thought, deciding instead to move onto the next dead member of Noble team.

Why had Kat been the one to be shot? How had she not noticed that there was a Phantom overhead, or that Kat's shields were down?

Why had she been chosen to take the package? If she hadn't Carter wouldn't have had to sacrifice himself for her and Emile.

Why hadn't she been able to warn Emile about the Phantom? He could've easily shot it down and then they both would've been able to live to fight another day.

'_Why? Why? Why?' Look at yourself! Since when did you become so _**soft!**_' _You're a soldier! _Six mentally berated herself.

"What is it Ratchet?" The Major asked, glancing between the green robot -now known as Ratchet- and her.

"This 'Spartan' has had augmentations done to her body, all can be damaging if they're not accepted. I'll discuss them in detail with you later," Ratchet rumbled. The others nodded in agreement before silence lapsed into the room.

"When Ratchet clears you to leave the med bay-" The Major began, but Six interrupted him.

"I don't need his permission to leave, I'm fine now. I need to work on getting back."

Ratchet snorted, "You will do no such thing, your body is still suffering from extreme exhaustion and its wounds."

Six gave the robot a weary glance; who was he to tell her what to do? It wasn't as if she was going to start wrestling aliens to the floor. Then there was the fact that she wasn't going to stay in the same

room as the hinge-head for longer than necessary. If they weren't going to kill it then she'd just stay away from it. _Simple_.

"I _am_ going up to the ship -send someone to keep an eye on me if you want- and I'll need my armor. But, I will not stay here with the hinge-head," she stated, her tone suggesting she wouldn't compromise. "I agreed to come with you. I needed your help, but now that I'm fixed up my priority is returning home."

The Major glanced from Ratchet and then to Optimus before his eyes made their way to her. He sighed before speaking, "I can't agree right now, letting you run around could put everyone at this base in danger. We don't know that much about you and, well, for all we know you could be somehow working for the enemy."

Six's ears perked up, they were at war with someone that wasn't human? She looked over the robots and spotted a face shaped emblem on them. _Different factions?_ Had the humans of this time somehow got caught up in the war of another species?

"I assure you, I'd never work with _aliens_, " Six sneered.

"Your story's just too outlandish for us to believe right off the bat," he explained. "When we've fully questioned you and your companions, then we'll know."

"You may as well start now," Six suggested. If they wouldn't let her do anything without some information on her, she would have to divulge some. "You already know where I come from and _when_, so ask away."

"Alright," the Major agreed as he thought of a question. "What's your name?"

Six quirked a brow at him, she knew what he wanted, but her name was just a number now. "Spartan-Be-Three-One-Two or Six."

He frowned, "Your real name?"

When she didn't answer he sighed and mentally vowed to find out later. "How old are you? If you don't mind me asking."

"I'm twenty-one."

Both his eyes widened and he asked in surprised, "you're only twenty-one? I thought you were older."

Six shook her head, "Most Spartan-Threes are around my age, I'm one of the youngest though."

"You mentioned that before and it's on your dog tag, what exactly is a Spartan?"

"A Spartan is basically a super-soldier created to fight for humanity. As the robot has told you I've had augmentations done to me, all Spartans have them." Six explained before quickly adding, "Most of the information on us is heavily classified, so I can't tell you much."

"There're more of you?!" Ratchet boomed, clearly unhappy about the

prospect.

Six nodded.

"Are there many of you then? Spartan-Threes I mean," the Major asked as if interested.

Six tensed her jaw, "There were a lot of us, but most of us were wiped out after two missions and the attack on Reach. I'm probably one of the last."

"Ah, sorry," the Major said embarrassed, his steely eyes connected with hers and she saw understanding. "If it's any consolation I know how it feels, most of us here do."

She waved him off, "It's fine. As soldiers it's our duty to protect humanity, whatever the cost."

Some of them looked slightly taken aback by her words, but they said nothing. The Major looked like he wanted to say something and he almost did. However, no sound left him and he shook his head before moving on to another question.

"Have you ever met anyone like the Autobots?"

Six eyed the robots before her, she was sure she'd remember meeting something that large and alien. The Covenant certainly hadn't employed the use of giant robots, someone in the UNSC would've noticed and they all would've been warned.

"No."

"Not even a talking car or something?" He checked.

She sighed, "the closest we've got to them are AI and even they don't have their own physical bodies."

"So no robots," he agreed. "You wouldn't happen to have anything to prove your story?"

"I should have something in my armor; I just need a projector or something like that."

"We won't do it right now, I need to get on the horn to the General ; he'll want to be present for it." he explained, "we'll probably be round after you've had a cast put on-"

Six chuckled, "that won't be necessary."

"I'll be the judge of that," Ratchet growled. "If you have the cast I'll be willing to let you out of here in a few hours."

He's good, Six thought to herself. He knows I don't want to be around the hinge-head and this way he gets me put in a damn cast.

"Fine, the sooner I get out of here the better."

Ratchet gave a smug smile before walking over to her and extending his hand. She glanced at the hand knowing that he expected her to walk

onto, _if I have to._ Without a word she climbed onto the hand and stood steady as he moved around and placed her on the table she'd previously been on.

When she hopped off his hand he returned to his original position next to Optimus. The big robot had said little during the Major's questioning and Six was curious what his opinion on the whole situation was. Well, she wasn't that curious. He was an _alien_ after all. But, she couldn't help but be reminded about the AI they had back home. These robots seemed so similar, only they had bodies and weren't created by humans.

Frowning, she was brought out of her thoughts when the Major addressed the Elite.

"You up to answering some questions?" he asked with a small smile. Clearly the Major was interested in meeting another species, despite her warnings about how dangerous the Elite was.

"Of course human," the Elite rumbled. "Perhaps you will find I'm not as bloodthirsty as the Demon makes me out to be."

"Right," the Major shifted uncomfortably. "What's your name andâ€|speciesâ€|?"

The Elite did its own equivalent of a smile, "I, human, am Roh 'Rithinee, a noble Sangheili warrior from the planet Sanghelious and a Field Marshal of the Covenant."

"What is this Covenant?"

"The Covenant is a hegemony made up of multiple species united in worship towards the Forerunners," Roh summarised.

_Conveniently leaves out the reason why they're wiping out humanity is because of their 'religion', _Six scoffed inwardly.

"What has this got to do with a war on humanity," the Major asked, gesturing to Six.

Roh gave Six a side-ways glance â€"to which he received a smug smile- and began to tenderly explain, "after we encountered the humans twenty-seven years agoâ€|they were declared by the Hierarchs a-as an affront toâ€|the Gods and were to beâ€|eliminatedâ€|"

A heavy silence hung in the room. Roh hung his head in shame while the Major had a look of shock and disbelief on his face. Six found the robots much harder to read, but she could tell that they weren't happy; especially so when the one named Ironhide spoke up.

"You decided to wipe out an entire species because of your _religion_," he growled.

~/~

****Roh****

As he stumbled over his words Roh could see the Demon giving him a smug look out of the corner of his eye. She knew he was in trouble, but what could he do? He'd been a tool of the Hierarchs â€"all of the

Covenant were- and had never had reason to question them. How was he going to make them understand how important the Forerunners where to the Covenant? It wouldn't lessen the crime that they had committed because it was just wrong; he knew that now.

When he finished the disjointed explanation there was silence. The human looked shocked among other things while the constructs just seemed plain angry; especially the red one. The red one "Optimus was apparently his name- was the angriest, not because of any obvious change of his expression. It was in fact because of the small narrowing of the eyes and the thinning of the mouth that projected the red ones anger at such intensity that Roh could feel the anger rolling off of him.

The other two were more obvious with their anger. The black one had a similar expression to the red one, only it was more prominent and terrifying by the battle scarred face and intense blue eyes. At his sides his large hands were curled into large fists that Roh was sure had seen much use. Then there was the medic; who was already scary in his own way because of the permanent frown on his face. Add an oversized tool -which Roh had seen on human planets- to his large hands and you had one scary medic.

It doesn't help that the construct is supposed to be my medic.
It would've been better if they'd left me to die, at least then I would still have some honor. _

"You decided to wipe out an entire species because of your religion," snapped Roh out of his inner dilemma and he found the black construct preparing to step forward when the red one stopped him. He glanced up to the red one and Roh watched with interest as he spoke, "Optimus-

Optimus moved his hand onto the black constructs shoulder before speaking in a voice of calm rage, "For what reason would you to wage such a war? The humans may be a violent race, but they are young and as we've learned it is possible to coexist with them."

Roh swallowed. He then took a deep breath before looking into the deep blue eyes of Optimus, "I'm unsure why the Hierarchs decided to wage a war against humanity. However, I do have an idea."

"Go on," Optimus prompted, his voice still the same tone.

"I think the Hierarchs were trying to cover something up. As for what that would be I don't know, but the Oracle clearly respects the Demon and that must have something to do with it."

There was silence as Optimus lent towards Roh. The giant robot made no move to say anything as he appeared to be thinking and unable to help himself Roh spoke again.

"I was told that when we discovered the Humans, things in the Covenant were steadily declining. Perhaps that is another reason as to why war was declared on the Humans." Roh was babbling now. He snorted inwardly at himself; look at him now, what a Field Marshal he was if all it took was an oversized robot to unnerve him. To tell the truth though, Roh had always drawn strength from his belief in the Great Journey. But now that that was a lie where was he supposed to get his strength from? What was he supposed to fight for?

"While I cannot Judge the actions of an event that may not be true," as Optimus spoke, Roh could feel the weight to his words. "Know that if it is true and you show any such hostility towards our Human comrades, we will not hesitate in our actions to ensure their safety. Do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal, construct."

With the hard look not leaving him, Optimus turned to the dark-haired Human in front of Roh, "Major Lennox, I suggest keeping the nature of this 'conflict' from your men. However, it is ultimately your choice, you know your men best."

Said Human grimaced, "As much as I don't want to, it's probably for the best. Things around here'll be tense enough without this."

Roh let out a breath he hadn't realised he'd been holding. He'd been unsure what action the construct would take as he'd never encountered anything like them. Not even the Humans employed anything like them throughout the war, which explained the Demon's reluctance to trust them.

Optimus moved away from Roh as he and his comrades began discussing things amongst themselves. On the metal bench next to him the medic construct was attending the Demon and attempting to check her wounds. Roh could hear the frustration grow in the constructs voice as she continued to wave him off. Although, after a short time and with a large smirk on her face the Demon allowed him to go over her wounds.

Taking advantage of the few moments of reprieve Roh mulled over his own situation. He was still slightly confused about everything that had happened. It appeared that they had not landed where either he or the Demon wanted. He didn't know exactly where they were. But, given that there were Humans working with another species and the Demon's nature towards them, they were somewhere completely unknown. Or, that was what he'd thought to begin with, until they mentioned time-travel. The idea was completely ludicrous to Roh, but something in him couldn't help but think that it was the answer.

_It is even possible? If we're indeed back in time then everything changes, the war on Humanity can be stopped before it even begins. But something isn't right, theseâ€¦constructs, they are nowhere to be seen in our time. What happens to them? Are they killed off by this war they keep hinting at? What about Humanity? Would they not have been much different in the future when they met the Covenant? I was aware that we were their First Contact. This doesn't make sense!

_

_By the Forerunners, where are we?! _

Frustration brushed over Roh at his musing, followed by trepidation. He wasn't overly worried about being back in time, it was the fact that what he knew about this place so far did not match up with his knowledge in the future. Then there was the fact that if he and the Demon were indeed stuck here then that would mean he was stuck with Humans, on a _Human_ world.

Forerunners, save me. I will surely go mad.

"Sorry about that," Roh looked up at the noise. It was the Human Major and he still looked mildly upset about Roh's revelation from the future. "Do you mind if we continue?"

Roh sent the Human a soft gaze; if he was stuck here he may as well try and get along with the natives. "That is up to you Human. No doubt what I just told you will take a while to come to terms with, even if you are unsure if what we say is true. However, I'm happy to continue."

"You're right about that," the Human forced a chuckle, his body still tense. "So I guess we'll continue. How about your age?"

Roh thought for a moment.

"In Human years I would be aboutâ€¦ffirty,_" Roh said, struggling with the word at the end.

The Major's brows rose a little, "So you were only a kid when this 'war' started?"

Roh nodded and watched as the Humans eyes travelled to the Demon, realising that she hadn't even been born. Roh realised too and found that it explained a lot about the Demon's bitterness.

Turning back to Roh he asked another question, "Have _you_ encountered anything like the Autobots?"

Not needing to look at the constructs in question Roh gave a similar answer to the Demon's. The Human nodded and ran his hand through his hair in frustration. Clearly he felt out of his depth when it came to Roh and the Demon, but there was something else that bothered him. Frowning Roh decided it would be best to voice his musings.

"I'm curious, Human, you've ask both me and the Demon about encounters with these constructs. Who is it that we may have been in contact with?"

"I think it'll be best for Optimus to explain that," the Major said, withdrawing his hand from his hair and gesturing towards the large red construct.

"The enemy Major Lennox refers to are the Decepticons," Optimus began grabbing the attention of both Roh and the Demon. Bringing a large finger up to the side of his face, Optimus pressed something and his eyes then proceeded to project a sophisticated 3D image that encompassed the entire room. The floor seemed to breakaway where anyone wasn't standing and in its place dark and fiery chasms of metal appeared while metal structures curled up from multiple places. The sounds of explosions were accompanied by different bursts of light all over the room.

"We were once a peaceful race of mechanical robotic beings, until we were betrayed by Megatron, leader of the Decepticons. All who defied them were destroyed," as if to prove a point a large spear shot across the room and impaled a construct. Its body was pinned to the floor and instantly went limp. As everyone looked in the direction it came from they saw a large construct with a sharp rage filled face, cheering at his kill. Strange symbols decorated the metal on the side

of his face as he turned to the side and with him the view changed to a large battle field. As the battles rage on around them Optimus continued to explain, "Then came the war between the Autobots who fought for freedom and the Decepticons who dreamt of tyranny. Overmatched and outnumbered, our defeat was all but certain. But as our war raged across the planet, the planet itself was eventually consumed and the Allspark was lost to the stars."

Bodies continued to fall on, off and around the metal honeycomb structure that stretched over the chasms. Optimus did not stop in his explanation as the scene around them changed again, only this time it was a giant metallic cube with millions of symbols engraved all over it. "Megatron chased the Allspark to Earth, but crash-landed before he could retrieve the cube."

Again the scene changed and before them, frozen in ice, was the robot they had seen before. A permanent snarl was on his face as his claw like hands were tensed in different positions. "Until last year Megatron remained frozen and unable to reach the Cube. However, when news of the cube reached his Decepticons and us, they stumbled upon his whereabouts and managed to release him."

The scene shifted to a Human city that looked like the aftermath of an assault. Debris and burning vehicles lined the streets as two large, but familiar constructs battled at a crossroads.

Out of the corner of his eye Roh saw the Demon tense and her lips twitch up into a small sneer. But before he could mull over her reaction a young human sprang into view clutching a miniaturised version of the cube they had seen before.

"A destructive battle ensued and in order to prevent Megatron from gaining the Allspark I requested that our young ally, Sam Witwickey, place the cube into my chest." Optimus' voice was heavy and full of regret and Roh could only wonder how important this Allspark was.

The illusion before them continued as Optimus and Megatron grappled with each other. Ignoring the clash of metal on metal the young Human boy ran forwards with the cube in his hands. As he did Megatron kicked Optimus into a building, who then landed near Sam. Stumbling the boy almost fell over as Megatron came running up behind him only to be knocked over by a well-placed swipe to the legs from Optimus "who was still on the floor."

Struggling to stand Megatron clawed at the boy as Optimus attempted to get to his feet, the wounds they'd inflicted on each other making the movements much more difficult. Megatron growled and snarled at the boy, who attempted to crawl away, while Optimus pleaded with him to put the cube in his chest.

The words appeared to make the boy realise something as he bravely stood up and held the cube up to Megatron's chest. With a yell torn from his very being Optimus called out to the boy, but they fell on deaf ears as Sam continued to push the cube up at Megatron's chest.

"Despite my instructions, Sam placed the Allspark into Megatron's chest, both ending his life and destroying the cube. I am forever in his debt," Optimus' voice was sad, but content at the same time. Roh

looked up at the construct that had been narrating the illusion before them and saw the way he looked at Megatron. The look wasn't completely full of hate. There was something else, something that reminded Roh of the way he'd looked at his hard-headed brother.

Turning back to the projection before him, Roh watched in awe as hot orange and white light projected from the cube and slammed into Megatron's dark metal chest. A strange noise was emitted and sparks flew as the boy held steady, despite the large and dangerous metal being above him. As quickly as it had begun the bottom section of the cube turned into the hot orange light and slammed up into Megatron's chest.

Roh's awe turned to shock as the large being reared back onto his legs, letting out choked gasps before pitching forwards towards the boy. His hands clutched at his chest as the light from the cube remained. With one last gasp Megatron fell backwards and landed on his back right next to Sam. Dead.

"Since then there has been little Decepticon activity, it is something that worries us as Megatron's second in command
â€"Starscream- managed to flee the battle."

Slowly the floor beneath them returned to normal and a sober look was on almost everyone's faces. Optimus still had a look of regret on his face while Roh noticed that the Demon appeared angry. Roh himself was left feeling a sense of shock. He wasn't sure how to react to what he'd seen. It wasn't as bad as what he'd seen during his time with the Covenant, but that was what made it difficult to say anything.

"I want to help."

The words surprised everyone in the room as they were ground out of the Demon's mouth. Roh's eyes widened a bit, hadn't she been adamant about going home not a few moments ago?

"What?" the Major asked, just as confused as everyone else in the room.

"I want to help kick these bastards off Earth. Unless you have a slip-space drive â€"or something similar- lying around that I can use to get back," the Demon snapped.

Roh's head snapped up in disbelief, he was on Earth? The home of the Humans? The planet that the entire Covenant was slowly, but surely, making its way towards? No wonder the Demon was twitchy. Knowing the now wasn't the time to think about the implications of this information, Roh filled it away for later and continued to watch the spectacle before him.

"Why do you suddenly want to help us?" the Major quizzed, his brows furrowed together as he tried to wrap his head around the Demons sudden change. Even Roh was wondering what strange thoughts were running through the Demons twisted mind.

Thank you for reading, if you have any questions or comments please leave a review or Pm me.

Don't forget to follow and fav :)

Until next time, whenever that may be.

7. Reclaimer's Messenger

Hey all, again, apologies for taking so long, having a ton of assignments and landing myself in hospital kinda kept me busy, but I'm fine :P

Thank you for all your support of the story, I'm glad everyone's enjoying it and remember if you think something is seriously wrong or needs a better explanation don't hesitate to tell me :)

****Mr Review:**** Thank you :) I guess it's just a busy time of the year cause that seems to be happening to a lot of the stories I read :L

****spell checker 11111:**** Thanks and don't worry she won't reveal all, only the basics of the UNSC's history and even then she's not going to be super happy about it as you shall see :)

****Jak Dragon:**** Thank you, as fun as it would be there won't be tonnes of action every chapter and unfortunately they're probably not going to let Six do much for a while. Yep, this story is quite a bit about character progression so both Roh and Six will -hopefully- become more fleshed out and relatable as the story goes on, hell even Dot and the Orb will see quite a bit of fleshing out.

****Guest:**** Thank you and I shall :)

****RamenKnight:**** I'm glad you're enjoying it :)

****Guest:**** Ah, sorry, here's the update :D

****Guest:**** Today's the day :)

If I don't throw out another update in the next week or so I hope you all have a great Christmas and a Happy New Year!
:D

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

Reclaimer's Messenger

****~/~****

****Noble Six****

As the projection disappeared Six found herself rather enraged.

These '_Decepticons_' had attacked Earth. They'd attacked the planet she'd sworn to protect since she'd joined the Spartan program. When the projection had shown the street on Earth she'd began thinking about how she was going to get back to the fight. As she thought she'd realised that she didn't have the means to get back. If they

were going to recreate the situation that had brought them here they would need a slip-space engine or something similar. For a split-second she'd felt helplessness, but as she saw an alien battle rage through the streets on Earth she realised that she could be of use here. She could help kick these 'Decepticons' off Earth while she searched for a way home.

When all thoughts of getting home stopped all she was left with was rage. She would kick them off this planet and they would never return. Thus as soon as Optimus had finished talking she'd spoken up.

"I want to help," she growled, still angry as she clenched her fists. Traitor, her mind whispered, but she ignored it.

"What?" The Major looked confused at her outburst.

"I want to help kick these bastards off Earth. Unless you have a slip-space drive or something similar- lying around that I can use to get back," she snapped, knowing they wouldn't have such a thing. Such a traitor.

"Why do you suddenly want to help us?" the Major quizzed, his brows furrowed together as he appeared to be trying to wrap his head around her sudden change.

Taking a deep breath she unclenched her hands and tried to calmly explain, "In order for me to return I need a slip-space drive or something very similar. I doubt any of you have one lying around and even if we can figure out how to build one, it would take time."

She took another breath as images of Reach and the ones she'd just seen flashed through her mind, "so if I'm going to be here a while, why waste a perfectly good asset? I've got years of training and experience fighting against a technologically superior enemy and," she pinned the Major with an intense stare. "Protecting Earth and Humanity is what I've always done."

She gave him a moment for that to sink in before speaking again, "So what'd you say?"

Six watched as the Major seemed to consider what she'd just said. The robots in the room sometimes stole glances at each other as if they were having an internal conversation. The green robot next to her spared her a glance a couple of times and she knew why. He was concerned about her wounds. The idea was preposterous to her, but she knew he wasn't pretending because she knew how serious her wounds were. The plasma burns didn't hurt, but it was because they didn't hurt that he was concerned. Her leg hurt a little, but it was so inconsequential she couldn't believe it had a crack in it, even if it was a small one. Then there were the other cuts and bruises that had her body stinging and aching all over.

Of course, had she still been where she belonged, her wounds wouldn't have stopped her from fighting.

"If everything checks out then we'll see about you joining," the Major finally said. "Ultimately it's up to General Morshower."

"That's all I ask, Major." _Traitor. _Six ignored her mind's accusations and instead thought about who these people were. She knew their name was 'NEST', but that was it. If she really was going to with them then she wanted to know who they were."Although, I have a couple of questions before I agree to anything."

"Ah, just call me Lennox, or Will," he rubbed the side of his neck. "What do you want to know?"

"What exactly is this organisation? You're obviously military, but who funds you and who do you work for?"

"NEST stands for the 'Non-biological Extra-terrestrial Species Treaty'. We're a classified strike team with American origins. We're the best defence against the Decepticon's and we receive our orders from the Pentagon; General Morshower, the US chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Although, despite our American origins we do have soldiers from other countries. We were formed just under a year ago after the battle of Mission city." The Major explained with pride.

Six nodded, she was satisfied with the answer. If she could trust what he said then it appeared that they were official. Only time would tell if what he'd told her was true. The Major seemed glad that she'd accepted his explanation as his stature relaxed a little.

Six wondered what they're going to do next. She waged that they'd probably go off to discuss her and the Elite and then set up a meeting with General Morshower. That left her with a few hours to find something to keep her mind preoccupied least it wonder to all the 'ifs' and 'buts' about the pervious forty-eight hours. She didn't want to go there just yet. A lot had happen and she could barely wrap her mind around it all. But, right now she was putting on a brave face and making the best of a situation that she didn't want to be in.

She didn't want to be in another time where Humanity was threatened by giant machines. She didn't want to be in a place where Humanity could barely push those beings off the planet. She wanted to be back where she belonged, fighting right to the end. But, with no other choice she'd stay and make sure that these Decepticons were wiped off the face of Earth.

"Is there anything you want to tell us about the training you've received?" Lennox asked, drawing her from her thoughts. "We know you've a Lieutenant for this UNSCâ€|"

"Full Lieutenant for the United Nations Space Command's Navy," Six confirmed before thinking about what she's going to say about her training.

"As for my training," she began, coming to her decision. "I've got over three years of the best training the UNSC has to offer and more than three years of active duty during wartime."

Six was unaffected by the lie she told them as she didn't want to â€"and couldn't- explain what training she really received from the age of seven.

"So you joined when you were sixteen? I'm guessing that the three

years of training was because of what you had done to you?"

Six nodded in agreement, waiting for the next question.

"You're okay with working with the Autobots?" He raised an eyebrow inquisitively.

"I'll find a way to adapt."

"Optimus?" He looked up at the robot in question, "You want to ask her anything?"

Optimus' brilliant blue eyes landed on her before he spoke, "I only ask that you reserve hostilities towards the Decepticons and not my comrades."

She smirked at that. "Of course."

"I think someone will be up soon to put a cast on your leg," Lennox explained. "Ratchet will keep you updated with what's going on and it'll be two hours or so before we'll talk to you again. Do you need anything?"

"My armor, I'll prepare a video." She then asked, "Where's Guardian?"

"He was out on the air strip, but then he suddenly whizzed off about an hour ago. We tried to follow, but we lost him. I'm not sure where he went," Lennox frowned, annoyed with himself. "Ratchet has your armor."

Six looked at the robot in question and with a grumble he picked up her helmet and passed it to her. Sneering at the robot as she could only imagine what he'd been doing to her armor. After receiving a disapproving stare in response her thoughts wondered to Guardian.

~/~

Orbit Above Earth, Soundwave, 3 Hours Earlier

Tracking anomaly descent. Anomaly lost. Sending last know co-ordinates.

Snapjaw and Team Gears reporting in, co-ordinates received. Mission details?

Observation.

***Got'cha Soundwave, we'll kept it quiet. Give us a few hours and we'll find whatever it was that you lost. Snapjaw, out.**

~/~

Guardian's Approach, One Hour Earlier

Five-Three-Seven wasn't happy. Everything had gone wrong so quickly. He had the Reclaimer, but instead of being at Requiem where he was supposed to be, he was stuck somewhere completely different. He was

on Erde-Tryene â€”or Earth as they called it now- in another time if the positioning he'd calculated was correct. However, that wasn't even the half of it. His thoughts travelled to the device the Reclaimer had found, the device which was the cause of all this.

He didn't know how it had gotten aboard the ship, but he had a feeling that it was somehow her doing. The device was part of a set of three known as Quirinus' Spear, which had been created in the most ancient times of the Forerunners. Although details on them were sketchy, it was said that they could manipulate the slip-space stream in a way that allowed travel to another plane of existence. But, to the modern Forerunner the device was nothing but a myth and because of this he knew very little on how it worked.

At the moment he didn't have time to think over it. Using the surveillance this primitive world had Five-Three-Seven was able to determine that there were three of the Ancilla Hybrids making their way towards the area where he'd cloaked the ship before its unfortunate crash. He was curious about these Ancilla Hybrids and had a feeling that these ones were different to the ones he'd already met.

However, his curiosity would only go so far. His duty was to get the Reclaimer to Requiem in one piece, and if these Ancilla Hybrids wanted to harm the Reclaimer he would take action.

Without a backwards look at the structure he was at, Five-Three-Seven sped off into the clouds and towards his curiosity.

Would his curiosity survive?

~/~

Snapjaw's Last Transmission

Soundwave, we found something. I'll send a visual.

Received. What is the target's designation?

***Says he's called Five-Three-Seven Guardian's Approach, Monitor of Outpost Zero-Seven or something, he wants to know if we want to harm 'The Reclaimer'. Keeps calling us Ancilla Hybrids." **

Question the target about 'The Reclaimer'.

Gahh, it's a **_**Human**_**. Hold on, apparently this **_**Human**_** is special and we're not to harm **_**her.**_** It sent me a visualâ€”|..

Snapjaw, proceed.

Yeah, sorryâ€”| I can see why **_**she's**_** different. Sending the visual. Shall we target **_**her**_** next?

Affirmative, discover the target's location.

***He's refusing. Great, Gearstaker's pointing his blasters...-scrap he got taken down in a single shot! Soundwave, this is going to the pit. Blackwing's been taken down too, he's just shooting right at our

fragging sparks!"**

"**Retreat.**"

"**What the frag do you think I'm doing?! I'm dodging as much as I can-aghgh. Scap, he got my wing, sending one last visual and a set of co-ordinates.**"

"**Information received.**"

"**Warn all 'Cons off him, you need to get the**_** Human.**_** Snap-**"

/Comm. unavailable/

"**Decepticons, find 'The Reclaimer'. Laserbeak, establish contact with our Human Agents.**"

~/~

William Lennox

The past three hours had shown a huge turn of events. First Six had wanted to kill them and the alien she'd arrived with. But now she was willing to leave him alone and even join NEST to work with more aliens. Will had a feeling that she was trying to come to terms with how she was going to get back to wherever she came from. He was inclined to believe that she came from the future, but it just seemed too far-fetched.

Will sighed in frustration as he continued to pace up and down the short distance in front of Ironhide. He wanted her to join NEST, but there was something at the back of his mind warning him that this could be a trap. It could be an elaborate ruse employed by the mostly silent Decepticons.

"Will?"

But she was Human! Ratchet had assured them of that.

"Will!"

Decepticons didn't use Humans, did they? But she seemed more like a machine than a Humanâ€¦

And then there was the Sangheili, he didn't even want to start thinking about thatâ€¦

"William!" A voice behind him roared, causing him to flinch in surprise.

Will stopped pacing and gave Ironhide a questioning look.

"What's wrong?" Ironhide rumbled, concerned.

Running a hand through his already ruffled hair, Will answered, "I don't know what to do with them Ironhide. My gut's telling me to trust them, butâ€¦"

"But?" the large mech coaxed.

"My head's telling me that what they're saying can't be possible, it shouldn't be possible." He sighed, "What do you think?"

"Listen to your gut," Ironhide replied without hesitation. "I would."

"You think what they said is true?"

"The Sangheili, if he was lying he wouldn't make up something like that," Ironhide explained. "It would only make us more cautious around him and then whatever it was the 'Cons sent him to do would be impossible. It's the Spartan I'm concerned about."

Will nodded, "I know what you mean. She almost seems like a machine, the way she talks"

"Yes—I've never seen a fleshly act like that, I'm wagering it's not normal?"

"No, not even a war veteran would speak about his fellow soldiers like that." Will mulled over it in his mind.

"_As soldiers it's our duty to protect Humanity, whatever the cost._"

The words she'd spoken had sounded like they were drilled in, either by her or whoever had trained her.

It's as if she thinks Humanity and soldiers are two separate things.

"The war they're fighting must be getting bad if their soldiers think like that," Will murmured.

A grim smile worked its way onto Ironhide's face, "Yeah, we'll be able to see it when we all speak to Morshower. What did he say about _Six_ joining NEST?"

Will thought back to the slightly strained conversation he'd had with the General less than ten minutes ago. As much as he tried to explain the story in a less crazy way, it hadn't worked. The General had just seemed as skeptical as Will and even more so when he'd gotten around to explaining that there was a Human in the group. Although, things had looked up when he explained how well she'd attempted to fight off Ironhide and Ratchet. But it came crashing down again when he mentioned that they thought they were from a war torn future. After that the General had said he wanted to see her proof before he even considered her joining NEST. So he'd given Will an hour to have her, the Sangheili, Guardian and the Autobots ready for a video conference.

Coming back to the present Will replied to Ironhide's question, "He's not going to consider her joining until he speaks to them and see's the proof. We've got an hour."

"I've let the others know," Ironhide said after a few moments.

"Ratchet isn't happy, but he never is—what about the strange orb? Guardian?"

"I-" Will was about to begin to explaining that he hadn't seen the crazy orb, when suddenly said orb appeared at the entrance to the hanger. A few of the people around the area tensed at its sudden appearance, but continued with what they were doing. The orb made its way over to Will and Ironhide and Will knew that if orbs could be smug, then this one surely way; he only wondered why. He had a feeling it was to do with the piece of metal it was carrying.

"Looking for me?" Guardian called happily.

Will frowned at it, "I thought we told you to stay on base."

"That would not have been possible," the light holding the piece of metal stretched out to Will, who then caught the metal when the light around it receded. "I hope they were not allies of yours."

Will eyed the piece of metal with wide eyes. It had obviously been ripped off something and was unmistakably a Decepticon emblem. He showed it to Ironhide and a huge grin broke out onto his face.

"I think we're going to get along just fine," he chuckled as if he was certain that Guardian and the others would join.

"Where'd you get this?" Will asked with a tone of curiosity. He closed his hands around the metal, which he noticed was still warm. Evidently the owner had not been dead long.

"I discovered that there were three of the Ancilla Hybrids making their way to the area where the Liberator was before I managed to cloak it. Of course, to ensure the Reclamier's safety I went to contact them to discover if they meant her harm. It appears they did," Guardian explained. "Before I sent them an image of her they were not hostile. They became aggravated when they found out that she was Human and then began demanding I take them to her. I denied and then they forced me to deal with them."

"How did you..?" Will trailed off trying to figure out how something so small and apparently unarmed had managed to take down three Decepticons.

"Oh, all Monitors are outfitted with a standard laser weapon. Would you like a demonstration?"

Not wanting to go there, Will decided to just take Guardians word for it and politely declined. Ironhide on the other handâ€¦

"Yeah, I'll have a demonstration" the large mech said with a large smile. "If it can kill a 'Con quickly then I want it, it'd be a great addition to my arsenal."

"Do you have a target in mind?" Guardian asked as it looked around the room.

"Hol-" Will began but Ironhide cut over him.

"I think there's a spare piece of metal that Ratchet isn't usingâ€¦" Ironhide trailed off and a smirk appeared on his face. Will glanced between the two, slightly horrified, he didn't want to be around when

Ratchet found out what they were doing. Maybe he should try and save them from the medic's wrath.

"Ironhideâ€|" he began, but the large mech flashed him a grin, stopping any further protests.

Ah well, if you can't beat them, join them, Will thought. Although he still didn't trust Guardian, but he guessed that if Six's story proved true it would be like having another Autobot around. He hoped.

"Excellent," Guardian positively beamed. With that the three moved out of the hanger and into another room, where Will and Ironhide spent the next forty-five minutes witnessing Guardian's laser destroy an innocent piece of metal, that just happened to belong to Ratchet. Despite the lack of trust towards Guardian, Will and Ironhide still enjoyed the company of the strange floating orb. During the time they watched the orb at work, others joined them as they were curious as to what all the noise was about.

~/~

Noble Six

Since Lennox had left Six had been going through recordings with Dot as they tried to find the best ones to show. She'd also â€"begrudgingly- shown Ratchet what Dot was stored in so that he could figure out a way to connect her to a screen. While he'd been doing that Catherine had appeared along with another human and a large trolley. With the help of Ratchet they'd been lifted up onto Six's metal platform and had proceeded to bandage and cast her leg.

Of course the cast had turned out to be bright pink.

Six scowled down at the pink thing that was now stuck on her leg for God knows how long. She only hoped it wouldn't be too long. _This is ridiculous, I'm a Spartan. My bones are hardly going to snap because of a small crack in them. I was designed to take punishment,_ Six growled to herself.

"It's not that bad," Catherine said softly, noticing Six's expression. The medic was still edgy around Six and so was the man she'd brought with her â€"Jorge. To begin with the name had initially startled her and had reminded her of Jorge. But, Six had quickly stamped those thoughts down. She didn't need to go there right now.

"It makes you seem lessâ€|scary?" Jorge offered as he packed away some of the stuff they'd been using.

"At least you're honest," Six smirked, remembering that her Jorge had been similar. _No, he wasn't your Jorge Six, never could've been,_ Six berated herself. Besides from the little time she'd spent with the two medics Six could tell that honesty was the only thing this Jorge had in common with her â€"_no, Noble's-_ Jorge.

Jorge chuckled â€"although it was nothing like her â€"_Noble's_- Jorge, "Catherine's just too nice to say that she finds you scary."

"I do not," Catherine protested, and then looked at Six. "Well, maybe a little."

"Some do find Spartans imposing," Six agreed. "You'll get used to it."

"You're staying?" Catherine asked. Her big blue eyes darted from Jorge to Ratchet, seeking an answer. Jorge merely shrugged having only been briefed the basic's about Six. Ratchet, on the other hand, noticed the silence and turned around.

"That has yet to be decided," he said gruffly before returning to his work.

"Oh, I see." Six could see that the medic was fumbling around for a conversation that wasn't awkward.

Jorge seemed to notice this and spoke up, "so, why do people call you 'Six'?"

"I was the sixth member of a team," Six shrugged. "We referred to each other as our number, sometimes by name. Most people outside of our group only knew us by number and rank."

"Were there just six of you?" Catherine joined in.

"Yes."

"You were just a special forces team then, similar to the SAS andâ€|Navy SEALs?" she glanced at Jorge for that and he nodded with a smile.

Six didn't know much about what Catherine was talking about, but she got the idea. It seemed these two were unaware of the whole situation, Jorge more so than Catherine. Although, they both seemed to be dealing with the whole situation okay even if Catherine was still slightly nervous around her.

"Something like that," Six answered plainly.

"I'll bet you were close. What happened to them?" Jorge continued, trying to keep the conversation going.

"Dead," she answered emotionlessly. Six didn't not feel anything about her team's demise, but she knew how to deal with and after all, they were soldiers. _Soldiers protect Humanity,_ she mentally drilled into herself and glanced up to the medics. Both shifted uncomfortably before sharing a look.

"Sorry," Catherine spoke up, her voice soft and sincere. "We didn't know."

"It's fine."

"Were you close then?" Catherine asked softly.

"Like family."

"Must've been hard," Catherine comforted. "Feeling any pain

anywhere?"

"They did their duty," Six dismissed it. "Just a little stiff, but it'll pass."

"How about the burns?" Catherine shifted forwards and pointed at Six's top, "Could you remove it please?"

Nodding, Six shed the navy top and allowed Catherine access to the burns that ranged from second to third degree. She'd been lucky compared to other soldiers, plasma could really do some damage. The second degree burns on her neck and shoulder along with the large third degree burn on her abdominal looked strange. Hoping to work out what the substance was herself, Six continued to study them.

"Jorge, could you replace her fluids please?" Catherine asked from in front of her.

"Sure," was the reply and noise followed as Jorge proceeded to do as asked.

Catherine shifted in front of Six and seemed to noticed what she was staring at so intently.

"It's a synthetic compound that Ratchet made," Catherine explained and Six glanced up from the metallic coloured substance. "I'm sorry, but they won't ever look like normal skin. Ratchet said it was the best way to heal the burns, considering how they were caused. It'll take time for your body to adapt to the compound, however."

"How long?" Six asked, not bothered about the cosmetic problem. "What effect will it have on me?"

"Should only take a week or so and there shouldn't be any problematic side-effects," Catherine started.

"But?"

"Ratchet did mention that it might have a positive effect on the local muscle groups," her voice was hesitant. "However, no one else has had that happen to them, but Ratchet _did_ say that there was a subtle difference in your biology to us hereâ€¦"

What? Six eyed Catherine skeptically as she spoke with an irritable voice, "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I don't know, honest, all he said was that there was a small difference," Catherine defended, moving away slightly. _She's still scared_, Six thought. _It's to be expected though, Spartan's aren't known for their friendly charm. Besides, that was always Jorge's forte, maybe that's why we got so closeâ€¦_ Shut up, Six!_

"Optimus will arrive shortly to take you to your meeting with General Morshower," Ratchet's voice cut through the tense silence that had formed around the group. To her side she heard the Elite chuckle. She didn't grace him with a retort. Instead, she called over to Ratchet.

"What about the Major?"

The large robot turned around and began walking towards her, a box and a bundle of cables in one hand and her helmet in the other.

"Major Lennox will meet you there. Now, I'm going to explain how this works," he gestured with the hand holding the box and cables. "Press this button," he indicated to a flat green button on top of the box. "Place your AI chip in this slot and then press this button," he indicated to another green button that was right next to the AI chip slot. "Connect these," he pointed to the cables, "to the relevant ports in the monitor and then this one," he pointed to a thick grey cable, "to the power supply."

"Got it."

The robot smiled, "Good. I'll give these to Optimus, you won't be able to carry them because of your crutches."

A scowl instantly formed on her face as she growled out, "Crutches?"

"Yes," Ratchet confirmed, the ghost of a frown on his face. "You agreed to have the cast and I am aware that crutches are also required."

"I'm not using-"

"You will," he growled. "Unless you want to stay here."

"Fine," she spat. "Where are these crutches?"

Ratchet looked around and found no sign of them. The frown on his face became more prominent while a smirk found its way onto Six's face.

Eyeing the two medics Ratchet snapped at them, "where are the crutches?"

Catherine jumped while Jorge flinched slightly, but in the end it was Catherine that spoke up.

"They're just outside the Med Bay," her voice cracked at the end and she pointed to the door of the Med Bay. Just as she did the door opened to reveal the tall frame of Optimus Prime holding a pair of crutches.

"Ah, Optimus," Ratchet said; eying the crutches. Shifting her helmet into his other hand he walked over to take the crutches out of Optimus' hand, "I'll take those."

Dropping his hand to his side Optimus eyed the scene before him curiously before speaking, "I'm here for Noble Six and Roh 'Rithinee."

"Just in time." Ratchet flashed Six a smirk as he placed the crutches in front of her, "those are yours and this," he held out the box, cables and helmet to Optimus, "is for you as she's unable to carry them."

"Thank-you, Ratchet," Optimus said, a small smile on his

face.

Quickly slipping her top back on, Six grabbed the crutches and slowly managed to get up by herself. Jorge and Catherine were both stood near her encase she fell over, but when they found they were unneeded Catherine sighed and quickly disconnected her from the IV drip.

"Please don't let her strain herself, Optimus Prime," Catherine called softly to the large red robot. "She's not completely recovered."

"If you do you'll be back in my Med Bay before you can say Primus," Ratchet snapped at Six.

"You have my word that Noble Six will return in the same condition she's in now. As will Roh 'Rithinee" Optimus agreed. His words seemed to pacify both Ratchet and Catherine while Jorge still looked dubious. He, however, remained silent.

"Let's get this over with," Six snorted and made her way to the edge of the platform. The hand of Optimus appeared before her, which she hopped onto and was then deposited on the floor by the door.

"We will return shortly, unless you wish to join us?" Optimus asked. Ratchet seemed to consider the question while Jorge and Catherine gave each other confused glances. The Elite on the other hand looked mildly worried at the prospect as he too was moved to the floor.

"Well, I don't have anything that requires my immediate attention," Ratchet murmured, "and it would be useful encase the adapter proves troublesome."

"Then it is settled," Optimus said with a smile that disappeared as he spoke to Catherine and Jorge, his tone filled with regret. "Unfortunately, you are not allowed to attend the meeting. Major Lennox sends his apologies."

Jorge laughed, "That's fine, we don't usually attend meetings that involve the General."

"Besides, there're a few things that need attending to," Catherine added.

"Down you get." Optimus offered them each a hand. With no hesitation both medics climbed onto Optimus' hands and were slowly lowered to the floor.

"Thank-you," Catherine beamed on behalf of her and Jorge. "Will you be needing me later, Ratchet?"

"I suppose," Ratchet agreed begrudgingly. "I'll call you."

"Good luck you two," Catherine called to Six and the Elite as she and Jorge left the room.

"Nice meeting you." Being all Jorge said before the door closed behind them.

Hopping forwards with a click that Six knew would get on her nerves she turned to the others, "Shouldn't we start moving?"

With an agreement from Optimus the group set off to meeting room. On the way they passed a few of the soldiers that inhabited the NEST base. While most of them kept their distance, Six noticed the curious looks that were sent their way. Those that did come over only exchanged a few words with Optimus before they left and the group resumed their trip.

All in all, the trip ending up taking almost twenty minutes due to Six's crutches and the few times they stopped. During the trip Six found it strange moving without her armor, she felt very exposed, and it felt as if she wasn't wearing anything at all. Despite the problem of wearing no armor niggling at the back of her mind, she did manage to remember the way they used form the Med Bay and some other key places. With that logged to the back of her mind Six entered the tall room, followed by Optimus, Ratchet and the Elite.

* * *

><p>Thank you all for reading and I hope you enjoyed. As usual don't forget to fav, follow and review.<p>

Until next time :)

8. The End Of My World

Heyy all, looks like I actually managed to update pretty quickly for once :P Consider it a New Year present :)

As usual, any thing that's wrong or need a better explanation then don't hesitate to tell me.

Thank you for all the Reviews, Favs and Follows :)

****Mr Review/BloodDragonKing:** ****Thank you, I hope you had a great Christmas :) have a good New Year too! I'm glad you decided to make an account :P**

****gwb99:** ****She probably will, I mean who would turn down a Spartan? :P We'll defiantly see NEST reactions to her combat expertise and they're defiantly gonna be in for the shock of their life :L**

****Telron:** ****Thank you :) Nope, they won't, Six is gonna give them hell for attacking Earth :D**

****Dreaming Star Traveler:** ****Thank you :D You shall wait no longer!**

****Guest:** Here's your update and thank you so much :D**

Have a great New Year guys and I'll see you sometime in 2015.

.

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

The End Of My World

* * *

><p>Six quickly took in the room that wasn't all that long, but made up for it in height. At the front there was a large flat screen that currently contained an upside-down triangle with a cow skull in the center and the word 'NEST' above it. On the other-side of the room was Major Lennox talking to a man on a smaller screen. Next to him was Ironhide who "Six noticed- was standing out of the shot of the screens camera along with the orb.<p>

"This must be them," Lennox suddenly said. "General Morshower let me introduce Noble Six, Roh 'Rithinee and "although I cannot allow you to see them- Optimus Prime and Ratchet."

The two robots each gave a respectful greeting before quickly sidestepping the screen in order to join Ironhide. After them the Elite gave a quick greeting that was also respectful before he stepped off to the side and allowed Six the introduce herself to the General.

"Sir," she snapped a quick salute, knowing that if she was going to join NEST then she should make a good impression.

The man on the screen nodded as a small smile played at his lips. He appeared slightly hesitant as he spoke, "at ease, Noble Six?"

Relaxing herself from the automatic stiffness and straightness that had become a reflex when talking to a superior officer, Six nodded in affirmation.

"I'm aware that you want to join NEST, why?" He asked, an eyebrow raised inquisitively.

"Reclaimer!" Guardian called, upset. "We do not have time to waste here, have you forgotten why you followed me?"

"Ye!" Six stopped herself at Guardian's outburst and a harsh frown swiftly worked its way onto her face, how dare he! She wasn't trying to waste time! She was joining NEST so she could help defend Earth and find a way home because she had a feeling that these robots had created some form of space travel. So, how dare that damn orb undermine her! She knew exactly what she was doing. Enraged at his suggestion Six caught a brief flash of surprise from the General before she rounded on the orb.

"I haven't," she snarled quietly. "How do you plan on getting us back?"

"With the necessary resources, construction of a Slip-Stream Space engine is possible."

"It'll take time," Six reminded, calming her tone. "So, in the meantime, I'm going to put myself to good use doing what a Spartan does. Protecting Humanity."

"Unnecessary, your-"

Shaking her head Six cut Guardian off, "I'm doing my duty." Six turned back to the General, "my apologies, Sir."

He frowned slightly, "As I was saying, why do you want to join NEST? I'm aware that there is some tension between you andâ€|aliens."

"I'm willing to put that aside for the benefit of Humanity," Six assured him, "and as you just witnessed I don't have a ride home."

"We don't need half-cocked reasons for joining NEST," the General said steely. "You must be one hundred per cent dedicated."

"I meant no offence, General," Six winced internally. "This is a difficult decision, I don't want to be disloyal to the UNSC or forget about my home, but I cannot stand by while I'm here and leave Humanity to fend for itself."

"Major Lennox mentioned something about a war spanning almost thirty years," he gave her a dubious look. "I'm sure you can understand my hesitation to believe your story."

"You believe I'm working for theseâ€|Decepticons."

"A more pliable reason than time-travel. Although, the Decepticons are not known for working with Humans orâ€|Sangheili."

Six cast a short glance at the Elite in question, who merely met her gaze with his own hard amber eyes. _Go crawl back into whatever hole you came from, Hinge-head,_ she mentally growled.

Turning her gaze back to the General she smiled, "I have a collection of mission videos, which should be enough to convince you. I'll warn you now, you may find them disturbing."

"Someone will need to verify their authenticity."

Suddenly Lennox spoke up, "Ratchet's got us covered on that, Sir."

Six frowned at Ratchet. She didn't know he'd done something like that, hopefully Dot was okay and he hadn't poked around her much. If he had then Six wasn't sure if she could live with herself. It was her job to keep Dot and all her information safe.

"Good. Continue then, Noble Six," General Morshower said, bringing her attention back to him.

"I'll be a moment, Sir," Six replied before resting her crutches against the wall and walking over to Optimus. As she did she heard Lennox explaining that she had to set up in order to show them her videos.

"I told you to use your crutches," Ratchet growled at her.

She waved him off and sent him a silent scowl.

"Why- "

"Perhaps you should discuss this later," Optimus suggested as he held out the adapter for her. His words received a grumble of agreement from Ratchet and a small smirk from Six.

Without a word she took the adapter and then held her other hand out for her helmet. Optimus obliged her silent demand and handed her the helmet. Glad to have the familiar weight back in her possession, Six quickly made her way over to the large screen and proceeded to connect the adapter as per Ratchet's instructions.

When she was done Six turned to face everyone, "shall I begin?"

"Go ahead," Major Lennox nodded from his position next to the General's video feed.

"What I'm about to show you is part of a mission called 'Operation: Uppercut'," Six said. "Dot will inform you of the rest."

Six removed the AI chip from her helmet and inserted it into the adapters slot before pressing the green button and stepping back. After a few tense seconds the NEST logo disappeared and was replaced by the familiar glowing grid of blue lights.

"Greetings, I am UNSC AI ADT 6849-9, Auntie Dot," the usual calm female voice came through the speakers. "You will be shown the last part of Operation: Uppercut, which was the mission tasked with the destruction of the Covenant supercarrier '_Long Night Of Solace'. _Due to lack of assets, Noble Two proposed using the Shaw-Fujikawa Translight Engine in order to recreate the slip-space accident from the Cyguns system. After being approved, Nobles Six and Five were launched into space with the intent to take over the Covenant corvette '_Ardent Prayer', _which was on a refuelling track with '_Long Night Of Solace'._ The Shaw-Fujikawa Translight Engine used in this attack was from the UNSC Paris-class heavy frigate, '_Savannah'. _This video will resume from Noble Six's landing on the '_Ardent Prayer_ '. "

As soon as Dot finished the screen changed again to the Noble insignia and then "after a few seconds- to the view from her helmet came just as she was exiting her Saber-class fighter.

/Video/

A large piece of purple metal arched over above her as a blocky vessel in the background took bright purple shots from the ship she was currently on. The blocky vessel was hovered defensively in front of a large planetary mass. All around her other marines disembarked from their Saber fighters and armed their weapons.

"Noble Six, the _Savannah's_ countermeasures won't work forever," a male voice broke over the comm. "Find a way inside and permanently disable that cruisers communications. As soon as we're sure the corvette can't squawk, we'll initiate Uppercut phase two."

The familiar look of an Assault Rifle came into view as Six began mowing down a couple of grunts. She started forwards to go down into the ship, but an Elite jet-packed out and she swiftly shot him down. Reloading, Six jumped down through the purple and blue energy barrier

and floated to the floor of the ships interior.

Elites appeared from all around but they proved little hindrance as the Spartan and marines worked their way through them. Alien blood poured all over the floor as the enemy was filled with holes and their bodies were left to float lifelessly in the zero gravity. More muffled shots echoed around the purple interior along with inhuman growls.

An Elite clad in white armour suddenly jumped out in front of the Spartan, but before he could raise his weapon a kick connected with his chest. The Elite stumbled back and extended all four jaws in a roar. Unintimidated, the Spartan raised her weapon and blasted the being full of bullets.

When it stopped moving the Spartan reloaded and brushed past the floating body in a cautious manner. Her caution was rewarded when two more appeared in her line of vision. Appearing not to have noticed her they continued running towards where some other fighting was. The Spartan chased after them while turning invisible.

The next part happened too quickly to properly see as the Spartan deftly pulled out a knife, jumped onto one of the Elite's backs and stabbed into its neck. Ripping out the deeply embedded knife the Spartan jumped off the Elite and onto the other. Landing on its front the Elite barely managed to remain upright as it received a punch to the side of the face with the hand that was holding the knife. That knife was then quickly embedded through the Elites left eye. Flipping off the Elite, the Spartan continued her trail of destruction until the area was clear and the ships Comm. relay was neutralised.

"Holland to _Savannah_, enemy Comm. relay is now offline," the same voice from earlier said.

"Copy that, I'll take countermeasures. Diverting all power and personal to weapons," Another voice replied.

"Alright Noble, let's get that slip-space bomb on board," the voice now dubbed Holland replied. "Six, head for the hanger."

"Understood, Colonel." Came Six's toneless voice as she made her way through a door, ducking from cover to cover as plasma flew over her head. The Spartan returned her own fire as Holland spoke again.

"Five, meet her there."

"Affirmative, on approach." A new voice with a Hungarian accent confirmed.

Just as the voice finished speaking Six came passed through a blue lit door and into a large hanger. Three strange glowing structures were positioned in the middle, with a set of purple energy doors on either side of the hanger. More plasma flew Six's way as she motioned for the remaining marines following her to move to higher ground.

When the marines had moved away Six switched weapons to the DMR and began taking out the unshielded enemies, one shot at a time. With the

help of the marines from above the process didn't take long and they were soon onto the many Elites that were still in the hanger.

Plasma showered over her position, forcing Six to duck behind it. Unfortunately, the plasma was followed by a bright blue grenade falling near her feet. With little time to react Six vaulted over the wall and dropped down onto a lower level before rolling behind a support beam. More plasma caught her and making her shields flicker. Ignoring the damage Six dodge and ducked in between a couple of obstacles as she sent her own return shots. The sounds of Elites taking damage and collapsing on the battlefield gave her confirmation that her shots were hitting their marks.

However, the Elites just kept coming and with them was a barrage of blue plasma and pink mist. Six returned fire with all her might along with one of her grenades. An explosion was accompanied by yells and some lessening in the fire that was coming her way. Wanting to take advantage of the lapse in fire Six lent out of cover to shot an Elite in the head only to have a gun click out of ammunition. With no ammunition left to reload into her DMR, Six changed to her Assault Rifle and fired burst shots at the Elite clad in red. The Elite jumped around as it tried to avoid her fire, but it soon fell under the onslaught and was replaced by another.

As soon as that Elite had been killed a white one in a jetpack flew right up to her and attempted to kick her in the chest. Swiftly blocking the kick Six delivered an uppercut to its jaw and released a torrent of bullets into its chest. The Elite crumpled to the floor and with shouts of 'clear' from the marines Six stepped over the body and towards the centre of the room.

"Hanger's clear, Five," Six confirmed.

"Go for the shield controls, I need in." Being Five's reply, a smile evident in his voice.

"Of course," chuckled Six as she made her way up a level on the opposite side of the room from where she entered. A control panel came into view along with two dead Elites sprawled out in front of it. When the distance between Six and the brightly coloured holographic control panel was reduced the Spartans black armoured gloved reached out and pressed a small holographic button.

The button turned red and Six looked up towards the door as the intensity of the energy door reduced and the grey coloured Pelican entered the hanger. The thrusters under each wing adjusted themselves as the landing gear came down and the Pelican landed with a light thud. The back hatch opened and more marines along with an armoured figure much taller than Six disembarked. The large armoured figure â€"known as Noble Five- carried a large machine gun in one hand and as Six walked down to greet him he confirmed his boarding of the alien ship.

"Six, get your fire team to the bridge," Holland's ordered as she reached the orange and red Spartan. "The Corvettes refuelling run with the supercarrier will have to be initiated manually."

"On it, Sir," Six confirmed coming to a stop a short distance from Five.

"Five, stay with the bomb," Holland added.

"My pleasure," the large Spartan shifted his weapon into both hands before speaking to Six. "Hear that Lieutenant, I'll be all by my lonesome back here. Make it quick would ya?"

"A challenge, _Five_?" Six asked provocatively.

Five laughed and cocked his head slightly, "why not? I'll give you ten minutes, don't keep me waiting."

Turning away from her teammate Six chuckled darkly, "Copy that."

As she passed some weapon crates that had been put out, Six grabbed some more ammunition and signalled her team to form up behind her. When she reached the glowing blue door Holland's voice broke out over the Comm. to briefly confirm her orders.

The instant the doors opened a couple of grunts came into view, but before they could even fire a shot Six and her team took them down. After them Elites poured out and began bombarding them with fire. Throwing a grenade provided a good distraction for her team to get some shots in and take down the Elites.

Six and her team barred through the room and shot down the remaining resistance, but not without one of her marines being hit by plasma fire. The marine in question shrugged off all the fuss and nodded at Six that he was good to continue. Motioning for some of them to continue to the next room Six was about to check the extent of the damage when an energy sword pieced through his chest. Behind him a large elite rippled into existence roaring in victory before throwing the marine aside.

Without missing a beat Six's gun was on the Elite as he started to charge at her, energy sword ready. Just as he reached her his shields flickered out and before he could even bring his sword up to strike her, she wacked him with her gun and poured bullets into its head. A gory mess ensue, but the Spartan ignored it and made her way over to the still alive "but coughing- marine. Pulling out a canister of Biofoam, Six was about to administer it to the marine when he shook his head.

"Don't waste it, Spartan," he coughed weakly.

"It could save your life," she pressed emotionlessly.

He gave a weak laugh before falling quiet and slumping against the wall he'd been thrown against. Pulling off the dog tag from his neck Six got up and exited the room to join the rest of her team. She then silently handed one of them the dog tag before brushing past them and down the long corridor.

While running over the body of a recently dead Elite a distressed voice came through the comm, "_Savannah_ to Holland, sustaining major structural damage, we need to break off, Colonel."

The equally worried voice of Holland replied briskly, "Copy _Savannah_, our team is in. Disengage!"

The door before Six slid open and seeing the struggling _Savannah_

through the window she made towards the Elites that were firing on the ship. Unfortunately, she wasn't quick enough.

The large burst of plasma connected with the _Savannah's_ hull, exploding on contact into bright lights of white, purple and blue.

"Break off! Break off!" _Savannah_ yelled over the comms as more plasma shots peppered its hull. "Hull breach! Reactors flaring," the voice was becoming more distraught. "Dammit! I'm losing her!"

One final shot managed to escape before Six reached the Elites and as she silently brought down one, the _Savannah_ exploded in a large burst of brilliant light. Pieces of the ship broke away as she moved onto the next Elite; prepared to enact vengeance for the lives just lost.

Another muffled explosion happened as a chain reaction of light burst throughout the ships body.

"_Savannah_ actual, can you hear me?" Holland's concerned voice burst over the comm.

More light escaped the on-going explosion of the _Savannah_ before it final lost its propulsion and began to droop in space.

"No," Six whispered over the comm.

Smaller orange explosions continued down the length of the now breaking apart ship and a solemn voice spoke to her.

"Frigate's gone, Six. Nothing you can do." It was Five.

Snapping herself back to the present Six dodged out the way of some in coming fire and began to take out her growing rage on the group of Covenant that had just entered the room.

"Noble, you're in deep with no cover," Holland's voice was urgent. "Get that corvette moving and get the hell outta there!"

Throwing another grenade Six laid down more fire as she dodged in and around cover. More enemies fell and soon there was only one left. He was soon taken down in a single shot to the head as she caught him shifting in his cover. The Elites body fell to the floor with a thud that no one in hear team heard as they were rushing to the bridge.

Winding through the twisting corridors, Six signalled for the marines to hold back as she turned invisible. Sneaking through the door and around the room she managed to taken down two commanders before she was noticed. But, by then it was too late for the crew as she called her team in and they wiped them out. Despite the quick execution Six did not avoid getting shot and was thankful that her shield was strong enough to take the onslaught.

Shooting down another Elite the Spartan started to move when hard pink plasma hit the floor beneath her. Vibrations shook through the metal as she jumped out the way and brought her weapon up at the cause. A gold coloured Elite taunted her from the place she needed to be, before it set its weapon back on her and resumed firing. Six

rolled out the way and scooped up a plasma grenade that she then launched at the Elite.

To her surprise the grenade hit the Elite on the head and was stuck there. A delighted giggle escaped her as the grenade exploded into a shower of blood and flesh.

Confirmations of clear resounded through the bridge and the shooting died down. Quickly giving her team an order to stand guard, Six proceeded to the front of the ship and got the corvette to resume its refuelling run.

"Well done, Noble Six," the relieved voice of Holland congratulated over the comm. "Uppercut initiated. Corvette is on her way."

"Six," it was Five and his voice was strained with uncertainty. "Our ride's under heavy fire, get back to the hanger."

"Copy that, Five. Still got five minutes on the timer," Six replied as reinforcements attempted to storm the bridge. They were stopped however, when the marines threw grenades and the Spartan scooped up a charred Concussion Rifle, which she then bombarded them with.

"Best hurry it up, Six," Five replied, his voice less strained.

Motioning for the marines to follow they charged down the corridor and back into the large empty room where they'd witnessed the destruction of the Savannah. A glance out the window told them that the Frigate was defiantly not getting back up, but they had little time to dwell on it as enemies poured out of the door at the top of the room.

Diving for cover the hail of plasma kept Six and her team pinned for what felt like ages. As she reloaded her Assault Rifle, she caught a marine's eye and when he held up a grenade she nodded. A smirk made its way onto his face and with a yell of 'fire in the hole' he threw it towards the steadily approaching group.

The rate of fire lessened as aliens yelped and tried to jump out of the way of the grenade. Some were not fortunate enough to get out of the way, which was good for Six and her group.

"At your earliest convenience, _Noble Six,_" Five taunted through the comm.

"Missing me so soon?" Was Six's snarky reply.

There was a chuckle on the other end, "Just thinking the Covies need someone else to shoot at."

Six returned a laugh as she shot down another Elite that had been foolish enough to jump out of cover with its shields still weak. But, as that one went down two more appeared in dark orange armour and focused their fire on her.

Shuffling around her cover, Six spied an energy sword on the floor and scooped it up. She then activated her cloak and crept around the back of the Elites where she stabbed one through the chest. The other noticed and jumped away from her only to have the marines rain down

bullets on him until his shield was no more. Tugging the sword from the already dead Elite, Six took her chance and lunged at the final Elite. With the shields gone, little resistance was offered as the blade of plasma burnt through the soft flesh of the Elite.

Not wanting to hang around, Six pulled the blade out the Elite, dashed out the room and up another corridor with the remainder of her fire team on her heels. Busting into the hanger revealed to them more fighting, which they enthusiastically joined in with.

Another fierce battle ensued along with the occasional bout of banter between Six and Five. The combined effort of the Spartans and their marines managed to repel the Covenant troops, but not without losing some of their own. Or in this case all of the marines.

As the waves and waves of Covenant troops were sent their way, marines fell and Six found herself running out of ammunition. She scrounged around on the battlefield for any weapon she could find and sometimes ended up using ones from her dead allies. It only reminded her about how bad everything really was.

The losses weighed heavily on both Spartans as they could do little to stop the odd shots that managed to sneak through their defences and strike down their allies. Towards the end of the battle the banter was losing its energy and by the time it was over and the last Elite had fallen, both Spartans exhaled a weary breath.

"Distance is closing on this vessels refuelling track with the Covenant supercarrier," Dot's voice echoed over the Comm. as the Spartans formed up at the back of the Pelican. Six watched as her teammate began to type in the code to activate the bombs countdown.

"Seventy seconds-" Dot began but a beep interrupted her along with a frustrated sigh from Noble Five.

"Damn it. So, it's going to be like that."

He gave the keypad a whack for good measure before walking to Six, "Well, I've got good news and bad news. This bird took some fire and her thruster gimbal's toast, which means the only way off this slag heap is gravity."

"And the good news?" Six asked, looking up at Five as he came to a stop before her.

"That was the good news."

"At current velocity, fifty three seconds till-"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Five muttered, cutting over the AI as he pulled his helmet over his head and let it drop to the floor. The action revealed a dark-skinned face with shortly shaven black hair and stubble. "Bad news is, timer's fried, I'm going to have to fire it manually."

Six sharply took in a breath, "that's a one way trip."

"We all make it sooner or later." There was no regret or sadness on the Spartans face as he continue to bid farewell to his shocked

teammate, "better get going, Six. They're going to need you down there."

"J-"

He ignored her and continued talking, "Listen, Reach has been good to me." He reached into the neck of his armour and pulled out a pair of dog tags, "Time's come to return the favour."

With a small smile he held out the hand holding the dog tags and Six reluctantly grabbed it. She said nothing as the larger Spartan lifted her up.

"Don't deny me this," he murmured, walking her to the edge of the hanger. When he reached the edge, the pair took a moment to look each other over one last time. His face flashed with momentary emotion as he pressed his lips to her hand before quickly withdrawing.

"Tell them to make it count," he told her and giving no time for her to reply he threw her off the edge of the ship. One of her hands reached out as he did, but it was a pointless movement.

Six could only watch the curved purple ship as she fell backwards towards the planet behind her. As she fell quickly, she watched as what appeared to be a large ship turned small the moment the supercarrier overtook her field of vision.

The view didn't last long as suddenly a large purple rimmed black hole appeared and ripped through the ships. The hole promptly collapsed in on itself, leaving only a broken ship and a light purple residue in its wake.

Six continued to fall and while it seemed to be a successful mission the video suddenly changed with four words spoken by Dot.

"Slip-space rupture detected."

The view was suddenly on a single new ship, but what looked like barely anything soon turned into a large fleet arriving right next to the single planet.

Dot's words kept repeating as more and more ships appeared in flashes of purple and black. Soon the entire view was taken up by a mass of ships and then, nothing.

The screen went grey and in the corner were the words 'Signal Lost'.

/End Video/

Blinking herself out of the trance that had come over her, Six found that her hands had curled into tight fists. She'd been so sure she could handle seeing his demise, but now? With all the sadness and anger building up inside her, she knew she'd been wrong. Why did she have to get so attached? Why hadn't she made him go off the ship?

She remained silent as her fists tightened and her jaw clenched.

Jorge.

"You were dropped from orbit?" The surprised voice of Major Lennox asked.

Turning, Six saw that Lennox and Morshower both had an impressed, but shocked, look on their face. The robots on the other hand had varied reaction. Ratchet just looked positively angry. Although, what he was angry at, Six had no idea. Ironhide simply looked impressed at the whole thing, but Six had a feeling that he was slightly surprised.

When her eyes landed on the Autobot leader she found he was staring at her. His "what she could only suppose were- eyes were soft and full of understanding, but there was also a rage simmering beneath the surface. She had a feeling that Optimus had seen his fair share of hopeless situations to know what the outcome of Reach had been after those ships arrived. Despite how understanding he may be Six couldn't bring herself to stop hating these aliens, not that she really wanted to. She was fine with hating them.

Taking her eyes off the large red robot she quickly glanced at the Elite who was stood on his own in the corner. His expression was difficult to read, but she just about managed to determine that he was "regretful towards the attack.

It's probably just a show, she told herself mentally.

"Yes," she finally answered the Major's question. "I had a re-entry pack."

Her blunt words earned a small chuckle from Ironhide and Lennox's eye-brows only rose further up his face.

"You do stuff like this often?"

"Only when necessary," Six assured them.

Ratchet wasn't impressed at her casualness, as he swiftly snapped at her, "Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Six shrugged, "how else would I leave the ship? Besides, I'm still here."

Ratchet grumbled in agreement and while she appreciated the concern, she didn't need an alien telling her what she shouldn't be doing.

"What you've just shown us does prove that you're very proficient in combat," General Morshower commented. "It also shows me that you're more than qualified to work as part of NEST. The only question is, are you someone we can trust?"

"Sir, I assure you, I would never betray Humanity to anyone. I should mention that I do have experience killing Human terrorist cells."

"I was aware that this war had been going on since before your birth. Major Lennox also said that you've been in your military since you were sixteen."

"True, but before the Human-Covenant war Human insurrection was a large problem and when the Covenant showed up it didn't disappear, it only went underground. Unfortunately, I can't show you any videos from back then. My apologies, Sir."

"I see. Your teammate, Noble Five, he seemed much older than you. I'm told that you Spartan Threes are young, was he not a Spartan Three?" The General enquired.

Six knew he was trying to dig for information because it was exactly what she'd do in his position. She couldn't tell him a lot about Jorge as a Spartan Two, but she was sure he'd understand.

"No, Noble Five was a Spartan Two. They're much faster, stronger and larger than Threes, but they're also more expensive, which is why there's not many of them. I can't tell you much more, Sir," Six explained. "It's classified."

The General nodded in understanding and his eyes flickered to the screen behind her before he spoke again. "What can you tell me about your AI? Would we be able to create our own here?"

Ah, I see how it is.

Six shook her head, "you wouldn't even be able to create an AI like Dot. The process is not something you would expect and the technology to do it doesn't exist, Sir."

"What is the process?"

"With all due respect, Sir, I'm not going to reveal to you the one thing the UNSC has excelled in."

He didn't look pleased, but he didn't press the matter either. "I don't have anything on your name, do you have one?"

"Spartan-Bee-Three-One-Two is what I'm known by."

The General hummed, "It will do for the moment. If we allow you to join NEST will you co-operate?"

"Yes, Sir," Six agreed. "Do you want to see another mission video?"

"I suppose it couldn't hurt," he murmured in agreement. There was a hard look in his eyes and Six could tell that he was having a hard time accepting that this would happen to Humanity. A quick glance around the room got similar reactions from the others. Much to Six's surprise the Sangheili seemed ashamed; she frowned at that. _Why are you soâ€¦|.regretful, hinge-head? What's your game?_

"My earlier warning still applies," Six said. "This is just before I met up with my team."

Again Six told Dot to begin. The AI did as asked and captured the attention of everyone in the room. She explained how Six had landed safely on Reach only to find an invasion in full swing. Her skills at keeping people up to date quickly came into play as she ploughed

through Six's actions that had occurred during that day; saving civilians, evacuating civilians and, of course, finding her team.

When the AI finished talking the screen began to play out the mission, which involved Six flying around a large burning city as she took down Covenant communication jammers.

/Video/

The burning and smoking Human city was a constant backdrop throughout the entire mission. Some buildings were blown apart while others were merely leaking smoke through the smashed windows. Bright red and orange flames would lick out the top or throughout multiple floors as they raged all through the night. The flames spewed out smoke that left the sky filled with a thick fog that made it almost impossible to see through. It was in that fog and darkness that fighting could always be heard, no matter where Six was and the eerie hum of Covenant aircrafts was never far away.

Whenever Six left a building in which she had battled through hordes of aliens in order to detonate a jammer, she would always be subject to more. Small agile aircrafts would constantly be on her tail as well as larger, but heavier hitting ships. Six always managed to deal with the purple machines and appeared to never lose her cool. Not even when one of the aircrafts in her team was shot down did she cry out, or curse.

The more everyone in the room watched, the more they realised just how different Six was from the average soldier. It wasn't her exceptional abilities or her expensive armour. It was her. It was the quiet, but noticeable giggling after every few kills. It was the lack of emotion when one of the marines in her team died. It was how _inhuman _she was.

It was as if she was a _machine._

Two jammers were down. One in a hospital and the other in a Club filled to the brim with giant armoured beasts that refused to go down. A multitude of dead aliens and marines were left throughout the two buildings, but Noble Six still held strong. Her Assault Rifle and DMR were both still loaded with ammunition and ready to tear through anymore enemies that came her way.

However, it became apparent that this last jammer would be much more different to the first two. As Six stepped into the building alone after taking out a few grunts a few other enemies appeared. The amount seemed too few to be protecting something that was of so much tactical value.

When all was clear and there was no movement, Six walked into an elevator and quickly rode it to the top. She cautiously stepped out with her weapon raised, expecting something to launch itself at her. But nothing did.

The whole level was silent.

She saw bodies of marines were strewn over the floor. Their wounds were caused by plasma, clear evidence that there had been Covenant on this level. But, there were too few Covenant bodies for those

assigned to defend the jammer to all be dead. Something was clearly not right.

Lightning flashed outside and soon after the roll of thunder followed it. Six rounded a corner and as she did there was a human scream. Following the noise with her gun taking the lead Six was led to a marine holding a gun to his head. The obviously traumatised marine began rambling about not signing up to kill aliens and not wanting to be turned into one. Saying nothing to the man Six continued towards the jammer and with the voice of her teammate rolling over the Comm. she promptly turned it off.

It was as if a switch had been thrown, as the quiet room was filled with buzzing. A warning was shouted over the Comm. about it being a trap and soon enough a horde of giant bugs flew from all directions towards Six. Six dodge around as many shots as she could while she shoot back and retreated back to the elevator, but green coloured plasma still managed to hit her. The shots peppered her shield, causing it to drop to dangerously low levels.

There was a loud bang in the background and as Six retreated back to the elevator she passed the body of the marine from earlier. His dark blood coated the floor and walls. Next to him was pistol that had obviously been the instrument of his suicide. A shot sullen sigh was the only sign of emotion from Six as she continued to fire on the enemy.

Just as she tumbled back into the elevator her gun clicked out. With the button pressed she reloaded and prepared to fight her way out the building. Although it seemed her preparation wasn't needed as the exit was quiet. There were no aliens in sight as Six dashed out the building and into the thundering night.

While she did two voices were speaking over her comm. The male one confirmed the success of the mission and passed on new orders while the female one accepted the new orders before being cut off. It was only a few seconds, but it was enough to get the male voice worried as he demanded an answer. When the female voice spoke again there was a small sigh of relief from Six as she made her way to ONI tower.

Another evacuation commenced around the large tower as Six did her best to ensure everyone made it out. She spent her time dodging around the enemy, taking down small turrets and causing as much havoc as she could for her adversaries. It was safe to say that her efforts paid off and all the personnel from the tower made it to safety.

With the mission done Six was allowed to meet up with her team. The reunion didn't last long, as after taking a call from their command everything around them exploded. The Spartans dashed to the elevators as they discussed what they were to do next. The woman Six entered the lift with mentioned something about it being her first glassing, but she quickly moved onto another topic. The new topic was her about their order, of which some of them weren't happy about. While in the middle of voicing her disagreement, the woman with a cybernetic arm was shot through the head.

It had happened so quickly that no one watching the video had expected a slither of pink of burst through the top of the woman's

helmet. Her team were on the cause in a heartbeat as the woman collapsed lifelessly to the floor. Six was knelt down next to her as she fired off her pistol in one hand and held her comrade in the other. The attempt to shot down the enemy was futile as the large aircraft that had appeared overhead zoomed off quickly.

When it had gone it the team proceeded to drag their comrade's body into the bunker that she'd only fallen meters from. The door slid shut as they all entered the room and before the video skipped to another part a quiet curse from Six was heard.

"Damn it."

The video quickly resumed to the four Spartans stepping out into a city that had been levelled. Whatever 'glassing' was it could clearly deal a lot of damage. All around them buildings crumbled while fire raged all around. Metal supports and cables draped out of the buildings they were once a part of. In the background more buildings were falling into a dark red sky that was boarded by smoke and darkness. Little else was seen besides carnage.

/Video End/

It was at that point that the video stopped and Dot's emblem appeared floating on the screen. However, the AI remained silent as did everyone else in the room.

* * *

><p>Thanks for reading, don't forget to follow, fav and review.<p>

Until next time, Happy New Year :)

9. Don't Trust Them

Hey all, sorry for the long wait. So far this semester has been pretty busy what with rowing and the fact I've got to make three games for my assignments :L

So because of that, updates will be unpredictable, but when it's all finished I can chill and just write :)

Thank you all for the favs, follows and reviews :D

**Guest: **Thank you, I'm glad you like Six :)

**UniCryin: **Thank you :)

**blaiseingfire: **Definitely one of her thoughts, she's not too happy about showing them those videos :L

**MrSpatan3398: **Thank you, I hope you enjoy this one too :)

Telron: Glad you thought so, unfortunately there will be a few more sad bits, but hopefully they'll eventually ease away :)

****BloodDragonKing:**** That's a shame, my was pretty boring too to be honest. I've thought about bringing in Jorge and in a way I want to, but it might be a little to much of a stretch. We'll see though :)

****Guest: ****Here's your update :)

****B312:**** Thank you, enjoy the chapter :)

****trninjakiller: ****Unfortunately, I've been busy and writing hasn't been been at the top of my priorities. Updates will continue to be sporadic so please bare with me.

.

"Speech"

thoughts or words stressed upon

Don't Trust Them

* * *

><p>"My God, this is what awaits us in the future?" General Morshower gasped. He and Will both appeared disheveled and shocked by the prospect that this was the future. Six wasn't all too sure. Something about this past wasn't right. The Covenant was defiantly the first contact with alien life that Humanity had had. But if that was true, where was she?<p>

"You are mistaken," the high pitched voice of Guardian called. Everyone snapped out of the daze they'd been in and looked over at him. Even Six perked up a bit. "This video does not show your future."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Major Lennox asked in confusion.

"The device I took from the Reclaimer has the ability to manipulate slip-stream space so that the user may travel to an alternate dimension. My knowledge on the device is limited as its existence was always considered a myth in the Forerunner encume."

Wait-What? I'm in an 'alternate dimension'? He's got to be joking, that's not even possible! An internal battle raged within Six as she tried to warp her head around what she'd just been told. Her mind kept resisting that what the orb had said was true. However, part of her accepted it, as if it made sense when related to her current situation, but now was not the time for her inner debate. She was angry that the orb had decided to spring this on her now, and she wanted to know why.

"Why didn't you mention this?!" Six growled.

"You did not ask," Guardian replied.

Clenching her teeth, Six ground out another question, "how do we get back now?"

"Any teleportation device may be usable with the device, although

producing our own slip-stream space engine would grantee us a way back. However, I'm uncertain as to when it shall return us as my information on this device is limited," Guardian explained. His tone was tense and Six had a feeling he was just as annoyed as her about their predicament.

"If I may," the General spoke up. "What is this 'slip-stream space'? You've both been throwing the term around."

Six was about to explain, but Guardian beat her to the punch. "Slip-stream space is a largely used way of travelling the galaxy. There are other applications of slip-stream space, but travel is what we've been referring to. Essentially it involves opening a 'gate-way' to set of seven dimensions that run alongside our own, these make up slip-stream space. Time flows differently in slip-stream space and means long distances can be traveled in short periods of time."

"You use another dimension to travel through across the galaxy?" Major Lennox asked, an eyebrow raised in disbelief.

"Among other applications, yes," Guardian put simply, floating over to Six.

"An impressive feat," Ratchet said, impressed. "Perhaps you could explain it to me in depth?"

"If the Reclaimer allows it."

The statement surprised Six as she gave a questioning glance to the orb.

"You have been defensive about permitting others access to my maker's technology as well as your own. If you refuse them access then I will follow suit, Reclaimer."

Six was unsure what to say. Why was Guardian acting like this? Why was he so dedicated to following her wishes? She needed to know more about its intentions. Why did it call her Reclaimer? Why was that facility there? Why had it not made contact with anyone when the planet was colonised? She had so many questions, but no answers. She was complete lost and that was partially why she was joining NEST. She needed a purpose and defending Humanity was something she had experience in. It was essentially what she lived for.

"I'm curious, why do you follow the orders of Noble Six?" General Morshower asked the question everyone in the room was thinking, including Six.

"Because she is a Reclaimer, a child of my makers and an inheritor of all they left behind. It is my duty to ensure she comes to no harm and that she fulfills her mission."

"What mission?" The General was tense and Six inwardly cursed at the orb.

"To get her to Requiem and the Librarian of course." There is was again, the slight change in pitch as Guardian said Librarian. Six couldn't quite put her finger on it, but something about what the orb wanted her to do was off. She wasn't sure why though.

"I assume the Librarian is one of yourâ€¦makers?"

"That is correct."

Guardian's statement brought forth some of Six's curiosity towards the Forerunners. If they still existed and held Humanity in such high regard, why did they not step in to help them with the Covenant? Why had the UNSC never come across them? They had structures on Reach, which had been completely unused apart from Guardian. Why would they just abandon their creations?

Six frowned, what had happened to these Forerunners?

She was about to voice her question when Optimus asked instead, "Noble Six said that she had never encountered a Forerunner. Why would that be if they still live?"

"My makers are very few in number as many perished during the Forerunner-Flood war and the activation of the Halo Array. Only a few remain, but other than the Librarian their location is unknown to me."

Taking in the knowledge Six decided to stay quiet. The others seemed to want to ask more questions, which would allow her to collect more information on who the Forerunners were and what their motives might be.

"What is the 'Flood'?"

"Halo Arrayâ€¦you mentioned that earlier. What is it?"

Both Major Lennox and Optimus asked a question at the same time. Lennox sounded suspicious as he asked what the Halo Array was while Optimus seemed mildly curious about the Flood. The pair both apologised to each other and Six did her best not to gag.

"The Flood is a parasitic organism that consumes sentient life forms of sufficient biomass and cognitive capability. Because of the nature of the Flood, my makers were forced to construct the Halo Array and," Guardian paused as it he was trying to find the right words, or perhaps it was just for dramatic effect; Six wasn't entirely sure. "Use it to erase the galaxy of all sentient life. Of course, the galaxy was reseeded afterwards, which is why the Reclaimer exists today."

Keeping her reaction to a minimum Six inwardly reeled from the revelation. These Forerunners had wiped out everything in the galaxy, just like that? Was the Flood that bad that it forced a race that appeared so advanced to destroy every living being? She had a feeling that it hadn't been an easy choice and in the end it appeared to have paid off. Her existence was proof of that.

Six took a glance at everyone else in the room and their expressions appeared equally shocked and devastated. The robots appeared the most hit and Six wasn't sure why. Perhaps they can comprehend it more than us humans? Even with all that I've seen I can only just believe it. _

"The decision, I trust, was not easy?" Optimus rumbled with a voice

full of understanding; as if he'd done something similar.

"Even at the end, I've heard, there was hesitation," Guardian confirmed. Optimus' hard face softened a little at the answer and the large robot nodded in acceptance.

General Morshower spoke up, "Major, I believe I have everything I need to warrant Noble Six joining NEST. The other two shall be put under consideration, but in the mean time they will remain with you. If there is nothing more you or the Autobots wish to add then I want these three debriefed on all they know and a report on it on my desk within the week."

A grimace rippled through the Major's face, "yes, Sir."

"Good, I'll be in touch." And with that the line went dead. A moment of silence settled over the room. The General had made an exit with such haste that Six had a feeling he didn't want to hear anymore world shattering information. She was inclined to feel that way too, but information helped keep her alive and at the moment she needed all she could get.

~/~

****Noble Six, Four Hours Later****

The past few hours had involved a lot of arguing with the robot called Ratchet and some tinkering around with her armour. The reason for the arguments being that the robot just wouldn't leave her alone when she did something he didn't like. She didn't know why it bothered him so much, but she didn't care either. If the robot wanted to work himself up over her then he was more than welcome to.

When they'd returned from the meeting with General Morshower, Major Lennox had left her the Elite and Guardian in the MedBay with instructions to 'sit tight' while he found them a more permanent place to stay. Six had taken that opportunity to remind him of the deal they had that she would be out the MedBay soon. She'd then added that it didn't matter if she had to sit in a hanger or out on the airstrip, she just wanted away from the Elite. The Major had nodded at that and half an hour later she was placed in a giant hanger.

The hanger itself had a considerable amount of computers against the wall opposite her in three rows. A few personnel were working at them and from what Six could make out they were sifting through any reports of meteor sightings. She knew they were on the lookout for more of the robots, probably both 'good' and 'bad'. Apart from that the rest of the hanger was pretty much empty apart from two high built railings that ran either side. She wasn't sure what they were for, but she had a feeling it was to do with the robots.

Speaking of the robots, there was a certain flamed truck that had not moved since she'd been placed in the hanger.

He was the leader of the 'Autobots' and his name was Optimus Prime. Six narrowed her eyes at him before turning her attention back to her severely damaged armour. He could stay and watch her all he wanted, it wouldn't make her hate them any less.

"Noble Six, we currently lack the required materials to repair your

armour," Dot spoke up from Six's helmet.

"I know," Six sighed. She knew the moment she'd been captured that her armour needed extensive repairs, but she didn't want to believe it. Her armour had always been there. She'd always had it and now it was broken. It was almost beyond repair unless I can find that Forerunner armour."

She needed to find Guardian if she wanted to find out where the Forerunner armour was. She knew it was on the ship, but she didn't know where exactly and it wasn't as if they were going to let her off the base. Yet.

"Dot," Six murmured. "Can you contact Guardian's Approach?"

"I lack the necessary power."

Six chuckled darkly before lightly slamming her hands onto her table. Despite the restraint she put on the motion, two small dents were made in the metal. "Of course you do."

"My apologies, Noble Six," the AI sounded sad, or as sad as a dumb AI could.

Even though Dot couldn't see, Six nodded anyway. The only other way to get in contact would be through Optimus.

Six glanced at the truck out of the corner of her eye. He sat parked near the entrance of the hangar ever silent, but she knew he was watching her. She didn't want to rely on them for something. It went against everything she'd ever been taught; aliens are the enemy.

If they're the enemy why are you working with them? She shook her head. It was her only option and she couldn't just stand by while aliens attacked Humanity from the shadows. No matter where she was, she would always protect Humanity.

I'll need armour to protect Humanity. Sighing in resignation, Six made her decision. With a quick goodbye to Dot she got up and made her way to the truck. As she did she passed the pair of crutches that she'd thrown on the floor and gave them a small nudge so that they weren't in the way.

He must have been listening to her conversation with Dot because before she even reached him he spoke to her.

"Would you like me to contact Guardian for you, Noble Six?" He asked before adding sincerely, "my apologies, but I couldn't help but overhear."

"Just find him," she snapped as she came to a stop a few meters from the truck.

"He's on his way."

Holding in her surprise as to how quick that was, Six began to turn back around, muttering 'thanks' as she did. She didn't get far before Optimus called out to her again.

"Could I have a moment?"

"Depends, what for?" Six kept her back to him, her whole body tense.

The sounds of a transformation echoed behind her. Gears and metal rearranged before sliding into place and hydraulics hissed softly while she turned back around to face him.

"I may not be able comprehend how you feel towards me and my comrades," Optimus began as he knelt down and leveled his gaze with hers. "But, we are not this 'Covenant'. We do not seek the destruction of Humanity, we mean only to co-exist peacefully."

Six narrowed her eyes, "my hatred towards aliens isn't a switch I can turn on and off when I please. When you've seen people you cared about slaughtered by aliens just because their Human, it tends to leave a lasting impression."

"Then perhaps we can show you that not all alien life is like the Covenant," Optimus suggested, a soft look in his eyes.

"I wouldn't waste your time."

Optimus regarded her before rumbling, "it cannot hurt to try."

Six raised her eyebrows a fraction as she glared into the robots bright blue eyes. For some reason she found those eyes full of compassion and confusion. She knew the confusion was because of her, her opinion and her general appearance. But, the compassion was what stumped her. Why was he being like that? What did he want? He had to want something because there was always an ulterior motive.

"What do you want from me?" Six ground out the question, her features hardening while Optimus' were overcome by confusion.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean!" Her voice rose in anger.

In an attempt to calm her Optimus lifted up his hands in a calming gesture. "I hold no hidden motives towards you, Noble Six. I just hope that we can show you that not all aliens are the same and that maybe one day you can put your trust in us."

"I doubt it."

Optimus looked like he was about to say something more, his face seemed to hold pity for her for a split second before it snapped back to normal when the loud voice of Guardian called out.

"Reclaimer! You requested my assistance?"

"You said you could fix my amour by using the other suit," she prompted. She turned from Optimus and made took a few steps so that she was in front of Guardian's floating form.

"Of course! Would you like me to fetch it for you so that we may begin?"

"Yes," Six turned, but the image of Emile's knife flashed into her mind and she hesitated.

Guardian notice this, "Is there something else Reclaimer?"

Swallowing the small lump that was beginning to form in her throat Six inwardly berated herself for being so sentimental, "There was a large knife that I had, I want you to bring it back for me."

"As you wish," Guardian said neutrally before he sped off without another word. Six was about to return to her armour and Dot when Optimus spoke to her again.

"I have the impression that this weapon holds a certain sentimental value."

Six snorted, "What gave you that idea?"

"There is nothing wrong with gaining attachments to your comrades, it can only make you stronger as a team," was the wise reply.

"I don't see how, besides I prefer working alone. I only want the knife because it's mine," Six said with a sense of finality, hoping to end the pointless conversation that was beginning to form.

Although it seemed Optimus didn't want to leave it there, "if it holds no value then why did you hesitate?"

Six was about to say something when he held up a large hand and continued talking, "the worst thing you can do is lie to yourself about how little value your comrades hold to you. You'll regret it when the time comes. You must remember that there is no weakness in it, only strength."

His words seemed to come from the heart â€”or his equivalent- and while Six knew what he said was true in some respects, it didn't agree with the way she worked. Besides, there was weakness in caring for your teammates; they could be used against you.

"Before you return to your tinkering, Ratchet had requested me to find out how much pain you're in. The anaesthetic he gave you would have stopped working by now," Optimus said as -what Six now understood as the usual- concern made its way into his voice. Truth be told the painkiller had ran out a while ago, but Six had been too preoccupied to notice anything other than the numb throbbing that expanded over her entire body. It wasn't off putting and she could function with it, although the fact that her burns hurt much less than the rest of her body concerned her somewhat. She was pretty sure that they should be the most painful; perhaps it had something to do with the substance that the robot had used on it?

"It's nothing I can't deal with," she answered shortly while she considered voicing her concern over the substance.

Optimus blinked as he asked, "What is it that bothers you?"

"The substance that your medic used on me, what does it do?" Six asked before she quickly added, "I don't feel any pain in the area he

used it."

The large robot's face turned thoughtful for a moment before he spoke again, "The substance that Ratchet used to heal you is a biological cyber-matter, which he began experimenting with many years ago. You are one of the few that Ratchet has used it to heal as he only does so in dire circumstances. It has been known to have positive side effects on the human body, but I've heard that your biology is slightly different so you may gain different benefits."

As he paused to gauge her reaction, she couldn't help but feel a little angry. They'd used some strange alien experiment to heal her! What if it'd made her worse? What about the others they'd used it on?

It seemed Optimus was noticing her inner wrath and decided to explain before she got any angrier, "Ratchet would not have used the substance on you had he not needed to. Rest assured it has gone through many tests against human tissue and those who've been healed by it are perfectly healthy."

"If it's so great then why doesn't he use it more?" Six snapped at him.

"We do not want the humans to become dependent on our technology; they must develop on their own at their own pace. Also we fear that somehow it could be used as a weapon and that is something we do not want to be responsible for."

Six nodded, accepting the explanation for what it was worth. While she was annoyed that they were keeping things from Humanity that could aid them in the future, she knew that maybe it wasn't the right time. She knew enough about history to know that she'd landed before the United Earth Government had been founded, so with all the nations still separated she could only imagine what could happen if one became more advanced than the others.

Convinced that the conversation had drawn to a close, Six started to walk back to her armour when Optimus called out to her again. Although, she didn't turn around when he did, nor did she comment on what he said.

"Should you ever need anything do not hesitate to speak to me, Noble Six."

The words were followed by the sound of his transformation before the room fell quiet once more, apart from the light clicking that came from the people using the computers.

When she reached the table she'd been working at, Six unconsciously reached out to straighten Jorge's dog tag "which she'd laid out with the others- before she promptly stopped herself. She'd just said that getting close to comrades was a foolish thing to do, but she was such a hypocrite. She'd gotten close to Noble team; specifically Noble Five. Now look at her, moping around and mulling over their deaths. She was a Spartan for crying out loud, a soldier, just like they were.

They did their duty, just as I'm going to do mine. She curled the fingers of her outstretched hand into a tight fist and vowed that she

would be like her team and protect Humanity with everything she had._
And nothing will get in my way._

"Dot, do you have any information on Slip-space engines?" It was a long short, but it was worth a try to see if the AI had something.

"Regretfully I do not carry that sort of information, my apologies Noble Six."

"It's fine, do you have an estimate on how long it would take the Covenant to get to Earth?" Six asked the question despite how helpless the answer could make her feel. Besides, she needed a deadline.

"From Reach it was estimated that the Covenant would reach Earth within the next six months."

Six cursed, she didn't like that answer. Could she create a slip-space engine from scratch in less than six months? Probably not, but she was going to do her damn best. She wouldn't give up on getting home, even if it meant arriving too late. She had to do her duty.

Her thoughts suddenly drifted to the package that Doctor Halsey had given her. It had been an AI that, according to Halsey, had access to information that was a game changer; something that could possibly save Humanity. Whatever it was, Six hoped it worked because maybe then there would be something to come back to and defend.

Then there was Jun.

On that last mission Carter had ordered him to get Halsey off planet and Six couldn't help but hope that he'd done just that. After all, the sniper of Noble team was a force to be reckoned with, be it from a distance or close up. He'd been their eye in the sky on Reach and for one mission he'd been her scouting partner. A small smile crept onto her face at the memory of their playful banter throughout the mission as they'd constantly tried to outdo each other.

"Was this the knife you were referring to?" The loud, high voice of Guardian called out to her and Six turned to find the orb carrying both the knife and the armour she'd requested.

"Yes," Six reached out and grabbed it. "Thanks."

As she carefully ran her fingers over the blade, parts of Emile's speech surfaced in her mind.

"_Don't cut yourself," the large Spartan had said as he'd handed his knife to Kat. The rest of Noble team had gathered around her as they'd all been crowded into a small cave. _

"_Who's next?!" The defiant words had been yelled by Emile as he'd blasted an Elite in the chest with his shotgun. Right after a plasma sword had burst through the Spartan's chest, but he hadn't flinched.

_

"_I'm ready! How 'bout you?" Emile had roared as he'd grabbed his knife and stabbed it into the Elite's neck. Both had fallen from the

gun and--

Six stopped herself and placed the knife on the table alongside the dog tags. It made a sharp clang as its well sharpened edge hit the table's surface and the room's light danced around the blood coated metal. Six made a metal note to clean it when she could, before she turned her attention back to the orb.

"Where do we begin?" She asked it.

"I shall need to thoroughly scan your armour to find what parts we shall be using and how we will put the armors together. It will only take a moment."

Six nodded and made a sweeping motion with her hand towards her armour. While she didn't wholeheartedly agree with letting the orb scan her armour there was little she could do. She needed her armour fixed and it did seem that Guardian wouldn't reveal information without her say so.

After a few moments of watching Guardian go over her armour with a blue light, Six asked if they could begin.

"Yes, I shall ask the Ancilla Hybrid if they have some tools that we will need." With that, Guardian floated over to Optimus and within the hour Six and the orb were both at work as they began the long process of repairing her armour. There were a few times where the hanger they resided in would erupt with noise; most of it coming from the tools they used while there was some arguing.

Despite the hard work that went on, little progress was made and by the time Six came out of her working haze the hanger was completely empty apart from her, Guardian and Optimus. Outside, the sun had well and truly set as the sky was completely black, save for the stars that shone through the darkness of space.

"Is something the matter, Reclaimer?" Guardian asked, noticing that she'd stopped working.

Six spared the orb a glance as he continued to fire a fine blue beam at a small section of the new armor's chest that she'd been working on a few hours ago. So far the pair had only managed to fix a tiny fraction of one of the holes in the armour, the reason being that it took a long time to create the metal that would be accepted by the armour. Also, said metal meant that Six was taking apart her own armour, piece by piece; something that did not fall well with her.

"Nothing, just having a small breather," Six answered after a while and turned back to the piece of armour before her. The black metal had been part of her chest piece, specifically the part that went over her shoulder. The symbol of the UNSC was still visible, despite the fact that the metal had received some alterations. Instead of being the pitch black she was used to it was now a dark shiny grey with a dark imprint where the UNSC symbol was.

Holding out the piece to Guardian, the orb finished what he was doing and took it off her. Then, without a word it returned to work. Six was about to do the same when she heard a set of footsteps echo through the hanger. She glanced up to see who it was and was met with

the smiling face of Major Lennox.

"Noble Six," he greeted, only to receive a nod in response. "You free for a bit? 'Cause some of us are heading down to the mess hall and I wouldn't be surprised if you were hungry."

Considering the offer Six was surprised to find that it'd been a long time since she'd last eaten and now that she thought about it, her throat felt a little dry.

"I'll join you," Six agreed, she then turned to Guardian. "Could you keep an eye on Dot?"

Without stopping its work the orb assured her that Dot would come to no harm and despite her reluctance to leave the AI, Six found herself using her crutches to walk to the mess hall with the Major.

They walked in silence for the majority of the journey and Six had a feeling that the Major was trying to think of something to ask her. Although, from the corner of her eye she didn't see him once look at her. She also noticed that the cheerful simile from earlier had gone.

"Something the matter, Major?" Six inquired, her curiosity getting the better of her.

He looked up at her, a stony expression on his face as he spoke, "Since the battle last year we've only had a couple of contacts with the Decepticons. You've been here less than a day and you've already got them hunting you down. Something's not right."

Six frowned a little, how did these Decepticons even know she was here? "They're after me?"

"Yeah, Guardian ran into a few a few hours ago. He said they tried to attack him after he mentioned you â€"because you're Human- and then he killed them. I've got the emblem he brought back if you want to give it back to him."

"You keep it, did he say anything else?"

The Major shook his head, "not really, they just wanted you. It's weirdâ€"|"

Her frown eased away and she cocked her head, "What makes you say that?"

Major Lennox scratched the side of his jaw in thought, "The only leadership we know the 'Cons have at the moment is Starscream and this isn't something that he would do. He's more interested in taking over the Earth than looking forâ€"whatever it was that clued them into you. It's as if someone else is giving them ordersâ€"|"

"Maybe you're right," Six said in agreement. Maybe if she knew more, she could give him more of an insight. "What Decepticons do you know of? And what role do they play?"

Will thought for a moment. His whole body was ridged, as if even the just talking about the Decepticons made him angry. His reaction was strangely similar to Six's when she talked about the Covenant, which

told her that this guy had been given the same brutal introduction to aliens that she had.

"The major players at the moment are defiantly Starscream and apparently there's one called Soundwave hanging around, but we've never seen him." The look he gave her told her that this didn't sit well with anyone and what he revealed next gave her the reason why, "Soundwave is the Decepticons Communications Officer and from what Optimus has mentioned, he was very loyal to Megatron. Starscream was Megatron's second in command, but we've heard that he wasn't always that happy about it."

"Soundwave wouldn't be one to give orders and if he's as loyal to Megatron as you say then he would only follow orders from Starscream." Six paused in thought as she tried to relate these robots to Humans despite the fact that they weren't. The problem was that she knew very little about their behavior, butâ€¦.That was it! Not wanting to get ahead of herself Six asked the Major, "Was there ever anyone that Megatron answered to?"

He shook his head and the triumphant feeling she'd had a moment ago quickly disappeared. Just as she was about to rethink the situation the Will spoke up.

"You'll have to ask Optimus for details about Megatron. Even though we've been fighting against them for almost a year, there's little I know about their leader apart from the fact he's dead and I would rather it stayed that way."

"Maybe I willâ€¦" Six said reluctantly as they entered the bright and busy mess hall. There was a brief silence in which a few people glanced in her and Will's direction. A few friendly nods came their way before everyone quickly went back to what they were originally doing and Six proceeded to get some food. With half her attention on asking for what she wanted Six took in the mess hall.

Unlike most UNSC mess hall's the walls were made from a navy coloured metal and there appeared little divide between soldiers. While the room was filled with chatting and laughing there was the odd table that was void of anyone. Looking at the empty tables, Six was tempted to go sit at one just like she used to. But, looking at Will as he nodded for her to follow him while he carried his and her tray, Six wondered how it could hurt to just _sit_ with some of the soldiers.

When Will placed her tray on the table the cheesy smell of Lasagna hit her. The aroma caused her stomach to rumble as she realised that it had been too long since she'd last eaten something that wasn't field rations. It seemed that the others heard her stomachs display of hunger as the dark skinned man opposite her chuckled.

"The Major been starving you?" He cast a smirk in the Will's direction.

"It wouldn't be a proper introduction if she wasn't starving," Will joked as Six propped her crutches up and they both sat down.

"Or dying of thirst," the man chipped in, earning a small chuckle from the other two. Will also cracked a smile before he started to introduce Six to the three people who were sat at their

table.

"Noble Six?" he began slowly and Six could tell he felt strange referring to her like that. Despite his discomfort he continued as he indicated to the man opposite her, "this is Robert Epps, Chief Master Sergeant of the US Air Force."

"Noble Six?" A confused look made its way onto his face as he turned to Six, the rest of the table also joining in as they waited for her answer.

"I was the sixth member of a team called Noble," Six explained. "You can refer to me as three-one-two if you prefer."

"They always refer to soldiers as numbers where you come from?" Robert asked, surprised.

Six smirked, "Only the lucky ones."

Her words were received by a light chuckle down the table and Six took the moment to attack some of her food. While she chewed on what was probably the best thing she'd eaten in a long time, one of the others with a similar accent to Epps asked her a question.

"What was your team like? If you don't mind me asking," the sandy haired soldier asked before adding, "James Anderson, Master Sergeant of the US Army Rangers."

"Close, like any other team, but I guess we were closer than most," Six said after swallowing some food. "We each had our own specific skill set."

"What was yours?"

Six sent him an evil smirk. "I made people disappear."

"An assassin?" A man with short dark hair said with an accent that very different to the others. "I'm Graham Walker, Captain in the British Army."

Six nodded, stabbing some of her Lasagna with her fork, "I was the replacement for another Spartan who is currently MIA. Before I was assigned to Noble, I dealt with the UNSC's _other_ problem."

"He's still alive?" Graham asked carefully. It seemed he knew he was entering a touchy subject, if Six's stabbing at her food was any indication.

"Spartan's never die," Six repeated the lie that everyone had drilled into their mind. "They're only missing in action."

Will's cough brought Six out of her momentary lapse into the past. She turned her head a little to face him and saw that his face was almost full of worry. It soon disappeared when her usual scowl returned and he decided to steer the conversation in a new direction, "How did the training exercise today go?"

The rest of the table groaned and the one named Robert spoke up, "It was going pretty good, until... Knock Out."

"Ah." The acceptance in Will's voice made Six raise an eyebrow in curiosity. By the sounds of it, this Knock Out usually did something wrong. "What was it this time?"

Robert turned to Graham, "You tell him man, you were there."

"Alright," Graham sighed, his lips twitching a little. "The exercise was going fine. We were starting to push back Longarm and Salvage, there were snipers up high to warn us if Knock Out was around. We'd also put down two of the experimental EMP mines just in case. We never expected him to go racing through both."

Robert and James both grinned while Graham struggled not to and Will stopped what he was doing, his face perplexed.

"How did he evenâ€¦" Will began and unable to finish his sentence he motioned for Graham to continue.

"Captain Hughes did a good job of directing the set-up," Graham confirmed with a smile.

"She's one of yours isn't she?"

"Not quite, she's SRR."

Will grinned, although â€"Six noted- it was evident he knew very little of this 'SRR', "I see."

Not wanting to elaborate, Graham continued with his story. The story consisted of how Knock Out had gone speeding up behind them as a motorcycle only to have his back tire shot by one of the snipers. He'd then proceeded to go through the first EMP mine as he tried to turn onto another road, which led to him barrelling into the second mine. Graham had also mentioned that while he'd been crashing the majority of his team had managed to shoot him with their paint rounds â€"Six had raised her eyebrows at this, paint rounds?- and therefore covered the green Autobot in bright colours.

Graham finished off his story by concluding that Knock Out's takedown had given everyone the motivation to push back Salvage and Longarm. Apparently it was an easy victory and the exercise had only lasted just over an hour instead of the usual three or more. From what Six had noticed, it seemed all the people at this base were the best of the best, Special Forces or both.

She must have had a look of confusion on her face because Will asked her if something was wrong.

"Don't you use stun rounds instead of paint rounds?" She knew the question sounded ridiculous, but surely they'd invented stun rounds. At that thought she realised, maybe they hadn't.

"We don't have 'stun rounds'," Will said, confirming her thought. "Is that what you guys use?"

Six nodded, "yeah, very effective."

The words seemed to pique the interest of those sat around them. James was the first to speak up, although his words were said

carefully, "what's it like? Where you're from, I mean, the future."

Six didn't really want to talk about where she was from, so she sent him a grimace along with the words, "Full of war."

"But before the war, it must've been amazing?" He asked in hope, even as sadness lined his eyes.

"I wasn't born before the war," Six was about to continue to explain how even before the war they'd had terrorism, but she stopped herself. She wasn't sure what they knew, but maybe they thought she was from their future. If that was the case, then perhaps she could give a little boost to their moral by telling them how far Humanity had reached. Even if they knew she was from alternate universe, she could at least try and give them hope for something.

Six sighed, "But, Humanity has reached far and succeeded in many areas. Reach was one of our crowning achievements," _yes, and look what the Covenant did to it!_ Six's lips threatened to twitch into a sneer, but she managed to tame it into a minor smirk. "It was a beautiful planet as well as being very dedicated to the Military side of things. Space itself is also a spectacle, well, from what I've seen while serving in the UNSC."

Six decided to stop there. Talking about her home in that way was strange for her. She wasn't sure why. Perhaps it was because she didn't believe in all the beauty of her home anymore; all she saw was death.

"How big are we talking?" Robert asked. "For your _space _ships, I mean."

"It ranges from about one hundred meters to around four thousand meters," Six answered with a small grin. Although the UNSC didn't have the biggest ships out there, they were force to be reckoned with and had managed to give the Covenant a run for their money a couple of times.

A chorus of "How big?" and "You're kidding" came from the few at the table and a few heads turned in their direction. They must've been about to turn back when Robert called out to them.

"Hear that guys? Space ships longer than thirty-six football pitches, that's some crazy shit!" He gave Graham a sideways glance, "and that's real football, not soccer, for all you Brits in the room."

There was a small laugh that rippled through the mess hall, which soon died down and was replaced by exciting chattering about giant space ships. Six allowed herself a small smile before she finished chewing the remainder of her food, sipped the rest of her water and began to get up.

As she did she picked up her tray and spoke to those at the table, "I must return to my armor, thank-you for your company."

"Don't you think you should catch some sleep?" Will asked, a touch of concern in his voice, "your armor can wait until morning, right?"

"With all due respect, Sir, I'll be a more efficient soldier with my armor," Six said stiffly. She didn't need "or want- to add that she felt very vulnerable and exposed without it.

Will looked taken aback a little before he put a frown on his face, "you need rest. You can't be an efficient soldier on a couple of hours of sleep, besides Ratchet will have my aft if I don't make sure you take it easy."

"I assure you, Sir, I'll get enough rest."

His frown didn't lessen, despite the fact that she was being truthful, "I'll be round to show you to your quarters in an hour or two. You can catch some sleep then."

"Aye, Sir." And with that Six grabbed her crutches in one hand, lifted up her tray in the other and was about to leave when Graham stopped her.

"Noble Six" he began uncertainly. "We'll get your tray."

"Yeah," Robert agreed with a smirk. "Don't want Ratchet hurling his tools at us."

Replacing her tray on the table, Six nodded in thanks and hopped out of the room and back to her armor. After all, she had a lot to do and time was not on her side.

10. Decommission

Heyy all, apologies for the long update time. Assignments kept me busy, but with the two massive ones out of the way I've decided to give you all a lovely update :)

I have a quick question, which I'd really love for your opinions on. Y'know the Decepticon bodies from all the fights they all have? What do you think happens to them? I figured they might just throw them in the ocean with Megs, but would they really? I'm pretty stumped on it and I might just end up going with they throw some in the ocean and keep some for research, let me know :)

As always, thank you all for reading, reviewing, favoriteing and following :)

****gwb99:** **Don't worry, i defiantly will I love writing those things, if i can get it right that is. There's a bit in this chapter too :)
By the way, if the same kind of grammar mistakes keep popping up, could you throw me an example or something about it? Would be much appreciated. Thank you for the review.

****Telron:**** Thank you, I hope it keeps you interested :)

****BloodDragonKing:**** Humm, not sure about that, I think it has to be Emile cause he's such a badass :P What about you?

****Jak Dragon:** **Thank you, I always thought my storytelling was a bit all over the place, but it's good to know it's not :) I'm glad you

look forward to reading this, even if the updates are rather sporadic :P

****aelfwyne:** **I hope it stay's that way and thank you :)

****B312:**** - Thank you :) neither can I, you'll see some stuff about it this chapter.

- Wait no longer :)

- Ah, please don't be sad, I'm not stopping, here's a chapter :D damn you for making me feel guilty that day :L

.

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

Decommission

* * *

><p>Will Lennox

As Six left the mess hall a couple of curious glances followed the abnormally pale and tall Human, although she didn't seem to notice. Will sighed as he hunched over his plate that he was only halfway through. He stole a glance at Six's plate, which looked like it'd been licked clean. Although, it didn't surprise him given that she'd come from the middle of a war-zone. He doubted she had much time to eat a huge meal.

"Intense, isn't she?" Epps asked, a small ghost of a smile on his face.

Will nodded, "she's been through a lot."

The three at the table leaned forward in interest and Will knew right away what they wanted. He wasn't sure what to tell them; Hell, he barely believed any of it himself. A super soldier from another plane of existence? It was completely ridiculous! Yet, said super soldier had just clicked out the room on a pair of crutches.

Deciding to keep it simple, Will told them that Six's people were going through a large scale war. He told them that she had been born into it and that it was all she knew. His friends seemed to take the information as well as they could, only they wanted to know about where she was from. When Epps asked that, Will was at a complete loss at what to say. But, he decided to take a chance, after all they'd all been through a lot of strange events.

"Alright," Will said after a while of collecting his thoughts. "Try to believe what I'm about to say. Noble Six is from another world-"

"Thought she was from the future?" Graham asked, he and the others all sharing looks of confusion.

Will smiled, "I mean she's from the future in another plane of

existence."

His words seemed to make them fall into silence immediately. Their faces were thoughtful, if not a bit confused, so Will decided to give them a moment before continuing.

"Come on, none of that X-files shit is real, Lennox," Epps laughed in disbelief.

"More like Stargateâ€|" James murmured quietly.

They all stared at him.

"What?" he asked innocently.

Murmurs of "such a nerd" came from those around the table. James then half-heartedly defended himself, by muttering something about there being nothing wrong with watching sci-fi shows as they worked with aliens. His words elected a chuckle from those at the table, one which he joined in with before they all lapsed into silence.

"As I was saying," Will said after a few moments. "She's from another plane of existence, at least that's what she and the orb say."

"What about the other alien?" Graham asked the question Will had been expecting. He wasn't entirely sure how to completely answer the question without telling them everything. As much as he was conflicted to the alien when it came to his horrific past, Will couldn't alienate the Sangheili â€"was that it?- from everyone.

"He's from the same place," Will said finally. "They don't like each other because there's aâ€|feud going on between their people."

He knew that the others wouldn't be satisfied with just that, but they knew Will. If he didn't tell them everything then there was a good reason. Even when nodding in acceptance they had unsatisfied looks on their faces; just as Will expected.

As if wanting to move away from the subject Epps spoke up, "So what's he all about?"

It was a vague question, but an easy one to answer. With a light smile, Will proceeded to tell them what little he knew about the alien. They all listened while occasionally throwing in a comment or two. At the end of it everyone had a sobering look in their eyes. This was their second alien contact in two years and it made them look at everything around them in a whole new light. Things were no longer as simple as they'd originally believed and Will doubted they ever would be again. Will finished his explanation by mentioning that the meeting tomorrow would be bigger than usual. The purpose of the meeting would be to explain the situation to the rest of the base personnel.

After that Will would begin the long process of figuring out where to assign the Spartan and what he would do with Roh. He wasn't sure if they could trust the alien to fight with them given its past, but Will wouldn't know until they discussed it.

~/~

****Roh 'Rithinee ****

Roh stared at the plateful of food before him; His eyes darting between it and the utensils that had been provided for his use. There was some form of meat – the likes of which he'd never seen before- accompanied by some greenery and small white fluffy grains. He remembered the large construct discussing with him what types of food he could and couldn't eat. Thankfully there was little difference in diet when it came to Sangheili and Humans, so getting food suitable for him had not been a problem. Although, that didn't mean he still wasn't cautious about it. These Humans knew what he'd done, the many he'd killed in the name of a religion based on lies, and so he wouldn't put it past them to gain revenge. After all, they were cunning creatures.

"I assure you it isn't poisoned," snapped the medical construct, as if he'd been reading Roh's mind. "They may be angry with what was revealed about your origins, but Lennox and his team would never stoop that low; they're soldiers, not murderers."

"I meant no offence construct. It is an unusual situation to wrap my mind around," Roh said calmly. "Humans have always been the enemy, it was simple, but now," Roh glanced down at his clenched fist. "Everything is not as simple as it was. All my beliefs have proven false; my entire reason for fighting was built on a lie." Roh paused, gathering his scattered thoughts, "it will take me time to grow accustomed to it all."

"Ensure that you keep in mind that you have no enemies here," the construct said, an underlying warning was in his tone.

"Your warning is heeded construct."

There was a grunt of acceptance before the construct turned back around. Accepting that the conversation had drawn to a close, Roh tentatively picked up one of the utensils. The three pronged piece of metal fit awkwardly in his grip, but Roh still managed to scoop up some of the white grains. It was from there that he spent the next few minutes getting used to the strange human eating utensils as he consumed his meal.

Overall, the food was pain tasting, but he assumed that was for his own safety as they knew little of what he could consume. The textures of the food was familiar; the meat reminded him of Colo, which his race farmed back home. Although it lacked the salty taste of Colo the meat still induced memories of when he used lived at his keep. The strange white grains were probably the least tasteful item on the plate, but was again similar to Irukan – a crop from back home.

Once he finished his meal, Roh allowed himself a brief mental silence before he began to think about his fate. He was certain that these Humans and their giant allies wouldn't simply get him go. Besides, where would he go? He had no means of transport except for the ship they'd arrived in and he doubted the Oracle would let him use it. His thought then drifted to the constructs, surely they had a ship that brought them here? He pondered over it for a moment before dismissing the idea based upon what they had said earlier. They wouldn't leave and even if they could, he was apparently now on a separate plane of

existence. His home didn't exist here.

What was he to do?

Would he be a prisoner forever? Trapped on this planet with the species he'd tried to wipe out. Was this some kind of retribution for his actions? Were there Gods trying to tell him something?

The hissing of the door opening snapped Roh out of his thoughts and drew his attention to the newcomer. It was the Human referred to as Major Lennox. Perhaps he came bearing answers for Roh.

The Major nodded in Roh's direction before addressing the construct, "How's he doing Ratchet?"

"Physically, he's fine, considering his injuries. I'm unsure of his mental health as I don't know what normal behavior is for his kind, although he's been very subdued and quiet." The construct eyed him thoughtfully before continuing, "What of my other patient? She should be here!"

The last part came out a growl and the Human winced. "She's eaten if that's any consolation, but there's defiantly something wrong up here," he indicated to his head.

The construct nodded in agreement as if he knew this already. "Yes, it's understandable. I'll make my way to her quarters before she turns in. I assume you're here about our other guest?" The construct motioned towards Roh.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Haven't had the chance to really talk and considering his the new residential alien, I should."

"Don't exhaust him," grumbled the construct before he turned back to his bench.

Despite the construct being unable to see, the Major nodded. He started walking towards the platform, which Roh currently resided on and sighed as he came to a stop.

"Ratchet..."

"What now?!"

"I need a lift up, I'm not yelling up at him," the Major explained.

"Naturally," the construct muttered before scooping up the human and depositing him in front of Roh. The Major landed on his feet and took a few steps towards Roh.

"Hi," he began. "I'm Major William Lennox, if you didn't already know."

Roh nodded, "I am aware of who you are Major, I am Roh 'Rithinee, Field Marshal of the Covenant and servant to the Proffets. At least, I was."

"This is to do with your war on us, I mean the..uh..other humans, isn't it?" The Major frowned. Roh wasn't completely sure why, but he

had a feeling it was to do with referring to his race as if he were an outsider.

"Indeed. It is a war that I believe should never have begun."

"Why?" The Major's voice may have been curious, but his eyes were not. They were hard, steely even, and slightly narrowed.

"What you must understand Major, is that we merely follow what our leaders tell us, just as you humans do. I have been told that when we first encountered the humans they were defiling objects and sites that were sacred to us. I now know that to be the lies of the proffets as is likely most of what the proffets have told us. We've all been fooled."

"I see," the Major sighed, rubbing the side of his face.

Realising that the Major was feeling conflicted about the subject, Roh spoke up, "I do not expect you to believe me or sympathize with me. Just understand that at this precise moment in time I have no cause to be hostile. Although, I shall not be 'buddy, buddy' with you humans."

The Major nodded, understanding where Roh stood. His face relaxed a little as his frown disappeared and he asked another question. "What were these objects that you were fighting over?"

Roh had been expecting the question and had an inkling of what it was leading to. "The artifacts which we seek are of Forerunner origin. You have met one of their creations, the Oracle."

"Guardian?" Roh nodded, but sensed that the Major had more to say, so he waited. "Don't you think he's a bit strange? As if something's off...?"

The Major voiced his words carefully as he made a conscious effort to not insult Roh. Appreciating the effort, Roh mulled over the humans words for a moment. He agreed with the Major that there was something strange about the Oracle, but for all he knew this could be normal behaviour for an Oracle. Perhaps the centuries of loneliness had taken its toll on the Oracle?

"I see what you mean, but I do not know the normal behaviour of an Oracle," Roh responded.

The Major shrugged, though Roh was not sure why; Human gestures had always eluded him.

"At least I know I'm not going crazy," he chuckled before indicating for Roh to continue.

"There are many other artifacts that the Forerunners left behind and they all come in different forms. Some may be knowledge while others could be weapons or perhaps an Oracle. In my lifetime I have only had the pleasure of finding three, including the Oracle," Roh finished proudly. They were now one of the few things that he felt proud of doing during his time in the Covenant. They were also one of the few things that didn't do strange things to his stomach or incite his temper.

"I'm not going to like the part about where you found him, am I?" The Major winced as he prepared himself for Roh's answer.

"You have already seen the planet."

The Major's now hard brown eyes glared back at Roh, but he said nothing. For some reason the Major's stare brought shame to Roh. He wasn't completely sure why, only that he didn't enjoy the feeling.

"Is there anything else you wish to know about my past Major?" As soon as the words left Roh's mouth they felt like a jibe. He slammed his jaws shut and cursed himself. It was a habit Roh had grown accustomed to when dealing with humans and he was surprised he hadn't already slipped up.

"I think I've heard enough," the Major said stiffly as he walked to the edge of the platform and called to the Construct, who had no doubt been listening.

As the construct scooped up the Major, Roh felt the need to try and salvage the situation.

"My apologies, Major. It..." Roh shook his head. "I have no excuse to jibe at what you consider sacred."

Again the Major said nothing as he nodded and the construct left the room with him. Growling at himself, Roh tilted his head as he clenched his bottom jaws violently in frustration. Needing to do...something with his anger he kicked over the tray that had held his food. The tray went flying down the platform and landed with a loud clatter as the utensils on it flew everywhere.

It was at that moment that the construct returned, its face severely unhappy as it glanced at the tray and then Roh. It appeared to vent hot air in an attempt to calm itself before it growled at Roh, "you're a real spawn of the pit, you know that?"

Without waiting for a reply the construct returned to its workbench and resumed its work.

"I am aware construct," Roh murmured more to himself than to the construct, despite not knowing what some of the constructs words were referring to. He backed up to the wall and slid down it into a sitting position. Hanging his head he cursed himself and the construct medic for saving him. Where was his honour now?!

~/~

Noble Six

"Perhaps you should take a break, Reclaimer?" Guardian suggested as he stopped what he was doing and faced Six.

Six shook her head, "not yet."

She wanted to get as much of her armour repaired as possible. She'd stay up all night if need be, after all she could function just fine with little sleep. Besides the sooner they finished her armour the

sooner they could start on the long and tedious task of building a slip-space engine. She wouldn't have thought it possible without Guardian around. To be honest, she still didn't think it was possible because the technology simply didn't exist. Unless Guardian was planning on asking the _aliens_ for aid.

Frowning, Six voiced her concerns, "you don't plan on asking _them_ for help on the slip-space engine, do you?"

"Why of course," Guardian said as if it were obvious. "They must have some experience travelling the universe and I'm sure they'd be more than willing to aid us in the construction of a Slip-space engine. Why? Is there something wrong Reclaimer?"

Six was about to argue, but she stopped herself. What Guardian said made sense and she couldn't argue with it. Instead, Six merely assured the orb that there was nothing wrong. The pair were about to continue working when a familiar voice called out to her.

"Six!" It was Major Lennox.

Wondering what he wanted Six turned in his direction and asked, "yes, Sir?"

He seemed a little taken aback by the formality of her voice, but quickly schooled his features into that of disapproval.

"I thought we told you to get enough rest," he said before adding, "it's almost eleven and we've got an early start. Ratchet would kill me if he knew you weren't resting. Well he won't kill me, he'll probably throw a wrench at me or something."

Lennox smirked a little as he cast a glance at the red truck, which had been in the hanger the majority of the evening.

"I don't see why," Six sighed. The alien medic was causing a lot of problems for her. "I assure you Sir, I'll be done soon. I know my limits."

Lennox gave her a dubious look and look like he was about to say something when the truck spoke up.

"If you would like Lennox, I can keep an eye on Noble Six," the alien leader offered as he rolled forward.

"You sure?"

"Indeed."

"Well, better your aft than mine," Lennox chuckled, eliciting a small rumble from the alien.

Six ground her teeth, "with all due respect Sir, I don't need a babysitter."

"He's not here to babysit you Six, he's looking out for you," Lennox reasoned. "I know you don't like aliens, but give Optimus and his team a chance; they're good guys."

Six was slightly taken aback by Lennox's words. How could he have so

much faith in them? They weren't human so how could he trust them?

"I-" Six stopped herself. "Understood, Sir."

Lennox smiled in satisfaction, "Good. Ratchet said he'd be up when it's time for lights out, so keep an eye out."

"Aye, Sir. Is there anything else?"

"Just...look after yourself," He reinforced softly. And with that he bid them all goodbye before leaving the hanger. It was also at that moment that Six could see why so many respected him; he was a good man. Whether or not he was proficient on the battlefield remained to be seen.

Turning back to her armour Six continued to take apart the only thing that had been constant in her life; not that it bothered her much. Since beginning her armour's reconstruction they had progressed very little and Guardian had mentioned that they would be unable to continue soon. When questioned the AI had explained that he needed to 'check the systems' before they could continue the merge. While Six wasn't completely sure what the AI meant, she had a feeling it was to do with whatever had happened when it had become as damaged as it was. In a way she was curious as to what had become of the body. She was about to ask when the sound of metallic footsteps reached her ears.

Turning Six looked up at the green robot, "Hey, Doc."

"Stay there," he grumbled without bothering to greet her. "I just need to run a few scans, then you need to get some rest."

"If it'll keep you off my back, go ahead," Six snarled before a green light washed over her. There was a slight tingle as it hit her, but it was hardly noteworthy.

"Hmm," his metal face pulled into a frown. "The cybermatter has taken to you well, better than I expected. Aside from your injuries the only problem is exhaustion. Excluding your unconsciousness today, when was the last time you slept?"

It took a moment for Six to think back before she answered, "two days ago."

"How many hours?"

"At least 6." It had probably been less considering she'd constantly been waking up. The other four had been like it too; the gravity of Reach's situation being the reason for their temporary insomnia.

"Then I believe your body is beyond overdue. Go now, there will be plenty of time to repair your armour. Your health is more important," Ratchet spoke in a tone that suggested she shouldn't argue.

Despite the desire to disagree with him, Six saw the logic in his suggestion. With her jaw tensing a little she ground out, "I see your point. Where are my quarters?"

Ratchet glanced at Optimus, who quickly transformed before explaining, "Major Lennox has given you permanent accommodation in one of the currently unused human dormitory rooms. He has also give me the location if you'd like me to show you?"

"Sure. What about him?" Six nodded towards Guardian who was occasionally firing a small blue beam at her armor.

"He is to remain on our side of the base for the time being. It would not do to disturb the other humans."

"Lead on then."

"One moment," Optimus said. Not a moment later did he transform and a human step out of his cab clad in simple civilian garb. It consisted of a pair of dark blue trousers and a white and red jacket over a white top. Hanging from the man's neck was a small dog tag, which -Six could just make out- had a strange face engraved on it. A mop of short dark hair sat upon the man's head, framing a sun kissed face and bright blue eyes. His head was fixed to a well-built frame with broad shoulders and long powerful legs to match.

As she finished her spilt second analysis the man began to walk towards her. She already knew who it was, even before he reintroduced himself.

"Greetings, Six. As you have no doubt guessed, I am Optimus Prime and this is my holoform."

"Why would you need something like this?" Six asked as she went through a few tactical reasons she could think of. Despite coming up with possibilities, she was curious what spiel Optimus would give her. It would no doubt be about gaining a greater understanding of her race; not that she'd believe it.

"We use them to better understand and communicate with the humans, when our normal forms are inconvenient." His explanation was almost exactly as she predicted.

Six said nothing, merely indicating for Optimus to lead on. Before they moved away from the table Six quickly grabbed her helmet and put it under her arm; she wasn't about to leave Dot unprotected. Optimus held out a hand while he offered to hold it for her, but she spat out a quick decline. The holoform gave her the briefest of glances before it started to lead her out the hanger. Their walk was silent for the most part, except for the occasional click of her crutches. Although, the silence allowed her to mull over the alien who was escorting her.

Optimus seemed to be hell bent on trying to understand her hate for anything alien, as well as trying to get see them in a different light. While she wouldn't ever admit it, she was impressed with his tact and lack of frustration. Even though she hadn't even been around a day, Six could tell that her view of aliens frustrated those she'd come into contact with. She couldn't expect them to understand. They hadn't watched worlds burn. They hadn't witnessed the slaughter of billions of innocent civilians. And, they hadn't felt the hopelessness it brought. She'd become so used to it all now that it only made her more angry. Even when Reach had been attacked, everyone had shown some sort of defeat; well almost everyone. Jorge had never

had the chance. He died believing he'd just saved the planet.

"We're here," Optimus' deep voice brought her out of her musings. His eyes were filled with concern, his hand frozen in mid-air as he reached for the door.

"Is something bothering you, Noble Six?" He asked softly.

Six blinked, gaining control of a sneer that threatened to rise and answered him in a neutral tone. "I'm fine."

His eyes told her that he didn't agree with her answer, but he decided not to push the subject. Instead, he pushed open the metal door and they both entered the room.

The room was as she expected it to be; small and bare. Despite its size, it could still manage to house two people as there were two beds, two wardrobes and two desks complete with two chairs. Although it seemed that at the moment it would only have to contend with one very tall Human. Two lights were stuck to the ceiling as they illuminated the room and at the back of the room -between the two beds- was a large blind covered window. On the left-hand side of the plain room was an open doorway to what she guessed was the bathroom.

"Am I correct in assuming that you no longer require my aid?" Optimus asked as she finished observing the room.

"No," Six's lip twitched as she finished her sentence, "thank you."

Optimus nodded and gave her a warm smile before he quietly left the room. When the door clicked shut behind him Six turned to one of the beds. Upon it was a set of navy clothes along with a navy towel. Sighing, Six carefully placed herself on the edge of the bed as she was unsure if it would hold her weight. The bed creaked quite a bit as she settled onto it, but it soon returned to being silent as she set her crutches to the side and put her helmet on the bed.

This feels so strange, she thought as she rubbed the side of her head. She could feel a mild headache coming on now that she wasn't distracting herself. Seeing as it did her no use to just sit there, Six scooped up the towel and clothes and made her way to what she'd assumed was the bathroom, dragging a crutch with her as she did.

~/~

It was awkward trying to shower with one of her legs in a cast and it infuriated her. Her leg was barely damaged, but if it meant getting that damned alien off her back then she'd wear the cast. It wasn't as if she'd be wearing it for long.

With the shower on hot, the warm water that cascaded down her body soothed and loosened her muscles. It made her relax as much as she could, given where she was. She watched as red water washed off of her and onto the floor, cocking her head in mild interest as she did. The copious amount of the red told her that she'd lost a lot of blood today, which wasn't a surprise. She'd spent the better part of a day fighting Covenant forces with the last two members of her team.

Although, there was an equal amount -if not more- of purple blood and that was something that made her very happy. There was only one hinge-head that she needed to kill and perhaps she would get the opportunity.

A smile made its way onto her face as she ruffled through her short hair with one hand; the other being used to lean against the wall. A few specks of dirt appeared in the water with the motion. They too were soon washed away, just like any remnants of her last battle on Reach.

Thoughts of the glassed planet made her turn and thump the wall; imagining it was a hinge-head. Withdrawing her hand before she felt tempted to strike again, Six leant her forehead against the cool metal. She couldn't believe they'd failed.

She'd failed to protect humanity.

She'd failed to be the soldier they needed her to be.

She knew that planets fell as soon as the Covenant found them and it had only ever angered her. But, for some reason the fall of Reach really affected her. Perhaps it was because there had been such faith that it would never fall, such hope. And now, all that was left was Earth. Would she return too late?

A growl escaped her lips; disagreeing with her thoughts.

She wouldn't return too late. She would get there before the end; perhaps even end the war. She wasn't out for the glory, she'd be satisfied with protecting humanity. In the end, it was what she was made for. It was her duty to protect Humanity, no matter the cost. She may be stuck on this strange version of Earth that played host to aliens, but she'd do her damn best to make sure they didn't get in the way.

She wouldn't even let the human part of 'NEST' get in her way either. She was may be temporarily working for them, but her loyalties would always be to the UNSC. If they ever asked for her tech, she'd have to say no. What would happen if the UNSC ever encountered them if she gave them information? It was a difficult subject as she had seen what threat these aliens posed. She didn't want to leave humanity undefended, no matter where they were.

Six grit her teeth in frustration as she slammed the shower off. The water stopped just as quick and she shuffled through the steam towards her towel. While precariously balancing on one foot Six quickly dried the other before moving to the rest of her body. When she'd finished, Six got changed, hung up her towel and left the steamy bathroom. The cooler and dryer air of her room hit her as she hopped back to her bed. Despite being cooler than the bathroom Six was tempted to see if the window would open, even if it was only a little.

Reaching out with one hand Six pulled up the blind to reveal the night sky. Distant suns flickered every so often and she felt a strange sense of longing to be out there again. She wasn't exactly sure what suns were linked to which systems as she'd never seen the stars from the surface of Earth. However, she had a small inkling as to which sun was for Reach. Sighing, Six found that the window could

open a little, which she did.

Leaving the blind up the Spartan turned back to her bed and slowly lowered herself onto it. She set her crutch to the side, along with her other one, and scooped up her helmet.

"Dot?" She whispered to the AI.

"Yes, Noble Six?" The toneless reply was the same as ever.

"You okay?"

"All systems are functional despite foreign hacking attempts."

Six didn't like the sound of that. She had a feeling the AI was referring to what Optimus had mentioned a couple of hours ago.

"_We took this question to the intelligence in your armour, but it refused to give anyone an answer. Perhaps you could shed some light on the situation?"_

"What did they want?"

"There were numerous search parameters, most included connections to you, the Covenant and 'Forerunners'." Dot paused, "I am unfamiliar with this term."

"Apparently it's a long dead race, they created Guardian's Approach," Six explained as she stared into the cracked visor of her helmet.

"Shall I log this information?"

"Sure."

"Is there anything more you wish to add?"

Six thought for a moment as she unconsciously rubbed at some of the dirt on her helmet. "They built something called the Halo Array, which was used to combat an alien parasite -The Flood. The Array killed every living being in the universe, or further from what Guardian said."

Dot said nothing and Six felt like she should continue, feeling more at ease talking to the AI than anyone else she'd been in contact with recently.

"Everything was reseeded afterwards, but it seems Humanity was important to the Forerunners. That's why Guardian calls me 'Reclaimer'."

"Is that all, Noble Six?"

"It's all I know about them so far, I'll add more when I can. The UNSC will want to know this when we get back."

"What is the current situation?"

"We're on Earth -a different Earth- and we're at a base, which belongs to a group called 'NEST'. They fight mechanical aliens, these

'Decepticons', with another group call the 'Autobots'. For now we're going to work with them while we build a slip-space engine so we can return."

"You are aware that we are UNSC property." The AI almost sounded like it was berating her; calling her a traitor.

"I know Dot," Six agreed. "I don't like it either."

"Protocol dictates that I should not fall into enemy hands. I must be decommissioned."

Six stopped rubbing at the dirt on her helmet. Her body frozen in place.

"Noble Six," Dot sounded harsher, a 'no nonsense' type of harsher. "Decommission me. It is your duty as a member of the UNSC. These beings have already tried to access me once, they will attempt it again."

"I can't do that Dot. You need to record all the information we gather while here, don't you think the UNSC will want to see something from my absence?" Six rebutted her voice growing darker as she added, "I'll make sure they don't get their hands on you again, I swear."

"It is likely that you will receive punishment when we return to UNSC space," Dot said, reminding Six of the implications of her decision to not terminate the AI.

Six swung her legs onto the bed and lent over to the bedside table. Propping the helmet in front of the alarm clock that read 'twenty-three-dot-thirty'.

"I know," Six agreed. "Wake me if anyone enters."

"Affirmative."

Shuffling under the sheet, it was only when her head hit the pillow that she realised how tired she really was. Her eyes snapped shut after she took one last look at the night sky and her helmet. Darkness soon encompassed her mind and she fell into a sleep that was long overdue.

* * *

><p>Thank you all for reading, see you next time :)<p>

11. Standing in the Way of Light

Heyy guys, can you believe that it's less than a month between chapters? Crazy right? :P Not sure how things are going to go from here seeing as you're all about 20k from catching up with me :L

**Note 16/8: **Changed Six's age due to problems I've found later

There's not really much I can say about this chapter now without ruining it so I'll probably add a note at the bottom.

As always, thank you all for reading, reviewing, favoriteing and following :)

****gwb99:** ****Ah,** that was slightly intentional -to show that Roh isn't super amazing at English pronunciation- but it's probably falling flat because I keep forgetting about it when I write him :/ Your services as Beta would be amazing if you don't mind my sporadic chapter sending :) Thank you!

****Telron:**** Yeah, not going too good for her at the moment and while it's going to get better...it'll be a while. Glad you enjoyed and thank you :)

****BloodDragonKing:**** Of course it is :D Noble team is just full of badass's. Yeah, she did. She's twenty-one in this story, which means she was six when she joined the program, I think. I'm looking forward to the Major finding out, not sure how he's going to yet, but it's likely to come up at some point :) I know what you mean, can't believe I missed that, was funny to re-read though XD Thank you

****B312:**** Na, I can't forget this one, I enjoy writing it too much :) Thank you for the reviews and I hope you enjoy this update too.

****56006:** ****I** want to, I really do. It's so tempting to throw in Jorge or another Spartan and have them and Six taking on a army of Con's, but with the way she's been sent there -the artefact- it's difficult to justify. If enough people want it, I'll try work it in, but I honestly don't know. Maybe I'll put a poll up to see what people think...Thank you for the review and the food for thought :)

****jondarryl:**** Thank you, glad you enjoyed :)

.

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

****_Words stressed upon in thoughts_****

Standing in the Way of Light

* * *

><p>"Hear that Lieutenant, I'll be all by my lonesome back here. Make it quick would ya?"

Six smirked at the memory, her eyes firmly shut.

"At your earliest convenience, Noble Six."

She felt something solid beneath her feet and a presence move in front of her.

_"Just thinking the Covies need a__** traitor**__ to shoot at." _Her eyes snapped open at the sneer in his voice.

She was in the hangar area of the 'Ardent Prayer' and instead of being filled with Covenant, it was empty. In fact, the only beings in the hangar were her and a very angry Jorge. His helmetless face had its lips curled up into a sneer -something she'd never seen Jorge do- and was only accentuated by the purple lighting of the alien hangar. His eyes were slightly narrowed, the hazel iris' no longer soft and caring, but filled with hate and betrayal. He was close to her, but she didn't like the waves of anger that were rolling off him. It made him seem like a completely different person. Not the Jorge she'd watch sacrifice himself for Reach.

"Jorge?" She made it like a question, unsure if she'd heard his pervious statement properly.

"You heard me, Six." His words came out a growl as he reach behind her and pulled something off her back. Catching a glimpse of the item Six was about to protest when Jorge hoisted her up, just like he'd done during the mission. She tried to pry herself from his grip, but he was a Spartan-II and therefore much stronger. As he walked her to what she knew was the edge of the ship his eyes grew darker and more determined.

She didn't understand why he was doing this. "Why?"

"You know why."

The blunt words hit her more than they should have. She was still reeling from them when Jorge stopped. They'd reached the edge of the ship and she knew what he was going to do next. He'd taken her re-entry pack, the only thing that made sure she survived the fall to Reach.

"Humanity doesn't need traitors," was all Jorge seethed at her before he threw her from the ship. That was when the hell began.

_She could feel her skin burning -smell it burning- and it was agony. The atmosphere of Reach wasn't kind as it attacked her. Her shields had hardly done anything to prevent the pain she was in now. __Her armour fused to her flesh before it was burnt away, exposing her skin and nerves. __As the fire licked at her skin her nerve endings felt like they were bring ripped out, one by one. She couldn't help but scream though it all, the only reason she could being down to the fact that Jorge hadn't taken away her helmet. Although, he probably left her with it so she could suffer for longer._

As she sped up it only got worse, until she could fall no faster. She didn't know how far the ground was from her. Her eyes were locked shut in an attempt to ignore the pan. For some reason her body suddenly flipped round and it was then that she foolishly opened her eyes.

_Approaching fast beneath her was the hard ground of Reach. Instinctively she shut her eyes again, but it did little to help as she felt her body hit the floor. She felt her bones snap and fracture through her skin. She felt vibrations course through her body so fast that everything was pushed together. The instant in which she felt it

was horribly long and shot right through her skull. It--

Six woke with a start, sitting bolt upright in her bed. Her hands instantly went to grab a weapon from her armored body, but they were met with a soft sheet. Panic quickly tried to rear its head, instead Six shut it down as she realised where she was. With her mind slightly calmer she noticed her body was covered in a layer of sweat, making the heat of her nightmare all too real. She sucked a deep breath in and let it out slowly. She'd never felt so rattled by something. A quick glance at the window let her know it was still dark. Although, she knew there would be little chance of her returning to sleep for the night.

Swinging her legs out of the bed she rubbed the side of her face and sighed. She'd never experienced anything like that before; it was slightly unnerving.

"Humanity doesn't need traitors."

Six shook her head. She wasn't a traitor. She was doing everything she could to get back to the UNSC and nothing would distract her. Looking over to the clock she was greeted with the red glowing digits of 'Oh-five-dot-fifty'. She'd only managed five hours sleep. Sighing in annoyance Six awkwardly got changed into a set of day clothes. She then grabbed her crutches and after standing up she remade the bed. With her helmet tucked under one arm and the bed no longer a tangled mess of sheets, she left the room.

It didn't take long for her to return to the hangar from a couple of hours ago. The directions had easily been remembered when Optimus had shown her to her room. She passed one or two people on her way and they each sent her wary glances. Six didn't blame them as she was sure that while most of the base knew of her temporary residence here, they probably believed she was supposed to have an escort. They didn't approach her about her lack of supervision, but she didn't doubt they radioed it in to someone.

Her thoughts were confirmed when she entered the hangar. Stood a few meters from her lonely armour was Major Lennox, looking like he'd just sprinted to the hangar. Six frowned at her unattended armour. She would've taken it to her room, but Guardian had still been working on it and while she was loathed to admit it, she trusted the orb; if only a little. The Major didn't really look all that happy at her early morning stroll.

"You need rest," the words almost sounded like an order. Although, Six was sure that the Major didn't feel comfortable ordering around someone such as her.

Six shrugged as much as she could, "My body disagrees."

He sighed, his face betrayed worry for her as well as his voice, "we could give you something if you want? The medics probably have something."

Six shook her head, "I'm fine, Major."

"If you say so," he paused. "Seeing as the rest of the base isn't up yet, why don't we get some of your debriefing done? I have a feeling I'm going to want to hear it in parts."

Six smirked at his comment, "if you want."

"Come with me."

Six followed the Major out of the hangar and into another area of the base that she hadn't visited yet. As she eyed the human sized doors and the plaques that were on them, she figured that this was where the humans co-ordinated their missions. Eventually they came to a stop at the end of the corridor. The plaque on the door had the Major's name, rank and position on it. It seemed that he was the one in charge here, it made Six curious how he got the position; he did seem quite young after all.

As they walked into the room, the Major indicated at one of the chair's in front of his desk. Behind his desk was a swivel chair along with a few monitors that were mounted onto the wall. On his desk was a simple computer with a webcam positioned on top. A few other momentous littered his desk including a picture of a woman and a baby.

Noticing her stare the Major instantly perked up, "Ah, I see you've noticed my beautiful ladies."

Six turned to look at him. There was a grin on his face as well as adoration in his eyes; he clearly loved them to pieces. To her it was a foolish notion, when at war you couldn't love someone that much. Despite what she and Jorge had experience together, they hadn't let it get to deep given what their occupation was. After he'd died, she'd felt lost, even if it was only a little. She believed herself foolish for even letting the thing happen, let alone all the pinning after him her mind seemed to have taken to. She hated herself for it. She must've shown her inner thoughts on her face as the Major's grin disappeared a little.

His voice was tender as he asked, "Who'd you lose?"

She snorted, "Parents, teammates and others."

Something she said must have triggered something as there was a sudden realisation on his face. Grimacing to herself, Six had a feeling she knew what it was.

"Your teammate, the one that died in the ship, were youâ€¦close?"

"We were just teammates," Six lied as she perched herself tentatively on a chair and dropped her helmet into her lap. The chair creaked a little, but it held.

The Major eyed her warily, as if he didn't believe her. If he didn't, it didn't matter to her, she just needed him to know where she stood with things like that.

He opened his mouth to say something, but seemed to think better of it as he closed it again. He then walked around to his side of the desk and sat down. He wiggled the mouse of the computer, typed a few things, clicked on something and typed some more.

"Let's just go over the basics," he said. "Name?"

"Spartan Bee-Three-One-Two, but recently people have called me Six," Six answered. Her birth name was of little importance, no one called her by it and it didn't feel right just letting anyone know it.

"Right," the Major murmured, typing away. A humorous smile appearing on his face at the next question, "Your date of birth?"

Six smirked, "twenty-second of July, twenty-five-thirty-one."

"The brass are going to have a field day with this," he chuckled. "You're twenty-one aren't you?"

"Yes."

There was a few moments as he quickly typed up what she'd said. There was another grin as he asked, "Place of Birth?"

"City of Antaeus on Charybdis Nine."

"Sounds Greek," he commented before they moved on. "I guess this is where the hard part beginsâ€|"

"Where do you want to begin?" Six asked and so they started an hour long conversation about where Six came from.

They began with the UNSC as the Major was curious about how it worked and what made it different from the current United Nations Security Council. Six went over how the UNSC had become the main military arm of the entire human race in the twenty-second century, after the 'Interplanetary War'. She didn't delve into the specifics too much, but ensued that the Major got the general idea. She then briefly mentioned the fact that the Unified Earth Government was the central civilian government for Earth and its colonies. As she continued she explained that while the Unified Earth Government was normally in charge of everything, including the UNSC, it wasn't the case for the Human-Covenant War. It was at this point that the Major's persona changed.

His eyes narrowed a fraction and become steely. His typing gradually became more pronounced and his tone of voice was slightly strained. Had it been anyone else, they might have asked him if he wanted to stop, but, Six didn't. If what she said disturbed the Major that much then he'd end the conversation.

She tried to keep it to the point by only revealing what she knew to be public knowledge. When he asked what she was doing at the time of any attacks, she would either lie about being on another planet or that she was being looked after by the UNSC. Of course they weren't complete lies, the UNSC â€"well ONI- had looked after her, in a way. But then again he thought she hadn't started fighting until she was eighteen, which was a complete and utter lie. She had been fighting long before then, but it was mainly militia groups as they were a big problem.

By the time he got to her being on assigned to Noble team on Reach he'd decided that she had told him enough for one day. She nodded respectfully and waited until he'd finished typing to see if he had anything else to say to her.

"You've given me a lot to think about" His voice was uncertain, almost hopeless. "I know what you're talking about won't happen here, but can't we do anything about it? I can't just sit here and let it happen, I would hate for my baby girl to grow up in a world like that. To get turned into"

"Me?" Six supplied with a smirk. She wasn't insulted by his words, after all it was understandable. She was a killing machine. Designed to take almost anything and dish it out twice as hard.

He grimaced, "I mean no offence."

"I know."

He sighed, their conversation had clearly opened his eyes to a bigger and unforgiving universe. She could see that he didn't know what to do with what she'd told him. She didn't expect him to though. She didn't want his sympathy for her home or her 'unfortunate' childhood. She was happy with what she was, any other life held no appeal to her. It was her duty and life to protect Humanity.

"Do you think you can change it?" the Major suddenly asked.

"From here? No." Her answer was blunt, maybe too blunt, but it was the truth. Even though she was in the past she still couldn't aid her Humanity, it was like she was being taunted. "Also"

"What?" The Major prompted after a few moments.

"I'm not even sure if we can make it back, we don't have a slip-space engine and even though Guardian knows how to make one, is it even possible here?" She frowned, "I'll have to talk with Guardian."

"Not sure where he went, but I'll ask around," the Major answered her unasked question. "Someone's bound to have seen him, he's pretty hard to miss."

"Thank you, Sir."

"That's going to take some getting used to, considering you probably have more combat experience than the whole base combined," he chuckled lightly.

"Not against your enemies though," Six reminded him.

"You'll catch up quick enough and we'll train you," he explained before he seemed to realise something, "that reminds me. When you start, you'll be assigned to a squad with another 'newbie' and I use the term lightly. Everyone here is the best of the best, so don't worry about us being able to keep up with you."

"I wasn't, I had a feeling most "if not all- of you were special ops."

"Nice senses, most of us are, though some of us are just the best at what we do," He paused. "As for your squad, I do have a few options in mind, but I'll let you know in time."

"Understood, Sir." Six wasn't completely satisfied with his words as

it suggested that she would be waiting for a length of time before she could do anything. That was frustrating, she could fight now if she needed to and even though her armour was being repaired she was certain she could hold her own. She always would if it meant doing her duty. Her duty meant everything to her, it was her life "quite literally- and she didn't know what she'd do without it.

"Breakfast should be being served right about now, seems our talk lasted longer than I expected," he started to get up. When he noticed she wasn't making a move he stopped where he was, "what's wrong?"

"What will I do in the meantime?" Six asked respectfully, hoping the answer wouldn't be along the lines of 'rest' or 'take it easy'.

Eyeing her carefully he considered her question for a moment before he sighed and opened his mouth to answer. "To anyone else I would say rest up, but I don't think that's what you need or want. I won't throw you fully into training either, because you _are _injured and Ratchet would have my head." He sat back down and allowed his words to sink in before continuing, "You will run with us, sit in on tactical meetings and occasionally do combat exercises with us as well as the AutoBots. There are conditions though, you won't run until next week and Ratchet has to clear you, even if it is barely. When you run you'll stick with us and do the same amount, even if you can do more. Depending what combat exercise we're doing with determine your participation, but you can still sit in. Tactical meetings happen three times a week on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Today is Saturday so we'll introduce you at the meeting, I'll send someone to fetch you from the hangar at thirteen forty-five hours, got it?"

Six allowed herself to smile, "yes, Sir."

"Good, let's go fetch some food." And with that they both got up and Six followed the Major out of the room. The corridors they walked along were busier than they had been when she'd first woken up. The numerous military personnel gave the Major respectful salutes while Six received a notable amount of cautious glances. The Major explained that nobody meant any offence, but as she'd only appeared yesterday people had yet to trust her.

Six wasn't bothered by the looks she got. She understood their situation and if she was them, she wouldn't even let a stranger such as herself walk around base. Although, it seemed the Major wanted to give her a chance even if he probably barely trusted her. He was good at making her feel comfortable, relaxed even as he gave her space, but ensured that she never went anywhere unaccompanied. It made her wonder how he was dealing with Guardian, surely the orb was some form of a security risk? Six frowned a little at the thought of the orb. There was something strange about it, she wasn't completely sure, but she didn't trust it or its intentions. The way its voice would crack or the light on its eye would flicker to amber was enough to tell her something was up, but what was it? The orb had been nothing but on her side, backing her up and helping her out when needed. It just seemed too good to be true.

Six sighed. Maybe it was true, the way the orb had been talking told her that Humanity had been important to its makers. It was a strange

to think that an alien race had actually liked Humanity, what with the seemingly entire galaxy trying to wipe them from existence. _Forerunnersâ€¦_The word rolled through her mind. She'd never heard of them, but she doubted she was the first to discover their existence. There was little doubt in her mind that ONI knew something about this race. Now that she thought about it, Halsey had mentioned an 'ancient civilization' when her and Noble Team had recovered her and the package.

The revelation was interesting and continued to hold most of Six's attention as she and the Major walked into the mess hall. Despite her mind being otherwise occupied with what little she knew about the Forerunners, Six still kept up a relatively normal conversation. The soldiers she sat near would ask her eager questions about where she was from. They seemed to want answers about a beautiful universe filled with wonder and excitement. Unfortunately, Six couldn't live up to their hopes. Her future wasn't bright, happy or beautiful. Even the excitement of meeting an alien civilization had been squandered in its earliest days as a genocidal war had reared its head.

She didn't tell them all that, of course. They didn't appear to know much about where she really was from and she had a feeling that it was like that for a reason. The Major had likely withheld information because of the hinge-head, as to why, that was something she'd ask him later. Protecting the hinge-head was a foolish decision.

Her helmet also seemed to gain some curious glances as it sat perched on the table by Six. A few of the soldiers she was sat near questioned her about its presence and why it had talked the other day. She didn't tell them much, only that it was a piece of military hardware she'd been given, nothing more. Despite what little she told them about her helmet, there was still some keen interest in it.

When she'd finished eating she told the Major that she'd been in the hangar if he needed her. He sent her a quick nod and when she leaned down to pick up her tray, the soldier â€"Graham- from yesterday offered to deal with her tray. She nodded in thanks before scooping up her helmet and hopping out the room.

~/~

****Will Lennox****

Will watched as their resident super soldier hopped out the room with her helmet tucked under an arm and her posture stiff. He wasn't sure he could wrap his head around her. She saw everything so differently and didn't seem to view herself as completely human as their talk that morning had shown. She'd talked to him as if Humanity was separate from her and while the war she'd been through must have been terrible something didn't make sense. She'd said that she'd been in the forces for about six years and apparently three of them had been in training. However, she had an air about her that suggested she'd been fighting far longer than that. There was something in her eyes too, the way they were like a cold steel and so distant couldn't be from three years of fighting could it? No war was that bad was it?

"Yo, Will?" It was Eps. Turning his gaze from the now empty spot where Six had been, Will found himself staring at his concerned

friends.

"Yeah?"

"You good? Seem a bit out of it," Eps asked with reason.

Will smiled, "I'm good, justâ€¦"

"Worried about her?" James supplied as he took a sip of his water.

Will nodded, "Something doesn't seem right with her though, y'know? The way she acts and talks about where she's from, it's not right."

The others all nodded in agreement, but it was Captain Samantha Hughes -who had decided to join them that morning- that spoke. The thirty year old had said little to the Spartan, but Will supposed she was more of a listener than a speaker.

"She's made herself detached or she's been trained that way." Samantha mused before asking, "What kind of training has she had?"

"I haven't been told the specifics, but she's had a lot. It was three years long and I've seen proof of her in CQC, using both human and alien ordnance as well as insertion. I think she's a bit of a pilot too, but I haven't seen anything," Will explained, wondering what his men would think about Six now that they knew more about her training.

Eps whistled in appreciation while Graham and James grinned, mentioning how they were looking forward to seeing her in action.

"Over three years? Long time, must be pretty advanced stuff," Samantha marvelled, her lips pulling into a smile as she commented, "I wouldn't mind having her in my squad."

"Ey, wait your turn man, I think Graham wanted her," Eps said nudging the brit.

Graham waved him off, "sorry Sam, I've got dibs."

Samantha frowned, "you can't put dibs on a person, besides she's got to be excellent at tech so we'll benefit from her the most."

"She's an assassin you know," Graham shot back with a smirk.

"It hardly-She's a what?" Samantha almost choked on her drink in surprise. Her brown eyes widening slightly as her eye-brows nearly disappeared into her brown hair. She looked over to Will in an expectant manner.

Still smiling at her reaction Will began to explain, "C'mon guys, she only said she makes people disappear. Besides I think she was talking about terrorism when she said that."

"Who knew terrorism was still a problem in the future?" James sighed while he grabbed Six's tray and put it on top of his own. As he started

to get up he gave the rest of the table a brief goodbye and left.

"Always leaves on a bombshell doesn't he?" Graham chuckled as he took in yet another shocked expression from Samantha.

"She's from the future?" She asked slowly, her eye-brows still raised. "Really?"

"It's a bit more than that, but yeah," Will replied with a smirk.

"A bit more- how can it be a 'bit more' than the future?" Samantha exclaimed. "In fact don't tell me, I'll stick to one surprise at a time. You'll explain at the meeting won't you?"

"I'll be sure to break it to you gently," he teased.

She frowned, but decided not to comment and instead went back to their original point, "So where is she going?"

"All will be revealed," Will chuckled as he scooped up his tray and beat a hasty retreat. He heard a _respectful _curse or two from Samantha and a few laughs from the other two before they were out of earshot.

As he made his way back to his office he thought about what he was going to do about his three visitors. Guardian seemed to be like the AutoBots, but he was incredibly difficult to keep tabs on. There was also the fact that Noble Six didn't appear to trust the floating orb. He could understand why, but the orb appeared to put a lot of care into making sure she trusted it. Something about its eagerness to please Six did make Will a little suspicious, although he barely knew anything about Guardian or where it came from; that would be another thing to ask Six, if she knew. As for what he was going to do with Guardian, he doubted the orb would stay placidly on base as it had already demonstrated by killing a couple of Decepticons; the ease of which it did it was almost terrifying.

Sighing, Will rubbed the side of his jaw as he turned down another corridor. The few soldiers that were darting around gave him quick salutes of which he returned before continuing on his way.

The alien "Roh- was also a big problem. Given what he knew about his background Will didn't want to trust the alien, even if he genuinely regretted what he'd done. He was conflicted, on the one hand he didn't want to alienate the alien, but on the other could he trust Roh to work in a squad and with Six? He wasn't sure his soldiers would trust the alien either as he was going to reveal that there was a feud between Six's and Roh's people. Now that he'd thought about it he'd probably be best off getting advice from the General when it came to dealing with Roh. He knew that keeping the alien around wasn't something that Six agreed with, but for the moment he hoped she'd trust his decision.

Thinking of Six wasn't something he found easy. The way she was and her mannerisms were strange. It seemed like she was completely a solider to the bone, but not the kind of solider he or anyone else on the base was used to. She was slightly cynical, although it was never disrespectful, and she didn't appear to trust anyone; which was something he knew Optimus found strange to deal with. Most of the

soldiers the AutoBot commander had encountered were excited about the prospect of meeting an alien race, which were giant machines. In the instance of meeting Six it was a compete three-sixty. She found the AutoBot's irritable and hardly wanted anything to do with them. It was something that would take some getting used to for everyone, but Will hoped that they could change Six's opinion on the AutoBot's; after all nobody should have to view the universe with such anger that Six did.

As he walked into his office he smiled at the picture of his ladies. He missed them a lot and it had been a long time since he'd seen them in the flesh. Although, it made it all the more special when he did see them and he treasured those moments.

A beep from his computer made him tear his eyes away from his beloved family and to the computer's screen. He almost laughed when he saw what it was. There were at least half an hour's worth of messages from numerous people about the wayward orb that he hadn't seen since last night. A few of them included pictures that were mainly outside and made the futuristic orb look stark out of place. The accompanying messages were what almost made him laugh as a lot of the soldiers seemed to think Guardian had a screw loose. The favourite nickname being 'crazy light bulb' while a few just called him 'Tinkerbell'.

As he moved away from his desk he quickly grabbed his small tablet from the desk's draw and ran out the room. He quickly sent everyone back a message that he would be dealing with Guardian and then a quick reminder about the day's meeting.

Just as he was about to run out onto the air strip where Guardian had last been seen he got another message. The messaged was from Epps and was telling him to get his ass to the AutoBot hangar as Guardian and Ratchet were having a rather heated argument. There was an attached picture of a rather animated Ratchet glaring at the usual passively floating form of Guardian. While redirecting himself towards the AutoBot hangar he sent a message to everyone to get Noble Six to the AutoBot hangar as he had a feeling she would be needed. Captain Hughes was the one to reply this time and said that she and Six would be there ASAP.

~/~

****Noble Six****

Six was currently sat on a metal chair as she examined what Guardian had done to the two different armours. While hers was hardly recognisable as armour any more the other still appeared dead. There were a couple of scorch marks here and there as well the hole that was reasonably smaller.

"What do you think Dot?" Six asked as she angled her helmet to see what would be her new armour.

"While currently damaged this armour is a significant upgrade to the Moljnir Mark Five armour and I believe I will be able to interface with it." Six smiled, glad that in her own way Dot approved of the armour.

"It should be ready soon and then you can get all its specs, maybe

the UNSC can find a way to replicate it when we get back," Six explained quietly.

"Affirmative, although some materials are unable to be identified."

Six nodded, that was a given considering it had been made by a race that could wipe out the entire universe if they wanted. "I'm sure once the eggheads have a go at it we'll know what's what."

"There is an unknown contact approaching." The familiar words from battle instantly made Six tense and reach for a weapon she didn't have. It was then that she forced her body to stand down, it was probably the Major or another soldier just passing by. It appeared that neither of her assumptions were correct as it was the woman she'd seen at breakfast and she wasn't just passing through.

The brown haired woman made a beeline for Six, her face showed hints of strain and it told Six that something was wrong. She had a feeling it might be to do with the fact that Guardian was missing and they believed she knew where he was. Of course she didn't, the orb had eluded her since the other night and it hardly told her anything anyway; something she would rectify soon.

"Noble..Six," the woman hesitated a little before continuing. "Major Lennox has requested your presence in the AutoBot hangar. There's been a situation to do with your companion and Ratchet."

Six nodded in understanding and began the process of getting onto her feet. When she'd finished she told the woman to lead the way and they set off on the short and silent journey to the AutoBot hangar. Six could only wonder what Guardian had done, but it was probably something minor as the medic appeared to have a short temper.

When they arrived in the hangar few noticed their appearance as they were much too preoccupied with Ratchet and Guardian. The Major was stood between the two along with another man and both were attempting to diffuse the situation. Even the other robots were trying to calm down their medic, although it looked like it was making it worse. The situation continued to go downhill as Ratchet continued to argue with Guardian about being a 'trigger happy fragger'. Six wasn't completely sure what the word 'fragger' meant, but she knew an insult when she heard one. Guardian didn't sound like he was too bothered by the word itself, it seemed to be the tone that Ratchet used that irritated the normally placid orb.

"Your tone is unnecessary, you-"

Ratchet cut Guardian off as he manifested a large wrench and roared at the orb, "My tone is 'unnecessary'? How about this you conceited piece of scrap?!"

Six raised a brow at what she knew Ratchet was about to do. Would he really throw something such as a wrench at Guardian? It was a foolish move as she doubted the medic knew what Guardian was capable of; even she didn't know.

"That is not a wise action as I will have to retaliate with a similar course of action," Guardian replied in a tone that verged on anger. "I suggest you re-think your decision."

"Oh, shut it," the medic growled before hurling the oversized wrench at Guardian. The glowing orb swiftly moved out of the path of the wrench before his colours changed from blue to orange. The change made Six tense a little as she began moving forward quickly. She wasn't completely sure what Guardian would do to the medic damage wise and doubted her intervention was needed. But, should she help the medic perhaps it could work in her favour. With a smile that no one could see Six locked her eyes onto Guardian and watched as he used an orange light to grab the object that had been thrown at him. In her mind Six nodded; it looked like Guardian didn't want to critically injure the medic, which made aiding the medic all the easier.

Six watched as the wrench began sailing back to its owner and as it did she hoisted one of her crutches up. Her mind went through numerous calculations as she pulled back her arm. Her muscles complained and protested as she coiled them up, but she ignored it. She inhaled as the wrench went past a point she'd mentally marked out and ignored all the yelling that had occurred as the spectacle went on. With as much strength as she had Six exhaled as she threw her crutch ahead of the soaring wrench.

As both objects collided in mid-air there was a rather loud crack as the plastic of her crutch shattered under the impact of the wrench. However, the force she'd put behind the obviously flimsy material had been enough to ensure both objects avoided any bystanders. Both potentially harmful objects then continued their decent to the floor off to the side where they landed with a crash. The crash had everyone falling silent as they all locked their eyes onto her.

"Noble Six!" The Major was the first to speak as a look of grateful surprise encompassed his face. "I appreciate the timely entrance."

Six nodded as she juggled Dot into her now free hand, "no problem. What is the issue?"

"Honestly? I-"

"Reclaimer! Your assistance was unnecessary, the situation was in hand," Guardian interrupted as he floated over to Six. She spared the orb a glance; she knew the situation had been in hand for him, that hadn't been why she'd interfered.

"We don't harm allies," she said pointedly as she glanced at the robot medic.

"I highly doubt there would've been any lasting damage," Ratchet growled at her before he quickly transformed and left the room.

Six nearly shook her head at the irritable medic, but instead look over to Optimus when he spoke. "My apologies for Ratchet, he has been under a considerable amount of strain recently and I believe it is taking its toll."

"Just keep your people in line, I'm sure that's something you aliens can understand." Six turned away from him and sent the Major a quick salute before she decided it best to leave. While she made her way

towards the exit Guardian decided to follow her and impart some of his wisdom.

"That binding implement is unnecessary on you, your burns were the most problematic injury, but it appears the Ancilla Hybrid managed to do an adequate job; if not slightly primitive."

"I know," Six agreed before she decided to change the subject away from the medic. "Why was my helmet unattended this morning?"

"Unfortunately I had to leave it to assess the Liberator and scour the planet for relevant materials that would be key in repairing your combat skin."

The explanation made sense, but "I'd rather you not leave Dot unattended."

"Of course Reclaimer," Guardian chirped. "However, my investigation proved productive as I found the relevant materials needed to build the basic components of the slip-stream space engine and repair your combat skin."

Six almost stopped walking at that; had it really been that easy? She doubted it would be that easy, there would probably be a problem with her leaving the base and entering foreign territories. Never mind the fact that using these raw materials would be another problem in itself, but at least they were making progress.

"There's nothing more we can do to the armour then?" Six clarified as they reached the object of her question.

"Not until I can recover the raw materials and process them into a usable form, if left undisturbed the process will only take 48 standard hours. After that time the combat skin shall be ready for your Ancilla and combat."

"That's great," Six said cracking a smile before her mind wondered to how little she knew about Guardian. Considering she was likely to spend the majority of her time with the orb, Six decided it best to know as much as possible about the AI and even its makers. She wasn't completely sure where to start as she had so many questions, but in the end she settled on something that had been bothering them since they'd met.

"Why do you call me Reclaimer?"

"It was you and your people who should inherit all that my makers left behind. Your people have always been important to my makers despite their differences." Six said nothing in hopes that he would continue without her prompt and of course he did, "Your confusion is understandable, but I am surprised that you had never heard of us before me."

"We've been busy. The UNSC has probably found some of your tech though." Six's thoughts drifted to one of her last missions for Noble. She was almost certain that whatever Doctor Halsey had found was to do with the Forerunners and if Guardian was anything to go by then she was sure it would win them the war.

"Yes, I did detect access to an extension of my facility. I allowed it because it was a Reclaimer's Ancilla, although I'm uncertain as to what they were able to decrypt from the data they accessed. If incomplete then there could be dire consequences."

That worried Six, the UNSC didn't need anything more that was dire and not in their favour; things were bad as it was. "What consequences?"

"The activation of the Halo Array or the release of the flood from its containment, however both should be easily stopped by the Installation Monitors should they believe the course of action not necessary."

Guardian's words did little to alleviate the tension in Six, but she continued on with her questioning as she placed Dot on the table and sat down. "Okay, where did the Flood come from? Did the Forerunners make it?"

"The exact origin of the Flood is unknown, but it is believed that it came from the Precursors â€”the creators of all. From the little information I have the Flood as they are now came into being due to Reclaimer's applying a powder to domesticated pets. It is said that initially there were no issues, but somehow a mutation happened and the creatures began to consume their owners. This led to a war between the Flood and Humans and therefore a war between Humans and my makers. With Humans glassing the worlds of my makers it was only logical that they uphold the Mantel and punish the Humans and their allies for their crimes. Due to being weakened it was not long before-

Six held up a hand as she processed what Guardian had said. Humanity had been capable of spaceflight before the UNSC? She couldn't believe it! And they'd also had allies, she could only wonder who they'd been as it seemed all aliens hated them now. But, the Ancient Humanity must have been powerful if they'd managed to battle on two fronts, _just how it should be_. She only wondered what had happened to her ancestors when they'd been defeated as it seemed that they'd somehow become important to the Forerunners.

"What happened to the Humans?"

"They were devolved back to a primitive state and were observed by the Lifeworkers until they had to be indexed. Their allies â€”the San 'Shyuum- were quarantined to a single system and many of their achievements were stripped from them. Your ancestors were of great importance during the war against the flood for the knowledge they held was irreplaceable." Guardian's light blinked once as he stared at Six. Six had a feeling she looked pretty shocked and she was. Humanity had once been allies with the Prophets! She would've thought Guardian were lying, but what reason did he have to lie about that? Despite the Prophets newly discovered history it didn't change the fact that she hated them with a passion and would love nothing more than to see them wiped from the face of the universe. Then there was the fact that Humanity had somehow been useful against the flood. She wasn't completely sure how her devolved ancestors had been helpful against an organism that lived to consume everything.

Six opened her mouth to ask something she knew she needed the answer to, even if it meant more earthshattering information. "How were they

useful? Just the Humans, I don't want to know anything else."

"It was believed that the Humans held a cure to the Flood, but they didn't. It was a trick orchestrated by the Flood to give my makers false hope. Revenge from the Precursors who intended to hand the Mantel of Responsibility to the Humans, whereas it was instead seized by my makers. Instead of the cure my makers had hoped for the Humans held other information. Some of the devolved Humans held imprints from those from their past. These memories helped the Humans set off a chain of events, which had a significant impact on the Forerunner-Flood war."

"The Flood sounds formidable," Six commented while her mind mulled over what Guardian had just said. Humanity seemed to be important to a few pretty powerful aliens; a strange feeling for Six. It also seemed that they were to inherit a lot of tech that would turn the tide of the war. If she could get back to the UNSC quickly then maybe what she'd learnt would be able to be put to use. She knew that the UNSC would still be there when she got back, something told her that whatever that AI on Reach had held would ensure that. Although, she was slightly worried about what Guardian had mentioned, but the UNSC wasn't stupid; they knew when and when to not touch something unknown. She was more worried about the Covenant. They were known to follow UNSC ships through slip-space and if they got to wherever the Pillar of Autumn had been heading first, things could go downhill rapidly.

"They are," Guardian agreed. "I have logs of the Flood if you wish to study them, it would be valuable to learn containment protocols."

Six nodded, she could agree with that. Something with the nature to consume everything in its path could be devastating if not stopped. It didn't help that the Flood sounded like a pain to kill so reading up on a potentially new threat to the UNSC was a good way to spend her time.

"Send them to Dot, I'll watch through her."

"Of course, Reclaimer. Will that be all?"

"Not much else I can do and I need to think about what you've told me," Six replied quietly as she reached for her Helmet. The damaged helmet was still covered in all manner of things from Reach, from purple and red blood to dirt covered scorch marks. Even with all the damage the helmet still worked. Although, the HUD didn't display properly and Dot mentioned that a few things were corrupt, but everything was attempting to repair itself.

"I shall begin extracting the materials we need," Guardian eased away from her as he spoke and made for the hangar door.

"Hold on," Six called, seeing an opportunity. "I want to come with you. It'd be good to know what I'm working with and if you run into civilians I can deal with them."

He turned back to her in a curious manner, "While I will not require assistance, you are welcome to accompany me, Reclaimer."

"Good," Six smiled in satisfaction. She would probably have to get

authorisation from the Major to leave the base, but she had a feeling he'd let her go with an escort. While having an escort would be bother and she had a feeling Guardian wouldn't appreciate it, she was sure they could find a way around involving their escort in their activities. Even though she could've let Guardian go alone, she wanted to know how he was going to repair then armour and what with. It was intel she couldn't just ignore, anything Guardian knew could be worth something to the UNSC and quicken her chances of getting back.

"I shall bring the _Liberator _to you," Guardian turned away from her and stared out over the large airstrip.

_He's bringing it now? _Six thought as she got up and hopped over to Guardian with her helmet. As she crossed them hangar she told Dot to contact the Major, but it seemed she didn't need to as the man in question came running into the hangar kitted out ready for combat. A group of soldiers similarly dressed were also with him as well as a green motorbike and the big black car from the day before.

"Sir?" Six called, having a feeling she knew what they were running to. She was pretty impressed by their reaction time, but she couldn't help but tense at the aliens. She barely managed to squander her automatic reaction to reach for a weapon and instead focused on the Major.

He held his hand up as he came to a stop just before her. The others behind him followed suit as they eyed Six and Guardian with suspicion and curiosity. The aliens also mimicked their Human allies and stopped a little further back.

"I should've known it was you two, you know you had half the base ready to fire on you?" the Major sighed his body relaxing before he eyed her and Guardian suspiciously. "What are you doing?"

"There's some materials we need to recover, I was about to contact you, Sir," Six explained quickly.

He nodded, "you know I can't let you off base alone, right?"

"You'll be sending an escort?"

"Yeah, probably us as we're already kitted out. I need to let the others know because this will mean postponing the meeting," he turned to say something into his radio, but Six spoke up.

"Thank you, Major, but we can go after-" she began trying to be the diligent soldier she was.

"Don't worry about it," he cut over her with a smile. "Where is it you need to go?"

Six looked over to Guardian who turned back around as his ship touched down outside the hangar. There were a few 'damn's' muttered by the soldiers accompanying the Major as they eyed the ship with appreciation. The Major was slightly more contained as he'd already seen the ship, but that didn't stop him from smirking.

"Your records refer to the place as, Idaho, United States of America. There is a mine there which recovers one of the material I need. I

can send you co-ordinates if you require them," Guardian said pleasantly.

"Yeah, I do," the Major replied as a beep went off from one of his pockets. He smiled at the noise and brought out a small durable looking screen, "Thanks, should be easy to get clearance and we'll figure out what to do with the civilians that own the mine."

"I shall make adjustments for your companions," Guardian said as he glanced at the robots before flying off to the ship.

As he flew off the Major turned back to Six, "I'm not sure about you coming, but this is for you so it's probably best and you can handle Guardian better than us. He trusts you. Speaking of which, thanks for earlier, I didn't get the chance to speak to you afterwards, but I'm glad you intervened even if the damn wrench wouldn't have done any damage to Ratchet."

"No problem, Sir," Six replied evenly. "What was the issue?"

"Apparently it started with Guardian destroying something of Ratchet's yesterday. I guess it just escalated from there," he sighed, but his lips held a tense smile. "There's a lot of tension between them."

Six rose a brow slightly. She hadn't realised that Guardian didn't get along with the robots, she hadn't really seen the orb interact with them. She would've thought that he'd get along with the robots, but there must be something about them that Guardian disagreed with – or it was just the medic.

"Guys, load up and play nice with Guardian," the Major quickly ordered his group as he turned to his radio and began asking about a line to General Morshower. Leaving the Major to his conversation Six led the way over to the ship and found herself still slightly in awe of it. The soldiers behind her voiced their appreciation as they grew closer to the ship. Six allowed herself a tiny smile; in a way they reminded her of the marines from home. Without stopping she made her way up the ramp that had probably been activated by Guardian. The orb was floating at the far end of the ship and was muttering about something as it fired a blue beam at the control panel. In front of him, where the window had previously been, it was now closed off by more blue pattered metal. The new addition left the entire ship illuminated by a calming blue light. Guardian had evidently noticed her entrance as he turned to speak to her.

"Reclaimer, this extra assistance is not required. I am fully capable of extracting the material I require."

"I know, but we don't need them thinking we're loose cannons. If they do, then we'll probably end up in lockdown," Six reasoned, walking closer to the clearly agitated AI.

"Their permissions for our activities are irrelevant. You were the one who requested we remain here, Reclaimer." He was berating her for her choice. She wasn't going to justify herself to him, she had to help because if she didn't then – what kind of a soldier would she be? _I'll protect Humanity, no matter where they are._

"I stand by my decision," Six asserted. "I can't stand by while another group of aliens decide that Humanity shouldn't exist."

"I meant no offence, Reclaimer, but wasting our time with these limitations is not productive." Six guessed that was as much of an apology she'd ever get from Guardian. He was all about productivity after all and anything that got in the way was a nuisance.

Six sighed, "Things will probably pick up once they've known us for longer than a day. It's a Human thing, Guardian."

"They do not trust me," Guardian stated as if testing the idea. He was about to say something more when Six interrupted.

"They don't trust us, Guardian. I may have joined them, but they're not going to trust me from day one."

"I understand, I did not expect Humans to be so untrusting." He paused as if something had gotten his attention, "it appears our companions are ready to board."

Six also turned and was presented with the Major's team coaxing the large black truck onto the ship. There were a few laughs as they did it, due to some of the comments it was making about being in a confined space. In the end the truck ended up right at the front of the ship. Six eyed it wearily as she shifted over to the control panel.

"I won't bite fleshy," the truck chuckled darkly.

"Not if I do first," she smirked back.

"Looks like you found someone who doesn't cower at the sight of you, Ironhide," a soldier called from somewhere behind the truck.

"Didn't she try to rip your eyes out?" Another called and a few dissolved into laughter.

"Optics, Anderson, it's optics. They don't have eyes," A third voice ribbed.

The one who was called Anderson sighed, "Same difference."

"Alright guys, time to get going. Morshower said to keep it quiet so we've got to use some of our budget to get the stuff," the voice of the Major was accompanied by the scuffle of his boots against the metal floor. There was a rev of an engine, which Six assumed was the motorbike. A small thud followed along with more footsteps as the Major walked up to the front of the ship.

"We're ready on our end. Hopefully this will go smoothly, but when it comes to us that's asking a lot. What about you guys?" he asked as he came to a stop in front of them.

"The Reclaimer and I are prepared for what is to come, despite her injuries. You do not need to loan us currency as I shall be dealing with it."

The Major didn't seem to like what Guardian was saying as he frowned, "Deal with it how?"

"By purchasing the materials myself of course, I have managed to acquire currency for this particular expedition."

Six was just as surprised as the Major and was about to ask how he managed to get a hold of some money, although she had a pretty good idea. Instead the Major beat her to it, "since when did you have money?"

"When you were talking to your superior I took the liberty of gaining my own funds."

"You were listening to our conversation," the Major bristled a little.

"I monitor all communications that I believe are relevant."

"Sir, Guardian is only doing what he knows. All AI are usually tasked with monitoring communications, he's trying to help," Six reasoned, not wanting to anger the Major. It seemed that she'd have to talk to Guardian about telling people he was listening to their communications.

The Major looked at her, "I see, just keep him off our lines. We don't need a walking security breach."

"Understood, Sir."

"Good," the Major nodded, satisfied. "Let's go."

Guardian said nothing as a green light appeared on the console and the sensation of taking off encompassed them all. A small hum reverberated throughout the ship while the soldiers began to chat excitedly about anything and everything. Six tuned them out as the Major left to join his men and instead she leaned against the side of the ship and allowed her thoughts to wonder.

* * *

><p>So, I hope you all enjoyed :)<p>

One thing I felt that needed explaining was Six's dream because I don't think I conveyed it very well, but the main reason for it is to show that she, in a way regrets her and Jorge. She thinks his sentimentality got in the way of him letting her deal with the bomb, but it's also about her thinking she's a traitor to the UNSC by joining NEST. I hope that makes sense for Six because, even though she's a Spartan, she's going to have regrets. But, then again they're so minuscule that she only notices them in dreams because she's such a machine.

Man, I hope that makes sense. If it doesn't let me know and I'll tweak it all :)

Thank you all for reading and I'll see you next time.

12. Machines Of Faith And Logic

Heyy all, apologies that these updates are really unreliable I've

been trying to write another 10k before I post this and, well, it took a lot longer than I thought it would. I've also been a bit busy looking for a Summer job and stuff, but anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter :)

As usual thank you for all the favs, follows and reviews :D

****Telron:** **Thank you, hopefully you'll think the same of this one :)

****Guest:**** Ah, well, he might've 'borrowed' it from a load of different accounts that defiantly won't miss is :P Thank you for the review :)

****B312:** **Thank you, it was pretty entertaining to write too and there's bound to be more :D

****BloodDragonKnight:** **Thank you, I have actually, got up to season 10 I think then stopped for some reason :P It's pretty good though

****gwb99:**** It's cool :) thanks again for being Beta :D

****Valentine03:** **Thank you :) I don't mind silent readers, I don't always review stories myself cause I'm mostly at a loss as to what to say :p I'm glad you're enjoying it though and her suit's defiantly going to be badass, Noble Six deserves no less :)

****SmokeTinyTom:** **That made me chuckle, would say Happy Revenge of the Sixth back, but it's a bit late :P I hadn't thought of Spirit of Fire and considering they're so under used I probably should. Red team would be a pretty awesome addition too...Like the Jorge idea, I'm not going to make any promises. It's defiantly something for me to think over and my only issue right now is not wanting to make a huge powerful human ship appear and nullify the potential character development I've got set up for Six. I like it though and when I've decided what I'm going to do I'll let you all know in a way that won't ruin the surprise :) Thank you for the review.

****Demon Of Dark NOBLE:**** I won't abandon this, don't worry :) as I said above, I need to think about what I'm going to do about adding others. Jun is off the table because he's training Fours and when/if Six gets back, he may make an appearance/be mentioned by a Four :) Thank you for your review.

****History guy:**** Thanks for the info, I know what you're saying and while in their minds the Covenant were right with what they were doing, the intentions of the Prophets weren't good. In my humble opinion, they only attacked Humanity because their link to the Forerunners could effect the Prophets position of power. Optimus gets angry at it because he doesn't think it's right and knows from personal experience what near extinction is like. He's not going to just accept what he's been shown and not react negatively, even if he's looked at Humanity's history as he likely doesn't agree with that either. I'm not sure where I'm going with this, but I see where you're coming from, this just all depends on the individual. If Megatron had heard it, then he'd probably congratulate the Covenant or something.

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

Words stressed upon in thoughts

Machines Of Faith And Logic

* * *

><p>~~

Roh 'Rithinee

Roh sighed for the umpteenth time that day. He was bored, frustrated and had been feeling pretty lost. His mind was still muddled from what had happened recently, but now that he'd had time to process it, it left him as he was now. He didn't know what he was waiting for as he hadn't heard anything, even the medic had said little to him that morning as he'd given Roh his food. He presumed he was waiting for the Major to return, but with both the Demon and the Oracle running around he had an inkling that he would be a while.

On any other day he wouldn't have minded the solitude. Although, this was hardly any other day. He was in the past and on the Human home world. For anyone in the Covenant this would've been a momentous occasion, but Roh felt anything but victory. Humanity wasn't really his enemy, not anymore, instead it was the Prophets and their lies. That didn't mean that he considered the Humans his friends either, after all he and the Demon had some unfinished business. While it had ultimately been the fault of the prophets she had killed his team and most probably his brother. She had injured him and not killed him, which meant that he was honourless. It was the biggest insult for a Sangheili not to die in glorious battle, let alone be captured. Everything he knew told him to commit the ritualistic suicide, but he couldn't. He had unfinished business and wouldn't stand by as the Prophets destroyed all he knew.

The slam of the door made Roh's head snap up. As he did he saw the medic stomping through the door clicking furiously in what Roh guessed was his own language. With the way that anger was rolling off the medic Roh didn't want to speak to him, but he needed to know what was to be done with him. Even if it meant having the medic snap at him.

"Construct, what is to be done with me?"

"You can go to the pit for all I care," the medic growled as he slammed something down on his workbench.

Roh decided to take a different approach, "What has angered you so, Construct?"

The medic turned almost violently to face Roh, steam exhaled from his nose as he answered, "Your pit spawned 'Oracle'. Thinks it's so high and mighty because it knows more, has seen more and can do more. The only one it respects is that foolish girl."

"The Demon?" Roh checked, finding the idea of referring to the Demon

as a girl quite amusing. Although, the Demon wasn't foolish, no, she was sly and unpredictable as all Demons were.

"Yes, 'The Demon'," He snapped back. "All of you show such blatant disregard for anything living. Are we all expendable to you?"

Roh could see what was bothering the Construct; it was their manner. He assumed the cold manner of the Demon was because she didn't care about anything, but that was wrong. She cared about her race, Roh knew that. He'd seen it in many of the Human warriors and it was the same for the Sangheili. They cared for their families back home and wanted to bring them honour. Being a part of the Covenant meant warring against the Humans and their apparent heresy. Something that was easily understood by the Sangheili as they'd worshipped the Forerunners for eons. There was also the fact that the Construct spoke as if it were more than metal, wires and what its maker had programmed it with. But, Roh would save that curiosity for another day as these Constructs hardly had the most typical of history.

"You misunderstand, Construct." Roh paused, making sure he had the Construct's attention, "I cannot speak for the Demon, but I do not find the living expendable. I can kill and I will if I must, but when I do it, it is with honour and because of my duty."

"Your honour and duty means genocide! Your fragging religion made this happen! I saw the damage you did and you cannot say that that was with honour!" The Construct's temper was rising, but so was Roh's. The Great Journey may have been a lie by the Prophets, but worshipping the Forerunners was not what had caused this war! Grinding his jaws together in anger Roh shot to his feet. Blood boiled in his veins as he became more animated in his responses.

"We did what we had to!" Roh snarled, slamming a fist against the wall behind him. "Do not question our motivations Construct. We fight for what we believe in, even if now I know that it is a lie. Do you not think that I wish to go back and prevent my race from ever becoming the pawns of the Prophets?!"

Roh huffed in frustration and took a long breath before he continued, "as for what you saw, it is a way of cleansing a planet. I shall not defend it, but from a strategic standpoint it ensures that our enemies cannot 'play dead' as the Humans say."

The Construct's angry blue eyes turned back onto Roh and his mouth parted, "Why even try it? Did it not occur to you that you were trying to wipe out an entire race? Did none of you question what was going on?"

"I cannot make you understand Construct. You're an outsider and cannot understand in a few words what I have been taught all my life," Roh explained, drawing his fist away from the wall and letting it drop by his side. "There have been those who have questioned our leaders, but they have always been dealt with as they were considered heretics."

No more did white mist exhale from the Construct and Roh hoped that his anger was beginning to subside. Although, his eyes were no less hard when as they bore into Roh, "your leadership has the taint of Megatron's ways; ruling through fear and power."

Roh considered what the Construct was saying and could see that some of it was true. While the Prophets may not be physically imposing, they held a lot of power in the Covenant. And although they didn't rule through fear, at least Roh had never thought they did, those that did speak against them and their ways always went missing. He knew why though and that is why he found it so difficult to understand what the Construct was saying.

Roh sighed, his jaws going slack for a moment before he spoke, "Perhaps you are right, Construct. Despite my now clear sight I cannot see it."

"Like us, you will." The Construct also sighed, however it was in understanding instead of frustration. And when he spoke it was no longer with contempt, but with tolerance that held some form of sympathy. "It is difficult to see those you trust for what they really are and that is something we all learn the hard way."

"You speak of you Commander and this 'Megatron' don't you, Construct?" Roh asked with realisation. "They were brothers, were they not?"

"How-"

"The way your Commander was when he showed him die, his expression was how I initially felt when I first heard of my brother's death. It must be strange for your Commander to wage war on his own brother."

The Construct snorted, "Optimus would never stand for Megatron's tyranny, but it was not easy; it never is."

"Yes," Roh didn't say anything for a moment as he thought on the Construct's words. They were of course right, but seeing the whole foundations for his world a lie wasn't something easily done; now war abandoning it. He still wanted to protect his brothers as they didn't know what they were doing, not really. He also couldn't help the amount of regret he felt towards the Humans, the war had not been their fault and could have easily been avoided. Instead, the Covenant had chased them to the ends of the universe and even though it hadn't been easy, the Humans situation hadn't been looking good. He didn't think it would be long until the Prophets found their home world and then what of the Humans? He looked over at the spot where the Demon had been yesterday and a small semblance of sympathy became directed at her.

"Where is the Demon?"

There was a huff from the Construct and Roh thought he might resume his tirade of anger, but he didn't. Instead, he answered Roh's question rather simply, "Ironhide said they've gone to get some materials for her and Guardian."

"My thanks, Construct."

"You're welcome."

Roh hadn't been expecting an acknowledgement to his gratitude, but despite its unexpectedness Roh hoped that this meant that the Construct would tolerate him more now. He wouldn't hold out hope

though, he would understand if the Construct chose to follow the Demon. It wouldn't make much difference if they all chose to follow the Demon, he wasn't looking to make friends with the Humans and their allies. Those things weren't a priority now. Right now he needed to find a way to either get back to where he was from or get off Earth. He would rather return to his home and perhaps save his brothers from making an undoable mistake that would be most regrettable.

While the Human's were strange and sometimes dishonourable creatures, Roh didn't believe they needed to be wiped from existence. And although he may still hold a certain degree of resentment towards them, the Prophets were his true foe. They were the reason for the Covenant and thus the reason for this now apparently pointless war. Whether or not the Great Journey was another lie remained to be seen and Roh hoped for the sake of the Prophets that it wasn't. If it was then he would burn them from existence, just as they'd done to anyone who'd dare speak against them. Just as they'd done to the Humans. But, his mind was too disorganised right now, he needed to plan, he needed to write down what he knew.

"Construct, do you have some kind of writing implement I can use? There are things I need to write down," Roh called over to the now working Construct.

The Construct didn't answer, but instead turned and deposited a Human sized screen in his hands. Roh was confused for a moment before one of his fingers brushed against a button on the side of the device and all became clear. After spending a couple of moments finding the appropriate tool that would write in his language, Roh settled for something that seemed to be designed for art. Using a single finger he managed to awkwardly draw out the symbols of his language in a bright blue colour. His writing had never been the tidiest, but the contraption took it to the next level as Roh had a feeling that he was the only Sangheili that could read it.

He didn't know how much time he spent writing in multiple documents. Each document had been on a different problem, from what the Great Journey could really be to how he would get home. Some he already had solutions for, but others he was completely in the dark. Despite the fact that he didn't enjoy the relatively large gaps in his knowledge, it was good to see what he was missing. His mind felt less like a pair of Mgalekgolo had rampaged through it and more like a single Unggoy was floundering around it.

"Major Lennox will spend the evening debriefing you on what you know. The notes you've written will probably prove useful in explaining your situation, as unique as it is," The Construct suddenly turned around and spoke to Roh. A single large digit was pointing to the screen that was currently in Roh's hands.

Roh let the screen drop down a little as he stared up at the looming Construct, "What do you believe the Humans will do with me?"

Roh had thought through a couple of situations from him being executed at the hands of the Demon to the Humans keeping him prisoner or even the hopeful and most unlikely situation that they would allow him to work alongside them. He knew the last one wouldn't work, there was too much hostility between him and the Demon. Not to mention the fact that he doubted he could even work with the Humans, to entertain

such a prospect was foolish.

"They won't kill you if that's what you're thinking because fortunately for you Lennox is a good man. The likelihood of you joining NEST is also a small one, but we'll find a way for you to earn your place." The Construct paused before adding, "You would remain here though, as the Decepticons are alerted to your presence and you would be a valuable asset to them, in any form."

"I see, thank you Construct."

Roh expected that to be the end of the conversation, but the Construct appeared to have more to say to him; even if it was something Roh would rather not speak of.

"Why did your leaders consider the Humans heretics?"

This had been something Roh didn't have a complete answer for and it infuriated him. He had suspicions, but nothing was solid. Although, he did have one particular point that could prove true, perhaps an outsider opinion would help solve this problem?

"I'm uncertain, but I believe that because the Humans are somehow special to the Forerunners they Proffets sought to hide it from us as they knew that it could bring about the end of the Covenant." When the Construct didn't say anything Roh thought it best to explain, "The Covenant is based upon the idea that the Forerunners ascended to Godhood through the Great Journey and left the rest of the universe to its fate. In order to join them we they must follow in their footsteps, but the Humans being valuable to the Forerunners would conflict that. If the Covenant knew then they would likely abandon the Proffets and the Great Journey would be no more, a lie as it truly is."

"A lie then," The Construct frowned at the idea. "What was the allure of these 'Prophets' to make so many join them?"

"We were the first, I'm unsure as to why we truly joined them as we were originally at war and surrender for a Sangheili is never an option. We were more proficient in close combat than they were, but they were superior in their technology and there was their Dreadnaught; a Forerunner keyship. We. The Covenant no longer uses it for combat though. After us the other races were offered a place to join, if they did not pledge themselves to the Proffets then they were inducted into the Covenant by force."

The Construct's frown deepened and the steam returned. When he spoke again his voice had the edge of barely contained rage, "Why would you do this? I assume these races lost any semblance of what they used to be. Do you not care for their culture as you do your own?"

"Some retain their culture, such as the Kig-Yar, but some of the others do not. However, despite what you may think the Covenant brought us together when perhaps we would have waged war against each other. It gave us all something to believe in," Roh explained with some enthusiasm he'd previously had when first joining the Covenant. "As for the culture of others, unlike many I find myself quite interested. Understanding your enemy can aid you in defeating them after all, it is one of the main reasons I speak the Human language so well; rather than merely insults as some of my brothers have

learnt."

"Yes, I was curious about that, perhaps you can teach me yours?" The Construct asked, his voice still slightly angry, but Roh understood.

"It would be my pleasure, Construct," Roh answered with a smile.

There was another frown from the Construct, "why do you refer to me as 'Construct'?"

Roh cocked his head a little, "It is how we refer to an Artificial intelligence such as yourself."

"We are anything but artificial," the Construct snapped.

"No offence is meant, it is the closest word I have to describing you."

The Construct raised what Roh could only guess was an eyebrow – a rather Human expression now that he thought about it. "What about my name?"

"It would not feel right," Roh paused as he thought of a way to explain the strangeness that caught in his throat when even of thinking of calling the Construct by his name. "I have rarely called those around me by their name, it is usually their rank, title, species or even a special name such as 'Demon'. Those I call by name are usually close to me; my team, my brothers, my family."

At the thought of all three any happiness left Roh and was replaced by grief and worry. His team was gone and his remaining brothers were likely fighting for their own demise. His family back at their keep were losing more to the Covenant than they should and he hoped that they would still be there when – if – he returned.

"I – See," the Construct said slowly as he noticed the change in Roh. He sighed in exasperation, but Roh knew it was not directed at him. The medic had likely lost many to the civil war that was going on between his people and no matter what species, he knew the look of loss. "My condolences, even if it was self-inflicted."

The Construct had a sharp tongue, Roh noted before nodding in reply as he turned back to the screen in his hands. He read and reread what he'd written, hoping that hidden in his words would be something to help him. He knew there would be nothing, but he needed the distraction as he would otherwise obsess over avenging those he'd lost in such a short space of time. He had obsessed over the Prophets and their betrayals too much that day, his mind needed something else. But, he had little to do other than make idle conversation with the Construct or stew in his own thoughts. Neither were overly appealing as the Construct involved him tiptoeing around certain subjects in hope that he didn't anger the one who he was shut away with for hours on end. It was almost maddening, he was used to having constant tasks to attend to or at least honing his skills. He looked back up at the Construct, perhaps he could ask about being given something to practice his sword work. He knew many exercises that he could do without a partner and it would keep his mind occupied. If that wasn't possible, there was always his armour, but it had hardly

been damaged in his brief fight with the Demon so there was little to tinker with.

The Construct seemed to notice his attention, "what is it?"

"Do you have a tool that I could use to practice my swordsmanship?"

There was a brief look of surprise on the Construct's face that quickly turned to a dubious look, "You want me to arm you?"

Roh shook his head, "I am not attempting to harm any of your comrades, I merely need a distraction. Besides, it would do me little good to try such a feat."

The Construct 'hummed' and said no more. Roh waited patiently while the Construct shook and nodded his head a couple of times. There were a few frowns and snorts along the way too, which led Roh to believe he was somehow communicating internally with his other companions. He had a feeling it was the one they referred to as 'Optimus Prime', but there was nothing to suggest that the others were not contributing.

"It seems your request has been denied, not that it matters as Lennox will be back soon and there's going to be a meeting," The Construct spoke after a few moments.

Roh nodded in acceptance, he didn't blame the Humans for being cautious. The Major and the Constructs knew of his past and likely didn't want to put anyone at risk, despite Roh's attempts to assure them he saw little point in harming the Humans here. To be truthful he no longer saw the point in warring with the Humans, the whole reason for it was a lie that had come crashing down and he and all of his brother had been tools for the Prophets. He could see them now for what they were, master manipulators. They'd used his race to secure their position above all others and then carryout a bloody campaign against the Humans.

Roh huffed, closing his mandibles together as he seethed in anger. This was not a good use of his time, but there was nothing he could do without incurring the wrath of the Humans and their metal allies. His thoughts when to the Demon and almost protested at how quickly they had allowed her away from this prison. But, despite how unlike them she was, the Demon was still Human and they would always trust their own quicker than an outside, especially one who had been among a campaign to eradicate them.

"Maybe you can help me with something," the Construct said, as if noticing his current internal dilemma.

Roh was slightly shocked at the offer, he had assumed the Construct could not stand his presence. Gathering himself, he calmly replied, "I was under the impression that you didn't condone my presence."

There was a snort from the Construct, "don't misunderstand, I tolerate you, but it would not do for you to be a broody. I can't have you being broody in the corner of my Medbay, it's distracting."

Roh scoffed at the idea of being broody, he was not some estranged female tending to young, nor was he being distracting with his thoughts. Although, he would appreciate doing something, even if the Construct was only offering reluctantly. "What is it you require of me?"

Roh managed to catch a small smile from the Construct's face before it disappeared. He wasn't completely sure if the smile was good for him or not, but he supposed he would eventually find out.

"How much do you know about interstellar travel?"

~/~

Will Lennox, America, Idaho

"-need much, it is the easiest material to acquire, however." Will caught the tail end of Guardian talking to Noble Six. He'd been surprised that they do easily gotten clearance for this mission, but he had a feeling it was something to do with seeing Noble Six in action. Although, there wasn't going to be any firefights â€"he hoped- seeing how she interacted with civilians would give him and therefore the brass some idea as to who she really was. Despite the ease of which the mission had been allowed, everyone had orders to keep a keen eye on Six and Guardian as they had been caught in the middle of trying to leave base. He would have a chat to her about that, but he could see from her ridged posture that now was the right time. As to the reason for her demeanour he had an inkling it was to do with Ironhide and Knock Out.

Both 'Bots had been relatively quiet the whole journey. They'd spoken to his team as usual for some of the trip, but he had a feeling they'd been busy talking amongst themselves about recent events. Speaking of recent events, his team were almost buzzing with excitement about their current situation. He was enjoying it almost as much as them, but he couldn't. Every time he thought about what it was he was on he remembered what Six had told him and shown him. He knew his team noticed and although they said nothing, it wasn't because they didn't care, it was because they knew he'd tell them if he needed to. It was comforting and he'd always appreciated the support his team gave him as he would always do the same for them. He knew his team didn't trust Six or Guardian, but they still kept it professional and that was all he expected. There had been the occasional curious or suspicious glance in Six's or Guardian's direction and he doubted it had gone unnoticed by the pair. It didn't appear to bother them though, Six had seemed used to it even as she'd stared at the control panel that Guardian had constantly hovered around. The orb in question had completely ignored everything as it muttered to itself in a language Will had never heard.

"How many more after?" Six's question drew Will from his thoughts as he walked closer to the pair.

"Only four more, it will not take long, Reclaimer." Guardian and Six both turned in unison to face him, but it was the orb that spoke first, "Ah, Human, do you require assistance? We have almost arrived."

"Everyone else has been briefed, now it's your turn," he explained earning an understanding nod from Six, but Guardian seemed less

pleased.

"Such formalities are-" He began to protest, but stopped when Six stopped him with a small half-smirk.

"Guardian, we should listen to the Major. He knows what he's doing and how to handle people."

Will wasn't sure to interpret what Six had said, but it appeared that she had a way with lacing words with double meaning. He knew she didn't have an ulterior motive that would harm his people, so was there really a double meaning or was it just her?

"We'll need to land somewhere quiet," he looked pointedly at Guardian. "Then we'll drive to the mine, talk to the owner and see about getting you what you need. You," he indicated to Guardian, "will stay with this ship and we'll use the comm to ask for extra details that may be needed. You have our frequency don't you?"

He knew the orb did before it answered. Of course it did, it had been listening in all along and they hadn't even known! He needed to keep a better eye on Guardian, but how could he stop something so advanced from monitoring their communications? He could only trust in Six to enforce his order to keep the orb off their lines. While he may sympathise with the woman to a certain extent, he had yet to trust her that much. Maybe he'd trust her further down the line if things panned out well, in a way he hoped that happened. He didn't want to think of the other possibilities that could happen with someone such as her at their base, but he had to. Blindly trusting everyone never got you anywhere, it only got you killed.

"I assume you want to do the talking, Sir?" Six asked, all evidence of her smirk had long disappeared. She was ever the stoic soldier, any emotion he'd seen her display was fleeting and even then it was barely detectable. She was still tense though, and Will couldn't help but think it was more than the 'Bots.

He shook his head, "you'll be taking the lead with the talking, after all you know the specifics and I'll be handling my team."

Her eyes told him she knew the real reason, but her mouth merely replied with a crisp 'yes, Sir'. He nodded and told her to wait a moment before he quickly grabbed a dark navy jacket and threw it over to her. She caught it quickly and shrugged it on as she thanked him.

"You'll ride up on Knock Out and we'll be in Ironhide," there was a small twitch of her lips that told him her dissatisfaction about the arrangement, but she waited for him to finish. "I'll be with you when you talk to the owners and everyone else will stay back. This should be pretty simple but knowing our luck it won't be so expect trouble."

A sad smile ghosted at her lips and Will wondered if he'd seen it at all. Her voice was steely as she spoke, "understood, Sir. But, I doubt our enemies will know what we're doing as Guardian's been keeping the ship cloaked; that's if they're even interested."

Will's mind eased a little at that piece of information. Although, he should've expected it really, Six was a professional and Guardian had

mentioned the cloaking ability the previous day. But, even with that Will had a gut feeling that something would go wrong. He wasn't completely sure if it was because of the Decepticons or because he was with Six and Guardian. As much as he wanted to he couldn't fully trust them. He knew they were being completely honest about everything, but there was little he could do about it other than locking them away and he doubted they'd be held for long. He doubted his distrust was one sided and after all it had only been a day, he sighed mentally, these things just took time. Probably longer time on Six's part considering where she's from, his mind added.

"If it's you, Guardian and this ship, they will be."

She frowned as if she didn't like the idea of his men being in the line of fire because of her. Although, he could have been reading her wrong. "We will be ready, will I have a weapon? Even a sidearm will do."

He considered her for a moment, her helmet was still clutched in one hand while the other leaned into her remaining crutch. The clothes they'd given her fit her well and did a good job of hiding what he knew were extensive and painful injuries. She hadn't complained though, not once had she mentioned or made any indication that she was suffering. He admired her ability to just get up and walk around when by all rights she should've been under heavy watch in an intensive care unit. But, he had to remind himself that she was different, she wasn't your everyday soldier and she'd had things done to her. Things that he knew must have somehow left their mark, if they hadn't he didn't know what he'd thinkâ€¦

He forced his mind to return to the subject at hand. They didn't have any spare weapons, but he could loan her his sidearm. It wouldn't be right to send her in without any form of weapon especially in her current state, then again, could they truly trust her? He clenched his jaw and almost reluctantly retrieved his pistol from the side of his right leg; looks like he'd have to take the leap of faith. He held the cold metal weapon out to her and she slowly took it off him before quickly familiarising herself with it.

"Thank you, it's lighter than what I'm used to, but I'll get used to it," she said as she lifted it up to test the sight, her crutch dangling uselessly from her arm. "Where's the best place to aim?"

"Optics, and their Spark is a good place, if you can get a shot in," he touched his chest for emphasis. "They've got a lot of armour plating so we use sabot rounds, ah, hereâ€¦"

He pulled out an extra two magazines and held them out to her. He was about to offer her a hand with holding everything when she deftly flipped the pistol into her other hand and promptly put the ammunition into pockets on the side of her leg.

"Sir, if I'm not within speaking range for any reason, Dot will keep me in touch with you and your men."

He nodded, glad she was thinking ahead, but he hoped it wouldn't come to that. Althoughâ€¦ he eyed the helmet with a frown. Her helmet would draw unwanted attention and they would be under enough scrutiny from the mine owners as it was. His frown deepened as he tried to

remember if he'd picked up an extra radio for her, he was sure he hadâ€¦he patted his back pockets as it was the most likely place for him to store it. Soon enough his hands made contact with something distinctly solid and slightly cold. Smiling to himself he deftly pulled the radio and it's earpiece from his back pocket and held it out to her.

"Probably more discrete than your helmet and if it goes to hell then you'll need both hands," Will told her as she again shuffled her things around so she could take it off him. "It's already set to our channel."

She nodded expressionlessly and somehow managed to put the radio in one of her pockets and then put the ear piece in her ear.

"I should introduce you to who you'll be working with, I think they're pretty eager to meet you."

That got a smirk out of her, or a knowing smirk as it was as she indicated for him to lead on. Despite how little his body liked having this new and unknown person at his back, he tried to find comfort in the fact that she probably didn't need a gun to kill him and that Ironhide was only inches away; he could trust the mech.

His men fell silent as they approached and all seven of them looked up expectantly at Will. A myriad of expressions then greeted him when they noticed Six and he almost laughed at them.

"Guys, this is First Lieutenant Noble Six," that made them confused, but it soon passed as they took their cue to introduce themselves.

~/~

Noble Six

She'd been surprised when the Major had handed over the pistol. The light metal weapon had felt familiar in her hand and had elevated some of the discomfort she felt from being without her armour. She paid the light throbbing in her body no heed as she swiftly became familiar with the pistol; checking the safety, how it reloaded and the sights. She'd thanked the Major and attended to her concern on if they managed to get separated as it paid to be prepared. She doubted that Decepticons would appear, but if they did then they were all ready and she was sure Guardian would lend a hand.

When he'd then mentioned introducing her to his rather eager squad, she'd smirked a little. He'd made them sound a little like the soldiers backâ€¦home, who'd always been pleasantly surprised to see a Spartan.

One of his men â€"a relatively young looking man with short dark hair- stood and held out a rough looking hand to her. "Staff Sargent Joe Anderson of the US Army," Six recognised the strange twang in his voice from earlier and gave him a nod rather than a handshake as her hands were rather full. He seemed to notice this and shrugged.

"Trust you to go first Anderson," a guy called from her left with an accent that sounded similar to that of Captain Walker. She, along

with the others turned to see a man in the process of leaning against the green bike â€"much to its vocal displeasure.

"Evans, get your aft off me! I'm not your personal leaning post," the bike protested, rocking itself so that Evans had to move. There were a few chuckles from the others and the Major, so Six had a feeling that this was a regular occurrence with these two; her lip curled a little at the thought.

"Fine," despite his put out tone there was a small smile on his rather pale face. "I'm Sergeant James Evans, British Army. I'll look forward to seeing you in action."

"Likewise, Sergeant."

He looked a little surprised that she'd answered, but it only made his smile bigger until another person spoke up.

"Save it for later Evans," this man sounded like the Major, although there was some variation. Six turned back to the main cluster of soldiers who were mostly leaning against the wall of the ship. The brown haired man who'd spoken grinned as he introduced himself, "Gunnery Sergeant Mark Williams of the US Marine Corps."

"Oorah, marine," Six said quietly with a smirk, remembering how the marines she'd occasionally fought with. They'd always rile each other up by saying that one word, Six never quite understood it, but she'd admired their enthusiasm.

The Sergeant looked a little surprised as did his comrades, but there was no doubt that he replied with his own 'oorah' before asking if she was in the Navy.

She nodded, "Special Forces."

There were a few 'ahhs' as if those words explained everything. It probably did seeing as these people were all now Special Forces.

"Never would've pegged you as Navy," it was a woman who spoke this time. "Master Sergeant Ashley White, US Army Rangers."

"The Navy is more appropriate for Spartans, it allows us to be quickly moved from planet to planet," Six explained, watching as the woman frowned a little before she nodded in understanding.

"What is a Spartan exactly?" Staff Sergeant Anderson asked the question that was on everyone's lips.

With no expression she replied, "Classified."

There was a collective groan from the soldiers and a laugh from the Major. She shifted her helmet a little as she waited for the next introduction.

"Alright, settle down you lot." A black haired man around Jun's age made himself known, "Sergeant Major Kevin Walker of the US Army and Major Lennox's second in command for today's operation. Would've spoken earlier, but a few decided they were more important."

The previous four all murmured an apologetic 'sorry Sir' and Sergeant Major Walker nodded in satisfaction before he moved back to his original position against the side of the ship. He indicated for the rest of the team to introduce themselves, even if there was only two.

"Tech Sergeant Kurt Matthews, US Air Force," a steely voice introduced a man who was standing right at the back. A weapon was in his hands and he'd evidently been checking it over beforehand. Six sent him a nod, which he returned before going back to his weapon.

"Staff Sergeant Jane Carter, US Army," another woman introduced herself. She appeared to be considerably older than Six, but it seemed most people that worked for NEST were. Again Six nodded in greeting, shifted on her feet a little and rolled her aching shoulders. Her shoulders complained at the movement, as did the rest of her body, but she hardly registered it.

"I know you outrank everyone except me, but if we encounter I want you to accept orders from us regardless," the Major clarified sternly.

Six raised a brow in curiosity, she didn't doubt that he was still wary about her especially as it looked like she was going to leave base without permission earlier. But, he didn't really think that she wouldn't listen to what his team had to say, did he? She may have plenty of experience in battle, but this was a different enemy and she had rather limited experience with them.

"Understood, Sir," she replied regardless. Hopefully he would understand that she valued their experience; even if she had yet to trust them.

"Good," he nodded, his statue relaxing a little. "I'd rather we not run into any, but the 'Cons are unpredictable right now."

"Chances are slim, as I said, Guardian cloaked the ship, Sir."

"Like that will stop them," the motorbike snorted, joining the conversation. Six quickly snapped her head in its direction, a frown appearing on her face as she fought the temptation to sneer at the alien machine. "They could still find us. Soundwave-

"-may be all seeing and hearing, but the fragger may be occupied with something other than our recent additions." The large lack truck cut in with a rumbling sigh, "not that it matters, any of the little glitches that come my way are as good as dead."

"What if it's Starscream?"

"What of him? The coward flees the second things don't go his way," the truck finished with a low chuckle and the Six considered it was the end of their debate. They seemed completely convinced that the Decepticon's would appear and she didn't think that they wouldn't, she just thought it was extremely unlikely. However, if they did it would be a problem. They would have to try and evacuate any civilians at the site as well as keep the enemy at bay and without knowing how many would appear, it was a lot to consider.

"If they appear, how many do you think they'll number?" Six asked the Major, but it was the truck that answered.

"They usually travel in groups of three if they're seekers -fliers-, but they'll likely send more if they know it's you and the lightbulb. Killed three on his own, they won't want to take chances," Six could hear the grin in his voice as he said the last part. He sounded proud of Guardian's destruction and from what little she'd seen on the robot, he seemed the most bloodthirsty.

"Three at the least then, what's your evac plan Major?"

He seemed glad she'd asked as he quickly explained his evidently already thought out plan, "We'll provide covering fire as you get them to their vehicles or off the site. It'll be your call depending on where the 'Cons appear, keep them safe."

She nodded, she knew what to do. Noble had run evacuation missions quite a few times on Reach so she knew how to handle civilians and keep them safe. Even though she didn't agree with being kept from a potential firefight, she could see his reasoning. After all, she only had a pistol and even if that was usually enough for her, the Major had yet to truly see her in action.

"We have arrived, I will remain here unless I'm required. Does this suit you?" Guardian called as he drifted over to them from the control panel. Initially Six thought he was addressing the Major, but it seemed she was wrong as he was looking directly at her.

"Yeah, I'll let you know if we run into trouble, or you'll hear it on the comm." Six paused and looked over to the Major, "permission to remove this," she indicated to the cast on her leg.

He took a moment to consider it as he probably weighed up what the robot medic would do if she did. A nod was sent her way and she quickly thanked him before handing Guardian her helmet and setting the crutch to the side. Then, bending down and coiling the muscles in her arms she carefully slipped a few of her fingers from each hand under the pink material. With a forceful tug the cast quickly split down the middle before coming apart in her hands.

The skin that the cast had previously been covering looked mostly the same as ever; pale with the odd scar here and there. The only difference was that there was a small red and purple blotch where Six assumed the 'crack' was. She frowned a little as she flexed her leg, it was a little stiff and there was a certain ache, but it would pass and she could deal with it.

"All good?" The Major asked as he eyed the mark on her leg.

Six nodded, "I'm ready if you are, Sir."

The Major then proceeded to round everyone up and they all disembarked the ship. The robots came out after with some help from the Major's team while Guardian remained in the ship. Six noticed as she left the ship that it was still invisible and from the sounds the Major's team was making, they did too. Despite meeting one alien civilization that partially wanted to kill them, they were rather accepting and excitable towards others. It was strange and Six understood little of how they could just simply work with aliens,

what if they decided they wanted Earth for themselves? She frowned at the thought as a sneer tugged at her lips, the scar she'd gotten years ago only making it more pronounced.

"Six?" The Major must have noticed her change in expression as there was concern in his voice.

In an instant she schooled her features before replying, "yes, Sir?"

"You good?"

"Affirmative."

His brow creased a little, but he said no more as he directed the bike towards Six and ordered his men to climb into the truck. As the green bike rolled over to her, her eyes narrowed; this was against all she knew. Aliens were the enemy, it was as simple as that. However, these 'AutoBots' were trying to change her simple black and white view. They were trying to introduce grey and she didn't know what to do with that, it's not right!

"Hey!" The bike called happily as it came to a stop next to her, churning up a small cloud of dust and sand as it did. "I'm Knock Out and today you'll be riding with me, not that you'll need to do anything, I'll be driving, easy huh?"

"I'll drive." She be damned if she let it decide where she was going and how fast.

Its mirrors twitched a little as it spoke, "it's fine, really, you don't need to worry. I've driven squishes be-"

"I insist," Six reinforced her decision firmly.

The bike took a moment to consider it before it sighed in resignation and its frame drooped a little. "I suppose it wouldn't hurt, just watch the paint."

Six said nothing as she swung her leg over the bike and settled as much as she could into the seat. There was a small noise of discomfort from the bike, which Six promptly ignored as the Major called her name. She looked over to him to see him stood by the open driver side door of the truck. In his hands was a black helmet that he quickly walked over and gave to Six.

"Encase he decides to go for another trip," the Major said in way of explanation with a smirk on his face.

The bike spluttered a little as it tried to defend itself, even going as far as to ask for a rematch. The Major laughed and left the bike to wonder if he would get his rematch. As he turned to walk back to the truck he told her to take it easy. A simple 'affirmative' was all she relied with and as the door to the truck clicked shut she slipped the helmet on.

Without a backwards glance at the invisible ship Six quickly slipped out from the cover of the trees and onto a rather dusty road. It was fortunate that this place wasn't that busy, but that was probably why it had been chosen.

"You need to go right for about two and a half kliks, I mean _klicks_," he corrected himself and accentuated the word he'd changed. "Sorry, after that it's another left for nine-hundred mechan- meters! Then-"

"Just give me fair warning as to when to turn off," Six interrupted him. With a small rev she took off in the direction he'd just told her, a quick glance in the mirrors told her that the Major wasn't too far behind.

There was little scenery to take in as she drove. The landscape was rather flat and covered in fields that varied from green, to brown. Although, the Majority of the fields were brown, which didn't surprise her as the air was rather dry. The road they were on was also hardly a road with how thin it was and its unpaved surface. After a while Six saw the road curve off ahead and to her right the green fields started to recede. When she was close enough she leaned over to take the dusty bend and that was when the bike decided to speak up.

"Take this left, it shouldn't be that far afterwards as you've done most of it already. It's pretty dusty here, is it like this in a lot of places around Earth?"

Six didn't reply, but leaned over again as she turned onto another road. Before her was soon a lot of green as they passed a small stream that seemed to be on its way to drying up. More directions were called to her as they drew away from the steam and took another left.

It wasn't long before the noise of the mine reached her ears, despite the bike's engine. A fence trailed up to the edge of the road and attached to it was a sign saying "Juniper Hill Mine" along with a few other details. The bike was also commenting about how quick the journey was along with a few other things that Six decided were not important to listen to. They continued to follow the metal fence until Six saw it dip into a gate. A reasonably sized hut sat at the large entrance with a barrier positioned in front of it. A quick scan of the small brown building revealed to Six a security camera and a small window, at which sat an older man with a bored expression on his face. As if feeling Six's eyes on him he turned in her direction and promptly snapped into action.

Six rolled forwards on the bike as the man eyed her curiously, the camera she'd noticed also turned in her direction. She frowned at it a little as she remembered the conversation she'd had with the Major the other day.

"Soundwave's the Decepticon's communications officer."

She put that with what the truck had said about him being all seeing and hearing and she had a feeling that this camera could be their undoing. Although, that was only if the robot was listening in or had the potential to listen into more than one thing at once, like AI. Her frowned deepened some more as she continued to roll forwards.

* * *

><p>If anyone's curious the pistol Six is given is the M9A1 berretta

pistol. Pretty sure that's the correct one, but I could be wrong
:L<p>

Thank you for reading, hope you all enjoyed it :)

13. At My Wits End And Losing My Head

Heyy all, sorry about the time between updates. This one was supposed to be up last week, but I got caught up doing things and haven't had any time to do anything other than sleep :L

Thanks go to gwb99 for betaing.

Anyway, I hope you all enjoy the chapter and thank you all for reviewing, following and favouriting.

****SmokeTinyTom:**** No problem, have given it a lot of thought recently and adding others in is appearing more likely. You're right about the drama, there would be a reasonable amount, but I'll see how it goes :)

****B312: - ****Thank you :) yeah, she defiantly is :P

- Yeah, they'll be in for a real big shock, not sure when it'll happen, so it may be a while yet :)

****BloodDragonKnight: ****Thank you, you're in luck because there is some action in this chapter :) as for my favourite character...hummm, I'd say Agent Washington :P

****jhud:**** There wasn't really much reason for the gun choice. As I don't know much about what guns different militaries use I just googled it, the Beretta was one that came up repeatedly so I used that.

****ww1990ww: ****Not sure how to answer this, I'm not intending any offence on the transformers side of things, but Guardian acts the way he does because that's just him. I'm not looking to do a war on which fandom's more powerful, this is simply a "what would _ do in _ universe". Although, guess I can't do that without stepping on someone's toes.

****Guest:**** Thank you :) I'm glad you do

****tamikostubbs1:**** I will :)

.

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

****_Words stressed upon in thoughts_****

/Comm/

At My Wits End And Losing My Head

* * *

><p>Six noticed that the gate had opened for her, which spiked her curiosity and made her feel a little suspicious. How did these people know she was coming? Was it Guardian? Six refrained from shaking her head; she wouldn't put it past the orb to do something like this.<p>

"You expecting us?" Six decided to voice her question as she stopped at the red barrier.

The brown haired man looked down at something and then back at her, "could you remove the helmet please ma'am?"

With no complaint, Six removed the helmet and the man nodded in satisfaction, "you work for someone called 'Guardian's Approach'?"

Six sighed as she put the helmet back on, "yes. I'm here to collect something."

"Yeah, pretty small order, but your guy paid more than most so we took it. It's still being processed, so you'll have to wait a while," the man explained before he pulled up a clipboard and handed it over to her. "You'll have to sign you and your," he looked over at the Major's truck behind her, "guys in. They won't be causing any trouble will they?"

"No," Six replied while she signed a fake name onto the clipboard and handed it back to him.

"Nice meeting you, Miss Ambrose, if you just follow the track over there," he pointed to a similar "but larger- styled building a few hundred meters away. "Someone will be waiting to finalise the details."

"Thanks," Six said as she watched the barrier lift up.

The man sent her a small smile, "take care now."

It didn't take long to ride up to the larger building and as Six pulled to a stop the Major came in next to her. She swung her leg over the silent bike while there was a slam of the door from the truck. The Major came walking over as Six removed the helmet, lent the bike onto its kick stand and then placed the helmet on its seat.

"Maj-" She was about to greet him when he held up a hand. Six nodded in understanding and gestured for him to speak.

He walked a little closer and leaned in, his voice low as he spoke, "what name did you give them?"

"Katherine Ambrose," Six shrugged. There hadn't been a particular reason for the names except they'd been the first to come to her.

"Okay, we don't really want this linked back to us so if you need to, call me Will Carter. Did you notice the cameras?"

"Yeah, you know him, think he saw?"

Six watch as the Major's face turned thoughtful before turning into a frown, "Not sure, but we'll act as if he has so keep you guard up. I'll come with you encase there are any complications, but I'm hoping this will be as smooth as the journey."

"Aye, s-Will," Six corrected herself as she stepped away from the Major.

He grinned at her with still serious eyes, "nice try, let's get going then Katherine."

The Major seemed to find it easy to snap to being like a civilian while Six was having a more difficult time. It didn't surprise her though, she'd never truly experienced life as a civilian so trying to be something she wasn't was problematic. She hid a scowl as they walked into what appeared to be a temporary office. She could hide her emotions easily enough, that would just have to do for this short mission.

"Ah, you must be Miss Ambrose," a man in his thirties looked up from his paper filled desk. A computer was in amongst the papers on his left while a mug spewed steam on his right. A large "and from what Six could tell- genuine smile graced his face until his eyes fully took Six in. She tried to pretend to shift uncomfortably under his gaze, but it ended up barely more than a small twitch from her shoulders.

"It's, ah, a pleasure to meet you," the smile was back, but not as genuine. His eyes betrayed his strange fear of her with the way they glazed over a little.

Stepped forward in what she hoped was a non-threatening manner, Six returned the smile, "Thanks, we're here for the materials ordered by, Guardian's Approach."

The man must've snapped out of whatever it was that was bothering and instantly went into what Six summarised as 'business mode'. He placed both his hands on the table as he sat up straighter with a confident look in his eyes. Using one of his hands he indicated to one of the two chair's in front of his desk, "please have a seat. I'm Cade Johnson, will your associate be joining us?"

The man was likely worried about the Major's weapon, which Six couldn't help but frown at. Surely if there was truly an issue they wouldn't have been allowed through the gates. She wasn't completely sure what to say about this, civilians where she was from accepted a soldier with weapons readily; they had to.

"Mr Carter, is here for security reasons," Six said in way of explanation. Although, this didn't seem to placate the man. His hands twitch a little as he licked his lips nervously.

"What possible reason could you have-"

Wanting to address his concerns quickly, Six cut the man off, "we've had problems with outside interference recently. It's one of the reasons Guardian's Approach isn't here today."

Six sighed inwardly, could the orb not give itself a human name for

this? I would make everything a hell of a lot easier and perhaps the suspicious looks they'd been receiving wouldn't exist.

Cade frowned at her explanation before he nodded in understanding, "your employer has a rather strange name, huh?"

Six gave him no response other than an abrupt "yes, he does".

"Perhaps we should get this underway," he gestured again to the seats and Six complied. There was a small creak from the chair as well as a slight wobble, but it supported her weight. The Major took a seat next to her and leant forward, his gun positioned unthreateningly on his back.

"Your account will be charged once you've viewed the goods and are satisfied, but you don't need to worry about that as your employer has already given us the details. What I need you to do is sign this," Cade pulled out a multi-layer stack of paper and put it in front of Six. He then got out a pen and began going through the basis of each thing Six was signing for. She frowned a little at some of the things he mentioned, but when she quickly skimmed through the thing herself she agreed with it. Apart from one thing.

"We'd rather you didn't keep our details on record," Six insisted, pointing to the offending block of text.

Cade sent her a questioning look before he stole a quick glance at the Major. From the corner of her eye she could see the Major nod in agreement. The confirmation made Cade frown in disappointment as he probably now understood that this was only a one time deal.

"I see," he crossed over the section before handing the pen to Six. "Just sign the rest and I'll ensure it's all in order when it goes through."

Six clenched her jaw, she didn't trust the man in what he'd said. His tone of voice suggested something else and Six wasn't one for civilian games. Having a thought on how to ensure that he kept his word Six leant back in her chair slightly and sent the man an almost aggressive smirk.

"We'll know if you don't," Six intoned darkly, locking her eyes with Cade's watery brown ones. She saw the Major shoot her a look and returned her gaze to the paper before her.

There was a swallow from Cade, "I don't appreciate being threatened Miss Ambrose. We're both professionals here and don't need to stoop to such petty things."

"It wasn't a threat," Six rebutted as she looked back up at Cade. She knew she wasn't really handling this well, but she wasn't a master of manipulation with words. She was a soldier and soldiers such as her didn't really use words in their line of work. "As I mentioned, we've had security issues recently and we need to contain them."

"Understandable," Cade said as understanding filtered through his features, almost surprising Six in how quickly he came around. "I apologise for my jumping to conclusions, things have been strained in

the business recentlyâ€¦but never mind that. Let's get on with this, I'm sure you're a tight schedule."

Six nodded as she clicked the pen in her hand. Her eyes carefully re-scanned each paragraph as she signed what was needed. She was careful not to go anywhere near the paragraph to do with keeping their information on file and when she was done she dropped the pen on the stack before turning it back to Cade.

"Thank you, Miss Ambrose," Cade' flashed Six a toothy and likely fake smile. She couldn't help but clench her fists and send him her own passive sneer, which soon took the smile off his face. The Major coughed a little as he began to get up and Six decided it best to wrap up this meeting.

"Will that be all?" She asked as she too began to get up from her seat.

Cade nodded, mentioning that he'd show them the order as he ushered them out of his office; seemingly relieved that they were leaving. As their boots crunched over the muddy gravelly ground, Cade led them over to the backside of the building where there was a large opening. When they could see inside they were met with a view of multiple large crates. All of them appeared to be ordered into distinct groups with different coloured numbered and lettered boxes from different groups. The one that caught Six's eye was right at the front and looked like it had just been put there. The fresh looking wood was only marred by a triple digit number that had a letter at the end.

"Here you are," Cade said cheerfully as he walked over to it. "Fresh as it can be, you can have a look if you want to check it."

Six considered it for a moment before dismissing the idea. She doubted this man would risk his reputation being tarnished, as he had mentioned before, he was a professional.

"No, well find you if there are problems," Six told him before turning to the Major. "Could you bring the transport around, Mr Carter?"

The Major nodded as he turned away from them to radio the others. She heard a few of them say that a cop car had driven past a few seconds ago and Six didn't understand the significance until the voice of the truck rumbled over the radio.

_/_Barricade/_/_The voice was almost a growl as a tone thick with loathing ensured everyone knew the hate the truck felt towards the owner of the name. Keeping her face neutral, Six turned back to Cade and ushered him out of the storage area. As she and Cade walked past the Major they shared a look and he nodded; telling her to get everyone away from the mine. Although, Cade didn't appear too happy about leaving the Major alone with all the crates.

"I must insist-"

Six cut him off, "quiet, I need you to remain calm. The cause of our recent trouble is heading here so you and your people need to leave."

When Cade didn't seem to be comprehending what she was saying she decided to reinforce her words with a solid, "Now!"

The man almost jumped out of his suit as he nodded in confirmation. Over the radio everyone was conferring with each other on where they'd take up positions and how they were going to handle any potential threats.

"Where're your vehicles?" Six questioned the man as they passed a significant red case. With a grin Six swiftly smashed the glass and activated the alarm. Loud wails then erupted all over the complex and before anyone from NEST could raise a question, she quickly told them what she'd done.

"Over there," the man pointed to a track that led off around the side of the entrance building.

"Alarm meeting point?" She fired another question at him and he gestured to the entrance to the complex. "Any other exits?"

He nodded and seemed to just about find his voice, "Two more, one for trucks," he again pointed to the other side of the storage area. "And one to connect us to the main road. Shouldn't your associate be doing this?"

"He's ensuring your safety, I'm making sure you leave. Now, I need to know who's in today so wait over at your meeting point, I'll be a few minutes."

Cade nodded and began to slowly make his way over to where he'd pointed out the meeting point, Six made her way off in the other direction. While she was walking she quickly informed every one of the information she'd found out and where she was planning to direct the civilians to. The Major was the one to answer, giving her a brief "good" before telling her to get them out as soon as possible and that he and his men would take care of the "'Cons".

Her borrowed combat boots hit the dirt hard as she ran over to the checkpoint she'd passed through only moments before. The man she'd spoken to on the way in was still there, waiting patiently for anyone else that may arrive. He noticed her approach and frowned suspiciously. His mouth opened as he attempted to say something, but Six cut him off before he could.

"I need a list of everyone who's entered the site today," Six demanded before adding, "do you have names for the other entrances?"

He didn't make a move to hand her anything and Six snarled in annoyance, "If you don't give me the lists, someone will get left behind and they will die. Do you want that on your conscience?"

The man flinched at her tone and shook his head before handing her a clipboard.

"This it?"

"A-all attendances are logged onto each entrance, in case of emergency."

Six nodded, "Good, now, give me a line to the other checkpoints and get over to your meeting point."

A silent nod was her answer as he indicated for her to walk round to the back of the small building. She nodded in confirmation and proceeded to do just that. The door was already open when she got there and the man was quickly explaining what little he knew of the situation to his colleagues. She could hear the confusion in their voices, but he swiftly cut over them and mentioned that she would be explaining.

"Here," she held out a hand for the microphone. He looked at her briefly as he handed it over and Six wasn't quite sure what she saw in his eyes. The fear was obvious to her as was the spark of appreciation, but there was something else that she'd never seen in the civilians she'd rescued. Mistrust.

He was gone before she could analyse further and she quickly returned to the task at hand. While it initially took those at the other end of the line to believe what she was saying, when they did they were particularly responsive. They both told her their names and mentioned that they could leave the complex immediately as their transportation was already with them. Crossing both their names off the list she ordered them to leave and not return under any circumstances. Both had chuckled at ludicrous idea before thanking her for the help and she was left with nothing but static.

Glad that something had gone relatively easily Six dashed out of the building and with the list in hand, ran back to where she hoped all the mine's employees would be waiting. As she ran through the dirt she listened to what the rest of the Major's team was doing. Their plan was essentially straightforward, as they did not want to be in a prolonged engagement with the enemy due to their low numbers. In order to provide the best coverage for the civilians they had split into two teams to cover the other two exits. One robot was with each group to make them even and to try and reduce losses. Falling back would provide difficult with the team that had been paired with the motorcycle, but she doubted the Major's men would push out too far.

When the relatively large group of civilians came into view, Six hoped that the Decepticons would not direct their attention her way. A few people noticed her approach and nudged their neighbour who repeated the same movement. It wasn't long until everyone had fallen quiet and they were all looking at Six expectantly. Because of their reaction to her, Six had the feeling that Cade had explained what was happening.

"I'm going to call out your names, when I do, I want you to stand over there," Six explained as she pointed to in the direction of the exit they were going to take. "We need to do this quickly so do not interrupt."

A few people shifted uneasily, but she paid them no head as she began calling out names. During the process there were a few times when someone didn't answer on the first call. Fortunately the person had just not been paying attention and while it grated on Six's nerves she was glad that she didn't have to go looking for them. By the time she was finished she was feeling tense, her body needed to move even though something had yet to happen. As soon as the thought left her

there was a loud explosion from not too far away. The sound of it made a few people jump and gasp, but they all remained fairly calm.

"We need to go, now!" She called as she ushered them into what she considered a light run. Six remained at the back to make sure no one was left behind as she called out, "as soon as we get to your vehicles, get in and get out. Don't stop until you hit a main road and do not turn around, I will make sure nothing follows you."

Her words seemed to relive some tension as they continued to run. A few people started to slow and when they did Six was right behind them, spurring them on with what could've been better motivation. Although, she saw no problem with it as it made them run faster all the same. As the explosions behind them grew quieter and the shine of the civilian's vehicles came into view a loud noise echoed through the sky. Before the civilians could even look up she snapped at them to keep moving while she looked up herself. What she saw were three jets soaring low through the sky, she knew right away that they were no allies of hers. They were flying much too low to be allies and when confirmation came through her radio in the voice of the Major she cursed.

"Keep running!" She roared at the civilians as she turned to her radio, /Dot, send Guardian!/

/My arrival is imminent, Reclaimer/ Guardian's voice came over the radio. At the same time the civilians had more or less made it to their vehicles and were beginning to pull out. She sighed in relief as she ran faster over to them to make sure they all left as quickly as possible. A few just making it to their vehicles when she reached them and she was about to say something to them when there was a scream from one of them.

A woman in navy overalls was pointing to the sky with wide eyes. Six already knew what she was pointing at, it was the jets, although there were only two. Despite knowing it wouldn't do much at their height Six pulled out her pistol.

"Go," she yelled at them as she ran away from them in hopes to draw the fire away. Her idea worked and with their attention now on her she quickly scanned the area for cover. Her eyes locked onto an unhooked-up back end of a lorry. Sliding across the dirt just as shots were fired at her, Six slid behind the large piece of cover and pressed her back against it. As she peaked out over the edge a loud thud reached her ears and the ground shook beneath her feet. Both of the jets had transformed and landed about thirty meters from her. Their red eyes stood out against their dull grey colours, telling her all she needed to know; they were the enemy and they needed to die.

"Come out, come out, fleshly," one of them cooed in a sharp grating voice.

The other spoke up, adding in its own low rumble to its partners words, "We won't hurt you, we just want to talk."

She didn't grace their lies with a reply as she took a shot at one of their eyes. The shot just missed, setting off sparks as it grazed the bridge of the robots nose. She didn't allow the small miss to put her

off and promptly fired off another shot that hit its target.

The one with the sharp voice screeched angrily while the other growled and raised its cannon. Six barely had time to dive further into her cover before the area near where she'd been previously crouched exploded.

"That's not very nice fleshy," it growled at her. "But if you want to play dirty then—well, we can too."

A quick glance over to where one of the civilians were driving away told her all she needed to know. Clenching her jaw she swiftly slipped under her cover and dashed out the other side. Pushing off from the ground with as much force as possible she broke out into the fastest run she could manage. The two robots turned their attention to her, but they seemed to move slowly as she was almost on top of them. Her pistol was raised as she swiftly shot them both in the eyes. They flinched, however they were not deterred from targeting her. Unfortunately for them she was gone in an instant as she ran under them. She avoided their attempts to grab and squish her with their hands and feet, but only just. One of their hands did manage to scrape her hip, catching on the coat she was wearing and forcing her to deftly contort herself out of it without missing a beat.

She didn't stop once she was behind them as she redirected her momentum and turned on the one with the sharp voice. With her body mere meters from the alien she continued her movement with a large jump onto its back. The robot snarled as it tried to grab at her, its friend too busy growling as it dislodged the coat she had shed. Her breaths came evenly as she danced around the robots clawed hands and climbed its way to its head.

She was just about to pull up to its neck when another hand came grabbing at her out of nowhere. Sucking in a breath she dodged the side just as its claws whizzed past her. It wasn't a completely clean dodge as she noticed a sharp pain in her side, but she had to press on. Remembering what the Major had said about their weak points she saw a faint blue glow coming from in-between the plates in its chest.

The 'Spark', Six thought as her lips tilted up into a wide smile. She was about to jump down there when she noticed a blue peeking out from underneath a myriad of other grey coloured cables. Her grin grew wider as she opened fire on all the important looking cables. Blue liquid flew back at her as the cables snapped and the robot roared in pain.

"You're dead!" it hissed as it reached around with its other hand and took a swipe at her. The swipe just missed as she dropped down into its chest. Its movements became more frantic the closer she got to the blue glow. It was mere seconds before she could see the edge of the 'Spark' peeking out from the protection of its metal casing. A giggle erupted from her mouth and Six didn't hesitate as she emptied the rest of her clip into the glowing blue mass. Her actions received an instant result as the robots movement ceased and she felt him being to drop. Knowing she needed to move Six jumped back up and despite the protests from her injury she was out of the metal body in no time. Behind her she could smell the robots blood as it pooled out from what may as well have been a heart, but that wasn't all he heard. The distinct sensation of a building explosion reached her and

she quickened her movements.

As her head breached the cool air she attempted to jump from the now dead robot and to the other, but he was waiting for her. A hard metal cannon connect with her body, knocking her aside and sending her off the edge of the dead robot. Gasping for the breath that had been knocked from her, Six frantically looked around for something "anything- to grab onto. Her search was rewarded when she saw one of the cables she'd shot of only moments ago swing by. Reaching out with all her might she just about managed to curl her fingers around the cable. Gritting her teeth as the cable was slick with the robots blood she slipped down it a little as she pulled herself in.

"Stubborn bag of flesh aren't you?" Her new opponent growled and from the corner of her vision she saw his cannon come into view. Not wanting to be anywhere near it when it fired, Six leaped off her makeshift rope and away from the robot just as it fired. The resulting explosion picked her up mid fall and made her pushed her away uncontrollably. Dust obscured her vision, but she made sure she was ready to hit the ground. Her arms hardly protested as she tried to turn her landing into a controlled roll. The movement worked out for the most part and she ended right back up on her feet covered in dust and with few bloodied grazes. The nerves on her side were still screaming, but she'd learned a long time ago how to block out the pain. A dark chuckled snapped her back into action and she reloaded her pistol in record time.

"Still breathing flesh bag?" Another chuckled as a metal foot made its way towards her through the cloud of dust. "I can see why they're interested in you, I'm sure they'll enjoy picking apart your corpse!"

Before he even finished his sentence Six was already trying to flank him, hoping that the he was still dealing with the earlier damage she'd done to his eye. An explosion erupted where she had been only moments ago, but she didn't stop. Her breaths kept coming and she could feel the blood pumping through her veins as she put everything she had into making another jump. Her hands connected with the warm metal at the robots hip where she saw more cables visible at the joint. Through the dirt and grime that covered her face a smirk broke out and she ripped at the cables before bringing her pistol up to shoot the pulsing blue cable that lay underneath. Specks of blood hit her as the joint buckled and she launched herself out the way of a clawed hand. Curses were thrown at her from the robot in its own tongue as it tried to shake her off. It was evidently proving difficult for the robot as Six barely noticed the rocking movements of the metal beneath her hands. She wasn't surprised as she could hear the strain the metal as it tried to keep itself in a kneeling position.

Suddenly both hands tried to grab at her from either side and as she moved out of the way of one, she felt the other curl around her.

"Gotcha!"

Knowing she only had seconds before the pressure on her body became too tight to move Six began pulling and shooting at any joints on the hand that she could get to. Sparks and blue blood flew around her as

the hand was quickly rendered useless. Shallow breaths came to her as she tried to climb up the arm that was shaking her off. Her body was constantly screaming at her with each movement and she knew that this would be her only chance.

Leaping upwards onto the robots shoulder Six fired a few shots at its face in hopes of hitting its eyes again. Growls of pain from the robot told her that some of her shots had hit their marks and he became more forceful in his attempts to dislodge her. So much so that when the hand she'd ruined moments ago came swiping at her, it clipped her in the shoulder as she jumped behind its neck. While she was there she noticed that this one was different to the other. Under two layers of thin metal she could see what looked like a spinal code and wrapped around it were a lot of important looking cables. She couldn't quite get a clear shot off from where she was so she waited until he tried to dislodge her again, hopeful that it would open up the shot she needed.

Her hopes proved right and when he moved she had a clear shot of its vital cables. Grinning wildly she unloaded the remainder of her clip into the cables. It was a bloody mess as the cables snapped and the robot screamed. Six had a hunch that the attack wouldn't kill him, but if those cables had been what she thought they were, then he wouldn't be able to move. Her hunch seemed to be proved right as the robot pitched limply to its side; screaming all the way. Taking cover in the side of the robots neck Six managed to survive the crashing fall with little more than a scratch or two.

The crash of metal against dirt was accompanied by gurgled coughing from the robot as it appeared to be trying to move. Laughing to herself, Six climbed over from its neck and onto its chest so she could see its face.

Its flickering red eyes stared at her, "beatenâ€|by a flesh bag." It coughed some more before snarling weakly at her, "hehâ€|look at youâ€|.you'reâ€|." Another cough came her way, smelling of metal and dying electricity. "You're one ofâ€|us."

Six narrowed her eyes as she looked down at its chest. A few loose layers of metal caught her attention and she ripped them away. It made no indication that it had felt it as she continued to pull away the loose metal. Then, it started making a noise at her that, despite being distorted by its lack of feeling and blood, she still recognised it as a laugh. It wasn't long before she could see the blue glow of the 'Spark' and it stopped laughing. She doubted the silence was out of fear, it had probably accepted its death the moment she'd shot at its back.

"Why are you after me?" Six snarled at it as she reloaded her pistol with her last mag.

The robot snorted, "think I'mâ€|going to spillâ€|myâ€|guts?"

"I can be very persuasive," Six responded with a menacing smile. Making her way up onto its gradually cooling face she proceeded to shoot its left eye. The robot flinched, its face contorting in pain as it roared its discomfort. It then proceeded to curse her in its own language, but other than that it did not answer her question.

Without saying anything, Six moved closer to its now useless eye and pressing the gun right up against the useless metal she shot it twice more; she swore the robot screamed louder than before. Grinning at its reaction she almost laughed, but stopped herself when she saw the Major, his team, Guardian and the robots all chagrining in her direction. All apart from Guardian were a mess and covered in blood, grazes and in the case of the robots, scorch marks. Standing up to her full height Six wiped her face of all emotion as they came to a sudden stop a few meters from her and the downed robot.

"By the All Spark!" KnockOut gasped as he eyed the two bodies of her attackers with shock and surprise.

The one call Ironhide grinned at her handiwork as he muttered, "Primus."

The Major's team looked at the Decepticons and then at her and she wasn't sure what she saw from them. While their surprise and admiration were obvious there was a certain amount of unease directed towards her, but she couldn't understand why. Although, they all muttered a "damn" or something else along those lines as they took in the carnage she'd caused.

"Six, what are you doing?" The Major asked almost hesitantly as he eyed her dirt and blood covered form. There was something in his eyes as he looked her, like disapproval or alarm, but it was barely there for a second before he blinked it away. She decided to pretend she hadn't seen it, to pretend that she was doing the right thing by getting information and showed him though her speech.

"Getting information, Sir," Six told him, gesturing to the robot she was currently stood on. The robot she was stood on rumbled with liquid laughter, but she ignored it in favour of keeping her eyes on the Major.

His eyes seemed to be debating something as he looked at her and it wasn't long before he came to some kind of decision. He glanced at the robot called Ironhide, "Ironhide, you know what to do."

The black robot grinned as his hand turned into a cannon and he walked closer to Six. When he was close enough he offered her his other hand, "c'mon, on yer get."

Six scowled, but walked onto the hand anyway as she sent a questioning glance at the Major. His answer to her gaze was a gesture to the right with his head and a few words, "Staff Sergeant Carter, patch her up, I need to speak with Six. Ironhide will deal with him."

There was another mocking laugh from her immobilised enemy before he threw some parting words at her. "See youâ€|in the pitâ€|fleshâ€|bag."

She nodded to the Major and he made is way over to his men she heard a low chuckle from Ironhide before it was swallowed by the noise of an explosion. The gust caused by it beat into her back and scraped past the side of her face. She could feel his words in the force, a promise of her fate, but she shrugged it off as her mind was preoccupied with what the Major wanted. She was about to continue walking over to Staff Sergeant Carter when it appeared that the woman

had found her way to Six. The woman's brown eyes eyed Six with concern as they glanced over her wounds although, despite that her mouth was pulled into a grin.

"Time to patch you up then, huh? You gave those 'Cons a real beating today, mind retelling the story?" Staff Sergeant Carter asked as she pulled her pack off her back. There were a few cheers from the rest of the team at her words, but Six remained silent. The woman indicated for her to lie on the floor and doing as she was told, Six gently eased herself onto the floor; showing no indication that her body was screaming at her.

"Not much of a talker, eh?" Staff Sergeant Carter commented and Six heard the snap of Latex gloves being put on. "Lift you top a bit, let's deal with the big one first."

Shifting a little, Six hooked both her thumbs under the bottom of her top and gradually began to pull it up. In the end she ended up pulling it off completely as she knew it would get in the way. She watched as Carter opened her mouth to say something before closing it again and wincing a little at the wound. Six noticed the woman's eyes widen a little at the sight of her scarred pale skin. She knew some of the scars were jagged and rough looking while others were most defiantly not from the battlefield; they had obviously been caused medically.

"Nicked you good, didn't he?" She pulled out a small black pack from her larger bag and set it down in front of her. "This will sting, but from the looks of you, you can handle it."

Six nodded already feeling the pain creeping in as her adrenaline left her. The stabbing at her side was the worst and it made her nerves feel like they were on fire. The rest of her body was complaining that it had been too soon after her injuries from the other day and she didn't dispute that. She knew she needed more rest, but how could she? She was a soldier, she needed to do her duty and nothing else mattered to her. Suddenly, something wet hit her wound and it burned like fire. Clenching her teeth as the pain shot through her, Six felt her muscles twitch with every drop of fire that hit her. It felt like a long time before it stopped and the burning subsided into a passive uncomfortable heat.

"Here," Carter said and Six could've sworn her voice shifted down a few octaves. She had little time to think over it before there was prick on her arm and the familiar feeling of something being injected washed over her. She was about to send an accusing glare at Carter when everything became a little less painful.

She could hear the smile in Carter's voice, "You look better already, Six."

"_It's good to have you back, Six._"

Six blinked at the words that had surfaced to mind, casting a look over to the black haired woman who was quickly tending to her wound. How could she get this woman confused with her late leader? It was stupid on her part; she'd never been like this before! _That's because you've never had a team before, _Six scoffed at the thought. It was true through, she'd never had a team before, but she was not known for being sentimental; perhaps Jorge had rubbed off on her more

than she realised. The approaching sound of footsteps stopped any further thought on the subject and Six turned to see who it was.

"Shame I missed you in action." It was Sergeant Evans, as well as a few of the other soldiers. A smile was on his face, but there was concern in his eyes when he saw her wound. "Taking down _two_ 'Consâ€|how'd you even manage it?"

Six smirked darkly, "killing aliens is my job, wouldn't be very good at it if I couldn't kill them."

The soldiers looked taken aback by her harsh words, if only they knew. They wouldn't be so trusting if they had seen what she'd seen, but that was it wasn't it? She didn't belong here, a place so different from her home, only not.

"C'mon, the 'Bots are good guys," Sergeant Evans said hotly as he frowned at her.

"She doesn't know them yet, so lay off Evans," Carter sighed glancing up from her position at Six's side. Six heard the rustling of packaging as Carter brought out a large gauze and the implements needed to stitch up her wound.

The man looked away, his eyes cast down as he heaved a sigh, "I'm going to go check on Anderson, he got hit pretty hard earlier."

Those behind him parted out of his way as he walked away, a few gave him some hard consoling slaps on his back as he passed. As they all shared looks, Six found herself understanding their reaction to his comment. She didn't acknowledge the fact, nor did she offer her sympathies as she didn't believe it necessary. She knew what it was like and had seen team members die often enough that she felt little towards it now.

Except Noble. She didn't even acknowledge the ridiculous thought that appeared in her mind. Noble was dead and that needed to be the end of it.

"He doesn't mean to be like that," one of the men in the group spoke up. Six frowned inwardly as she recalled his nameâ€|. _Williamsâ€|Gunnery Sergeant Williams. _Six looked over at the group, her eyes meeting the grey orbs of Williams, which had the look of someone wiser than their years. Like all of them, his young face was covered in dirt, a few raw grazes and a sheen of sweat. If she had to guess, then she would say that under all that dirt was someone who was only a couple of years older than her.

Another one of the soldiers decided to contribute to the conversation, "Yeah, he and Anderson are close, apparently they ran a few ops in Qatar together before those bastards appeared."

Six's eyes moved over to the female owner of the voice as she recalled her name; Master Sergeant White. The woman's brown hair was frizzing out at all angles thanks to the firefight, but her eyes were pulled into a scowl while her lips tugged into a look of disdain.

"Then he should understand why I don't like them, any of them," Six replied as she looked over White's shoulder and at the robots, who were talking to the Major.

"But, we don't blame the 'Bots," the final member of the small group clarified; Six remembered that he was Tech Sergeant Mathews. He looked at her thoughtfully as if he was trying to figure her out before he continued, "As much as I'd hate to admit it, we'd be a lot worse off without them."

"There a reason you don't like the 'Bots?" Gunnery Sergeant Williams asked as soon as Mathews finished.

"Or all aliens in general?" White added with a grim smile.

"We just don't get along."

White's smile turned into a grimace, "remind me not to get on your bad side."

They laughed at that and Mathews grinned at her, "We can see that." The grin disappeared as he continued, "we want to know why?"

Six looked at them, she really looked at them. Through all the blood and grime she saw soldiers just like her, only they were different. They fought beside aliens and wondered how she could hate them so much, whereas back home finding a reason to like them was like making an Elite cry; impossible. Six didn't understand it; how could they be so trusting? She couldn't tell them why she didn't trust aliens as she knew the Major wanted to keep the truth on the quiet. The reasoning behind his request was also something Six didn't understand about these people and only further showed how she didn't belong here.

_The sooner I get back the better. _

"My reasons are my own." Six decided to stick with that. It may have sounded snappy, but she wasn't here to make friends, being with and losing Noble had proven it was an unwise thing to do. There was silence for a moment as they took in what she said and it was promptly broken by a loud noise from Carter. She didn't say anything as she finished patching up Six's wound and when she'd finished Six got up.

"What do you think you're doing?" She asked sternly, shooting up with Six and grabbing her arm gently.

Shrugging off the hand, Six answered Carter's question, "attend to your wounded, I'm fine."

Her eyes widened a little before narrowing in ire, "you are _my_ wounded and you still need tending to!"

"I'm fine," Six repeated, because she was. The rest of her injuries were minor and she knew there were others who needed tending to more than her, after all she was a Spartan. Before anyone could say anything more, Six scooped up her top, slipped it on and walked away. She didn't want to be there anymore, she needed to be alone. It was a habit that had stuck from her days as a lone wolf, even during her time in Noble team; much to Carter's annoyance. Whenever they'd had

downtime she'd found a quiet place to either go for a run, sleep or practice shooting. Jorge had interrupted all that though, but he'd always known when she'd truly had enough. When she was running he'd suddenly appear out of nowhere like the Spartan Two he was, picking up a conversation with her as if they'd always been friends. When she'd been practicing her aim he'd given her a few pointers and then offered to spar with her. She'd always accepted, because who wouldn't want to try their luck against a Two? At least that's how she'd justified it at first. When she'd been sleeping, he'd always have been the one to make sure she did and then he'd always been the one to get her up. But, now he was gone.

I should've taken his place, he was always too sentimental.

"Six!" The voice of the Major snapped her out of her thoughts and she stopped walking. She turned to look at him and found him running in her direction.

"Sir?" Six called back and he came to a stop in front of her a few moments later.

He sent her a look reproachful and concerned look, "You should let Carter patch you up."

"I'm fine Sir, your men need her help more than I do."

He sighed, "Six, I know this is different for you, but you need someone to look you over. You're not wearing your armour anymore, so it's not going to help you."

Six frowned at him, wondering how he knew what her armour did. He evidently noticed her frown as he answered her unanswered question, "Ratchet told me that your armour had coated your wounds in a weird substance, to stop the bleeding. C'mon Six, don't make me turn it into an order."

"I won't, Sir." She wasn't trying to be difficult, but as a Spartan she was designed to take punishment. She knew what she could and couldn't handle, and right now she could wait to receive her medical attention.

"Guess you're wondering what I want, right?" He asked as they came to a stop, there was a strain to his voice; as if he didn't want to be having the conversation. They hadn't stopped far from the others, but it was enough that they wouldn't hear their conversation.

"Yes, Sir," Six replied stoically.

He sighed, looking back at the smoking bodies of the dead robots before turning back to her. His eyes were steely, as was his voice, "What we saw you doing, that isn't what we do. We don't torture people, Six, maybe were you're from you do, but here? That's not how we do things, am I clear?"

"Yes, Sir." _But, they're not people, they're aliens. They're the enemy._

He nodded, he didn't look completely satisfied with her answer so he continued, "Something bothering you, Six?"

"With all due respect Sir, they're not people. They're the enemy and they could hold valuable information." She stopped, she understood where the Major was coming from, "But, I understand, Sir."

The Major nodded, satisfied with her answer. After a moment a grin broke out on his face and he clapped her on the back, "That aside, you did great, amazing even. I canâ€¦I've never thought it possible, but you killed two of them. How?"

She tried not to back away from his touch as it was something she hardly expected, strange even. However, she put that aside and with a quick glance at her kills she gave him an answer, "I think they underestimated me. Your advice from earlier was also useful and as I discovered, their joints are vulnerable, Sir."

The Major began directing her back to the others as he spoke, "good to know. Now, let's get you fixed up, the civilians all get away?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good, Carter will patch you up," He gestured to the black haired woman from earlier. "We've got a plane incoming with a clean-up crew. They'll want us to go with them to the nearest base, so I need you to have a chat with Guardian; you're the only one he listens to."

Six almost laughed at that, but instead merely nodded and dismissed herself from the Major. Deciding to talk to the orb in question before revisiting the medic, Six began looking around for him. It didn't take her long to spot him as he stood out against the empty backdrop. He was floating on his own at the opposite side of the wide dirt road. She sighed as she slowly made her way over, her body complained at the movement, but she ignored it as always.

"Reclaimer," he greeted as he turned at her approach. "I apologise for not getting to you sooner as I was waylaid by some of the Hybrids. Although, it appears you did not require my assistance."

"Its fine, the Major wants you to accompany us to a nearby base. I'm also assuming that he wants you and the ship kept hidden," Six explained tersely. From the way he'd been acting recently she had a feeling that he wasn't going to want to come. There wasn't much she could do about him if he decided to do his own thing, unless she wanted to physically stop him. She doubted that attacking him would go well â€"especially in her current state- and in any case, she didn't want to attack him. They were allies for the moment, even if she didn't trust him.

Pulling her from her thought, he proved her right with his words, "I disagree, Reclaimer. This incident has proven that I need to finish this alone, and it will be a lot quicker. I shall take what we've recovered and return to complete the armour, take care, Reclaimer."

And before she could even say anything he was gone, whizzing off into the distance towards the ship. Her eyes narrowed as she remembered that Dot was on the ship. She silently cursed to herself for failing to keep the AI with her at all times. Dot was under her jurisdiction

and even though the AI had demanded a decommissioning, Six was trying to do her damndest to prove that it wasn't needed.

But, why? Her mind challenged her. Six stood straighter despite the thumping through her body, she kept Dot for one reason and for one reason only. She needed to record all she could for the UNSC, not just to prove that she hadn't abandoned them, but also for the Forerunner technology. That was it, there was no sentimentality behind it, she was certain of it. _Liar_.

She ignored the last comment her mind made and made her way back across the dirt road. She scanned the area for the medic who'd partially attended to her earlier. As her eyes weaved around the dead metal bodies, to the living ones examining them and then around the clusters of soldiers, it wasn't long before she spotted Staff Sergeant Carter. The woman was bent over a soldier as she furiously worked at his wound. Her large bag was at her side and she would occasionally dig into it before pulling something out and returning to her work. Figuring it would be best to go and at least let the medic know that she was going to accept her aid, even if it was slightly begrudgingly, Six swiftly changed her direction. It wasn't that she was trying to be difficult, but she knew what she could handle and what she couldn't. If she could wait with her injuries then why not let someone who couldn't go first?

A loud noise overhead forced her from her thoughts and she instantly tensed, expecting more of the aliens to come raining down on them. She wouldn't put it past them to attack while they were recovering, no, she would expect them to do it. Although, it appeared she was wrong and instead of it being more aliens, two large aircraft carriers were flying over. Both were low, but one of them was lower as it cruised past her and eased onto the road before coming to a stop a good hundred meters away. The other continued overhead and eventually dropped out of sight when it reach the other side of the complex.

"Pick-up's here! Get your asses ready to load up! Ironhide and Knockout, you know what to do," she heard the Major yelling as he sprinted towards the aircraft. It was evident that he wanted to be gone so, no doubt he suspected the aliens would be back for another attack. Although, why they hadn't done so yet was a mystery to Six. With that weighing on her mind she continued over to the medic, frowning as she did so.

* * *

><p>I feel it was a bit too far-fetched with what Six did, but they were only basic troops and they likely underestimated her. Had it been Megatron or anyone like that, then it would've been a different story.<p>

Thanks for reading.

14. Thick Skin

Heyy all, apologies again for my unreliability. I hit a bit of a wall with a scene in the story and I didn't want to put up another chapter until I'd done it. The next update will be before the end of August for sure, even if I don't write all that I want to.

I also wanted to say a big thankyou to all those who have reviewed, I've hit one hundred and I'm glad that people are enjoying it still :D Also I wanna thank everyone for faving, following and reading as always :)

Thanks go to gwb99 for betaing

****RamenKnight:**** Yeah, she probably would've, personally I don't think she does well with change or huge events like that. She's just too set in her ways :L Thank you for reviewing.

****Telron:**** Ah, glad to know, I was a bit hesitant when posting it, but everyone seems cool with it :) Thank you.

****B312:**** - Aw yeah, she's been itching for a fight :L Yeah, I love Wash :)

- Yeah, but she'll work through it all. To her it's serving as a reminder not to get to close :L

****BloodDragonKing:**** Got it right this time :P Yeah, when they find out the truth, everything will go crazy and there'll probably be a lot of tension. Ah yeah, Sarge and Caboose are pretty cool, I'd say before they properly introduced project freelancer, Sarge or Tucker were my favourite. Although, Lopez was pretty cool too :L

****ww1990ww:**** Ah, good :) I know what you mean though, I don't really remember the old transformers that much, but I do remember Unicron chilling around Cybertron in all his giant plant glory :L

****Densho:**** Thank you and I'll try :) That's a pretty good idea and I may use it if I bring in the Spirit. Hunt the truth was amazing though wasn't it? I really hope they do another season :D Also I think the rumours probably began surfacing around the time John fought those ODST's.

****Turret 110:**** Thank you, glad you enjoyed :) She'll defiantly become a lot stronger with new armour, but it'll probably take some time getting used to it. As for her fight without armor, it was difficult to judge, because while she's probably lighter and therefore quicker, her armour enhances everything. I tried to go for an in-between and it looks like it turned out alright :)

.

"Speech"

Thoughts or words stressed upon

****_Words stressed upon in thoughts_****

/Comm/

Thick Skin

* * *

><p>~~

Barricade

His wheels churned up a storm of dust as he sped along the road. He didn't stop, he barely looked behind himself with his mirrors. He'd seen what had happened to the others and he had no intention of meeting Primus that day. _Fragging AutoBots_, he cursed as he drifted around another corner. He'd barely managed to escape with his life, let alone what he'd been sent to collect. But, from what little he'd had time to read it was worth it. Shockwave would have a field day when they gave him his prize. With an evil grin to himself, Barricade's scorched form continued speeding away from the mining complex.

It was a while before the dreary, dusty environment eventually faded out into a greener and less sandy environment. Although, that mattered little to Barricade, the pitiful planet he was on would always grind on his gears with all its fleshies and AutoBots. His form let out a rumbling snarl as he turned onto a larger road filled with fleshies. Deciding that then was a good time to report back, he opened a channel to Soundwave.

/Barricade to Soundwave, data collection complete./

/Soundwave receiving, was your presence detected?/

/Once, but they merely thought I was scouting. Sending the data now./

/Data received, analysingâ€|.Excellent. Shockwave will find this useful, plans for apprehension will remain on hold until they are less suspicious./

/No, now's the best chance. They're vulnerable and distracted with wounded flesh bags./

/The orb is too powerful, it protects them./

/Send a distraction team, I'll grab our prize./

/Negative, failure is not an option. The attack is expected./

Barricade growled, his engine revving with the noise. Couldn't he see that now was a perfect opportunity before their prize was beyond their reach? While they were expecting another attack, they weren't expecting a snatch and grab. /I know, but they're not expecting us to snatch someone. They don't really know why we're there./

/Team Spectre will provide a distraction, do not fail./

/I won't, Barricade out/ Barricade cut the channel as he turned off the busy road and sped back the way he came. They wouldn't have long, but this was a perfect time to grab their prize. After all who would want to deny Shockwave the Reclaimer?

~/~

Noble Six

"Done," Carter grinned at her as she packed the remainder of her equipment away. "That should see to you for a good couple of hours and you're not dead from the help, bonus!"

Six glared up at the woman, but she didn't appear to notice as she was putting her things away. She pushed herself onto her feet, glad that the movement was greeted by numbed pain thanks to the pain killers she'd been given. While they weren't helping as much as they should, they were doing enough for Six.

"You best go get yourself loaded up, Lennox wants to be gone in five," Carter's said as she carefully put the last of her equipment into her bag. Six nodded in response and turned to make her way to the waiting aircraft. From her point she could see the glint of the metal bodies inside, as they had loaded them up while her wounds had been patched up. She also saw the rest of the Major's men loading up onto plane, but not the Major. Just as she was about to begin walking towards their lift and explosion echoed from the other end of the complex.

Six snapped into action as she grabbed her weapon and started making for the noise. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the Major's men come tearing off the plane with their weapons ready. They were noticeably missing one, but that was understandable as Anderson was still in a bad way. She was about to run to catch up with the when someone grabbed her arm. Thinking it was an enemy she turned and was about to disable them when she realised it was the Major.

"Six?" he looked rather shocked "as if he'd known what she'd been about to do- but he promptly smothered it with a serious frown. "Not this time, you're too injured and I don't want to be hauling your dead ass back to base. This is an order, Six."

His voice said it all, despite being strong and commanding she could hear a little strain. She had a feeling it was a combination of Guardian, her and his downed teammate. So, she nodded and said nothing, after all orders were orders. He appeared satisfied with her acceptance and ran to join his men, yelling for her to keep an eye on their backs. Her lips pulled into a thin line as he left her sight, she wasn't happy about being side-lined. She could handle engagement after engagement, any UNSC soldier could, and it was something they all knew. The Major knew her capabilities, so why did he not understand that she could go back in? She turned her radio on with and aggressive click. It was frustrating to say the least and she wasn't sure how long she wanted to be under someone like that. Personally, it felt like NEST was slowing her down at the moment. Even after one day she could see it and while she knew they wouldn't instantly trust her, why were they so insistent on dragging their feet when it came to getting her armour working? Couldn't they see that it would make her a greater asset to them?

She sighed and checked her ammunition as she moved herself to a better vantage point. Her face pulled into a frown at the state of her ammunition, there wasn't much, but it would hopefully be enough should trouble find her.

/Six, Major wants to know if Guardian will be providing back-up./ The sound of her name make her take more prominent interest in the radio

chatter. It was the Major's second in command for the day, Major Walker, who'd called her.

/Negative, but I can provide assistance./ She replied quickly as the explosions in the background made her rush. She wasn't sure how a good battle with these aliens sounded, but to her it didn't sound good at the moment.

/Orders are orders, Six. Stay put, we can handle these small fry. Walker out./ Those words thoroughly ended the conversation and Six returned to scanning the area for any of the aliens that were trying to sneak around the back of the complex. It wasn't long before she was rewarded with something and she grinned as she watched the police car pull into view. As she was creeping her way around the area she spotted Carter slowly stalking out from the plane. The woman had a gun in her hand as she whispered into the radio. After hearing the response through her own, she nodded with satisfaction that the rest knew and continued to creep forward.

An explosion and the shake of the Earth drove Six into action and she sprinted towards the cause. With her pistol ready she was about to dash out and around the alien when she stopped. The large metal being chuckled darkly as something squirmed in its sharp claws. It was then that she spotted Carter being steadily crushed by the alien. The gun she'd been holding was nowhere to be seen, but Six had a feeling that it had been blown up in the blast. Carter herself didn't look to good. It was evident that she'd tried to dive out of the way, but had not avoided the attack completely. There were patches of her clothes that had been burnt away and Six could see the charred skin underneath. She wasn't screaming though, instead she was cursing the alien before her as it asked her questions. With each curse Six could see the grip tighten and Carter gasp as her breaths only got shorter. With renewed determination Six was about to continue her assault when she caught the end of a demand. A single word stood out to her, one that not many knew, especially considering it was new to her.

"-The Reclaimer is!" The alien's voice was sharp and angry, just like the ones before. The only difference this time was that it had a purpose that extended beyond random destruction and included that capture of her. A sneer curled up on her face as she straightened herself and ran at the alien, it was going to pay.

As soon as it caught sight of her it grinned sadistically as it squeezed Carter harder. The woman in its grip roared in pain and Six could've sworn she heard a crack. She didn't stop running and as she got close to its feet it reached out to grab her with its other claw. It whooshed over her head as she dodged it by rolling forwards. The unforgiving dust of the road churned up around her, causing her to inhale some. It didn't stop her and she continued forwards, not even stopping when the alien started talking to her; she had to get it to drop Carter.

"Come to watch fleshling?" Its growly voice taunted with a laugh as another claw grabbed at her, its turning rocking the ground as she evaded it.

"You'veâ€¦got thisâ€¦.Six," she could hear Carter wheezing in between breaths. The speech had a liquid gurgle to it that only made Six quicken her pace as she jumped at the alien. She twisted out of the way as it tried to stop her before grabbing onto the protruding metal

on its leg. There was a high pitch noise from above her that turned more liquid as each moment passed. Her eyes narrowed in determination as her lips twisted into an angry sneer. She pushed herself further and further up the body of the alien and it was only moments before she had a shot at its joint. When the shot was lined up she fired straight away, hoping that she had been fast enough to save Carter.

There was a roar from the alien as she shot hit. Sparks flew from the point of impact, followed by a metallic screech. The injured arm drooped and Six watched as it slackened. She snarled in anger when she heard another crack and without another thought she launched herself further up the alien. She saw the bloody unconscious body of Carter falling as she climbed her enemy. The soft thud of flesh hitting the ground along with a defining crack echoed around her and the alien backed it up with a taunting comment that she barely heard over the sound of her own anger. As she travelled up the alien in a haze of red, she ripped and clawed at any and all cables she could get her hands on. She grinned wildly when as she heard the alien screech in pain and continued her journey upwards. Voices yelled in her ear while she shredded another cable, calling her name and telling her to get away. She ignored them and reached for another cable that looked extremely important when she felt something coming towards her. She tried to launch herself out the way, but thanks to her injured state she was too slow. Suddenly something cold collided with her side, forcing a hiss from her lips. The motion sent pain reverberating across her body as something wrapped around her and pulled her away. Cursing at the harsh metal, she awkwardly fired her gun at the joints. Her shots did little more than annoy the alien as the world warped around her before she ended up tied to the backseat of a car.

The alien now turned car muttered something before revving the engine and speeding them away. Fiddling with her hands she managed to point her gun one of the bindings. She pulled the trigger with a grin and began tugging at the now damaged binding. A satisfying tear soon greeted her ears and with the binding gone she attempted to start slipping out. Only, it didn't work. The others all grew tighter until breathing became an issue and spots danced at her vision.

"Fragging flesh bag," the car growled and the engine roared with it. "Soundwave better make you worth it."

Filing the name away for later Six took attempted to take aim at the gearstick. Wiggling the gun around through the bonds was becoming difficult as they tightened, but she eventually managed to line up the shot. She didn't skip a beat as she fired, the resounding bang being followed by a satisfying pain filled howl from the car. The bonds around her slackened enough for her to get out and with another well aimed shot at the steering wheel the car swerved. Grinning widely she shot out the lock on the door before kicking it open, catching a glimpse of a rapidly approaching green bike as she did. With her escape route ready she unloaded the remainder of her bullets into the main section of the dashboard and gearstick. The screams from the car made her maniacal smile only wider and as it tried to transform she barrelled herself out of the door. Putting so much power into the jump ensured her being clear of the road, but made the landing a rough one as the car was still moving rapidly. A shudder rippled up her body when she hit the floor, vibrating through her bones as she rolled across the hard ground and onto soft grass. Her

skin stung all over as she shot to her feet and the car came to a screeching halt. Even though she had no way of defending herself from the alien, it took one glance down the road before bolting away with a growl filled with promise.

"Until next time fleshling."

Her lips curled into a sneer as it escaped the scene, only to flatten in concern as she remembered Carter. She rubbed the side of her face as her head drooped with a tired breathe; she doubted the woman had survived. It was her fault. She hadn't been fast enough to free her and they'd been looking for her in the first place. Cursing silently, she lifted her head up at the sound of the bike's engine and hopped onto it without a word. It said nothing as its tires squealed violently and they turned around; apparently it wasn't happy about the car's escape. There were a few voices across the radio, but she didn't listen. The tone of their voices told her what they were talking about and it wasn't something that she would dwell on. Death was a regular occurrence for her and she would get revenge for Carter, just like she did for everyone else.

"Are you okay?" the bike asked, its usual cheery voice sounded hesitant; as if she would snap at the asking of the question.

"I'm fine," she replied firmly, her tone making sure the bike knew that she didn't need consoling. She felt its frame droop a little and raised an eyebrow at the movement.

There was a frustrated sigh from the bike's console, "How can you be okay? You just saw-"

"Because," she cut in, her mouth barely opening as she growled though her teeth. "Things like this happen, it comes with the territory. Crying over it won't fix her death, but killing that bastard alien will make it right."

"But, don't you care? She-" despite the bike's hesitant voice she could hear the anger rising in it. Her words were angering it and even though it was wary of her it appeared to be growing a backbone.

"-was a woman I barely knew. Another casualty of war, that's all," Six snapped over the bike because she didn't need to justify herself and her feelings to it. The fact was it didn't bother her anymore, she was numb to the sadness it brought and only felt failure. She'd been designed and trained to work through impossible odds, but if she couldn't keep one medic alive what use was she to humanity? She was their protector, no matter the cost and it was frustrating when she failed at her job. She had to be stronger, faster and better. Humanity needed her to be all those things and more and she couldn't let them down. Carter's death only reminded her that she wasn't the best soldier she could possibly be, it was time to fix that.

The bike muttered something in a garbled sounding language. While she had a feeling he was talking about her, she did nothing to acknowledge his comment and leaned down further against the bike to reduce the chilling bite of the wind that rushed past her. Even with the sun still high in the sky it was cold and her now lack of coat was noticeable. The wind bit at her grazes as they raced back to the others, an edgy atmosphere settling over them as they

did.

~/~

Barricade

/Failure was not an option./

/Tell that to the fragger you wanted me to capture! She's dead next time I see her and it'll be slow and painful./

/She is needed./

/Frag you Soundwave, she's not worth it. What could you possibly wasn't with a miserable bag of flesh?/

/She's different, adaptable. Data revealed a way to control her, make her work for us./

/And how'd you plan on doing that? You're no scientist./

/Shockwave./

/Your processors fried, he's gone, Soundwave. We lost him ages ago./

/His location will be determined, other contingencies are being explored./

/What? Flatline? Don't waste your time, just let me at her. Then she won't be a problem./

/Negative./

/Glitch head, you really know how to ruin a 'Cons fun. Barricade out./

~/~

Noble Six

The rumble of the plan vibrated beneath her as she sat strapped into her seat. Her eyes were barely focused on the remains of her handiwork that lay before her. Lost in thought on plans on how she could train to be better and stronger she hardly noticed the wary looks she got. There others were sat down at the opposite end of the plane with the body of Carter and a still kicking Anderson. The woman's body was wrapped in a dark blanket that barely did anything to mask the damage to her body. Blood coated both the blanket and the floor, making it sticky and smelling of iron and death.

Six only knew because she'd been the one to wrap her up and place her on the plane. She remembered how the body looked, bloody and broken. A mess of flesh, clothing and bone that had been so mangled together it was difficult to tell what was human and what wasn't. The face had been locked in a terrified expression that had only made Six angrier towards the alien that had done it. Although, it had been barely readable, but Six had seen enough to know what the face of fear looked like; even when it was fractured and crimson. The Major's men,

as much as they'd wanted to give their comrade some dignity, had been too slow for Six's liking when it came to moving the body. So, without a word, she'd wrapped Carter up and carried her bridal style onto the nearby plane. The feeling of blood and limp flesh did little to make her squeamish and the tang of iron in the air was almost unnoticeable. She'd been as respectful as she could when came to strapping down the body and in a moment of... Something she'd leaned in an apologised to Carter's lifeless form. No one else had heard her quiet words that had been so empty they could hardly be considered existent, and for that Six was glad.

"Six," a voice appeared on her left and she poised herself to attack, only she remembered where she was. Tilting her head towards the voice, her eyes came into contact with the hard ones of Sergeant Evans. His face noticeably softened as he spoke softly, "how're you holding up? Seeing that happenâ€¦you've been quiet."

She shook her head a little, not believing that he was asking her â€œa Spartan- if she was "okay". His eyes narrowed at her at the movement as he knew it wasn't an answer to his question. He opened his mouth to say something, but she beat him to it, extending to him the same tone she'd used with the bike.

"I'm fine." She then added something she thought he wanted to hear, "Carter was a brave woman."

From the look on his face, her words weren't wanted, especially in the tone she used. She sighed inwardly, things like this had never been her strong suit. She was good at determining people's intentions and reading them, but offering comfort? That was something she'd never needed to do, the most comfort she'd ever offered was a bullet to the head of a suffering insurrectionist. Although, she'd been the one to make him suffer when she'd tortured him for information about other cells in the area.

"Doesn't it bother you, at all?" He didn't raise his voice, but he didn't need to as he seethed at her. His hands were clenched at his side and it made her wonder how she'd managed to anger him so quickly. She'd been perfectly respectable when it came to moving Carter's body, just like when she'd pulled Kat's to cover. Inwardly shaking her head, she ignored how similar the situation had been; quick, unexpected and something she could've prevented. The only difference had been that she'd barely known Carter and the range of emotion she felt towards the deaths of her teammates was minimal compared to a normal person. So, how could she possibly feel anything towards a woman she barely knew?

"Yes, just not as much as you want it to." She gave him a simple answer as she stared right at him. Evans' eyes grew harder at her words and she refrained from saying anything, knowing it wouldn't do anything but aggravate him.

"How?" He still managed to keep his voice low as he growled at her, but it wasn't low enough as the others glanced in their direction. They looked concerned and shifted as if they wanted to intervene. However, they didn't and Six hazarded a guess that they were letting Evans get it out his system, or maybe they were all thinking the same. The Major on the other hand looked like he was going to be marching over at any second. He glaze flickered furiously between her and Evans as he tried to determine where the conversation was

going.

"She was a part of your team, another Human-being that you were working with," Evans continued, crossing his arms in anger. "How can you care so little?"

Six sent him a level gaze and answered the question with practised ease. It was the truth, through and through and it was something she wholeheartedly believed in, "I'm a soldier. I protect Humanity, nothing more, nothing less."

That seemed to do it for him. The increase of anger on his face was instantaneous, his brows sloped while his lips pursed together hotly and he only added to it by taking a forceful step forwards. He leaned in with narrow rage filled eyes and Six watched as his lips curled up in a sneer as he began to speak.

"You're a soldier?" The words were almost spat at her as he laughed darkly. She frowned in response, but allowed him to continue, after all they were only words. "I don't think you are. Soldiers don't sit there emotionlessly when two of their own are injured or worse. Soldiers give a damn because they have something to fight for; families, loved ones, their country and hell, even a pet. But, 'Humanity'?" He shook his head rapidly, his voice taking on a shaper tone as he continued, "Acting as if you're different to the rest of us, better than us even-"

Six shot up at that comment, her lips unintentionally pulling into their usual sneer as she seethed quietly at him. Her anger directed towards the fact that he was trampling over something he knew nothing about.

"I'm a soldier because I fight for Humanity," she bit out, her eyes narrowing as she remembered her last mission with Noble. "I'd give my life if it meant Humanity would have a shot at surviving. Don't-"

He interrupted her with a few words of his own and she sent him a dark look as he spoke, "You don't get it do you?" He tilted his head, the cross expression still on his face as he exhaled aggressively, "I don't think you ever will. It's like you're a machine and killing's all you've been programmed to do. Even the Decepticon's aren't as bad as you, at least they don't pretend to be something they're not. They let us know that they're killers and that they enjoy it. You? You pretend you're like us, but I saw your face when you were torturing that 'Con. You enjoyed it," His voice rose slightly and she clenched her fists as his tone grew more intense and hostile. "Deep down you're a Decepticon, but instead of having an end point like they do, you just want to keep fighting. Perhaps we should've let them take you, then you'd feel right at home and we'd have the opportunity to put a bul-"

"Evans! That's enough. Leave her be," the Major's roaring voice appeared behind Evans. A hand roughly grabbed at the man's shoulder as the Major tried to pull him away. He sent Six a look that was both an apology and a question to check she was okay. She nodded her head a little as she returned to her seat, rubbing the metallic substance on her chest absentmindedly as she did.

Meanwhile, Evans hesitated for a moment. His face was still filled with anger, but Six could see that it was beginning to wane. He

stared at her as he barely opened his mouth to finish his sentence, "-put a bullet through you."

The Major must've heard because his face morphed into anger as he hauled Evans away, berating him and ordering him to cool off. His words were followed by a small argument that Six barely paid attention to, but still caught the word "brig" being fired at Evans. She sighed to herself as tense silence fell over the plane, perhaps she was better off without Nest after all. It was evident that these people didn't understand that something like sentimentality wasn't ideal for a Spartan. Jorge had been proof of that when he'd set off the slip-space bomb instead of her. Besides, getting attached to something wasn't natural to her and even the closeness with Jorge had been "still was- difficult for her to accept. She rubbed at the scar on her face in irritation, why did she have to end up somewhere like this? A place with aliens crawling all over Earth and where the people here thought she wasn't right.

A disheartened breath left her, she wanted to be home. No matter how bad it was there she knew she would always be needed and they would always accept her for what she was. They loved Spartans back home, they were a boost to morale because they could do things a normal soldier couldn't. Missions that had been deemed too suicidal could be completed by a Spartan and the sacrifice was always worth it. Any time they could buy, any victory they achieved against the Covenant gave them hope that eventually the tables would be turned. She snorted silently to herself at that thought, it was likely too late for that, unless the AI she'd been given by Halsey was holding a huge game changer. Her thoughts drifted to what Guardian had said about Flood and something twisted in her gut. Could Humanity get a break this once? Could the information she passed over not lead to the Flood?

"Six?" The concerned voice of the Major brought her out of her tangent of thought. She looked up at him, removing her hand from her scar as she did.

"Sir?" She replied neutrally.

The Major took a seat next to her as he clapped a hand on her shoulder. She glanced at the hand in curiosity and then returned her gaze to his tense face. His eyes studied her for a moment before he smiled reassuringly, "You alright? Evans whaling on you must've been a tough. He can be a bit of a hothead sometimes, I just didn't expect him to go for you."

"I'm fine, Major. It's understandable, things are different here," she paused for a moment at his understanding yet curious look. "Back home it's black and white, aliens and humanity. But here? There's a grey area that I don't know what to do with and it effects a lot. You're people don't realise that I'm not going to cosy up to aliens because I've seen them slaughter people and burn planets to the ground."

"They'll come around," the Major assured her, his faith in his men making her lips quirk a little. "When we give everyone the talk later they'll understand, like I do."

She gave him a dubious look, "Seeing is different to hearing and you're not going to implicate the hinge-head."

"No, I'm not," she sent him a questioning look and he rubbed the side of his face. He frowned a little, as if coming to terms with his own decision and explained calmly, "you might think it's a mistake, but I see it as another chance. Since I've seen him and from what the 'Bots have told me, he looks like he regrets it all. I'm all for taking him out if he's messing with us, but I want to give him a chance."

"It's up to you Major, but from personal experience I can tell you he needs putting down." The strong words were full of conviction and the Major nodded in response. She could tell he was tentative about his decision, but something in him was evidently telling him to trust the hinge-head; a ridiculous idea really.

"We'll see how it goes." His words were firm before he changed the subject, "we're stopping at a base in Florida for medical attention for you and Anderson; should be another two hours. I know you don't think you need it, but you're covered in energon and we don't want it to harm you."

Six nodded in understand, he was right, she was covered in a blue liquid that smelt like electricity. She frowned at the stench before opening her mouth to ask the Major about something else, "Does this base know about your operations?"

He shook his head, "not in detail, no. It's a spec ops base so they know we exist and why, just not in depth. Sergeant White will stay with both you and Anderson while the rest of us attend to Carter and deal with the 'Cons. That reminds me, where's Guardian?" His voice became stern at the question, as if he already knew the orb had run off.

Six sighed in resignation, "he left to gather the remaining materials, my apologies Sir."

He exhaled heavily and waved her apology away, "don't sweat it, there's not much you can do. I just hope he doesn't wreak anything. Anyway," He grinned at Six as his voice turned into one filled with praise. "Good job today, I'm glad to have you join NEST. Just no torturing unless it's necessary, yeah?"

"Aye, Sir," she sent him a small smile in response as he got up and left her to her thoughts. The Major was a good man and Six had noticed how all his men looked up to him. Even the backup they'd received respected him and had appeared to know him. They'd hardly had any contact with her, which she was glad about; after all she wasn't a social person. But, maybe he was too good. He didn't agree with torturing the enemy for information and Six felt that was foolish. They could hold useful information that could help stop things before they started or prevent worse incidents from occurring.

~/~

Roh, Diego Garcia

He'd been writing for most of the day as it was the only thing keeping him sane. Being locked up with the Construct was not an enjoyable experience and Roh would rather be anywhere else. It was the mood swings that had him finding his company irksome. For a while

the Construct had been pleasant enough as they had discussed interstellar travel, then he'd suddenly started yelling and growling in his own language. Roh had been curious as to what had set the medic off and had foolishly voiced his question. The Construct had almost exploded as he growled an explanation at Roh, which predictably included the Demon. Roh wasn't surprised as the Demon and the Oracle had both been grating on the medics nerves. Despite that, the circumstances of the event interested him.

The Construct had explained that they'd been attacked by a group of 'Decepticons', two of which had decided to try and take down the Demon. Roh had then been surprised to learn that not only had the Demon survived, but she had managed to take the down and even torture one. The Construct hadn't appeared happy about that, claiming that it was barbaric and was something a Decepticon would resort to. Roh hadn't quite agreed with the medic, but he'd kept his mandibles shut and had let the Construct continue. Most of the rest of the explanation had consisted of the Construct ranting about the Demon was injured again, and how she was 'foolish, irresponsible and glitched' for leaving base while still recovering. Roh hadn't commented much on the incident, he knew the Demon was a formidable enemy and he knew she wouldn't be taken out so easily.

He was about to comment this when the medic stopped his aggressive tinkering on something that had been on his workbench all day. The Construct cursed in his own language and gripped the wrench in his hands tighter. He then nodded to himself and with obvious anger, slammed his tool onto the metal workbench.

"Construct?" Roh inquired instead of saying his original statement.

The Construct turned around quickly, his face taut with anger as steam puffed from his face. His words came out a seething rumble, "There was another attack, one of Lennox's team â€"a medic - didn't make it. She was killed by Barricade," the name came out a snarl and the Construct reinforced it by slamming a fist on his workbench. "Piece of scrap, a year of hunting for him and then this happensâ€|Primus"

Roh brought his mandibles together in uncertainty. He wasn't sure how to think about the whole situation. It used to be that a death of a Human was a holy achievement as they were ridding the universe of their heresy. But, now it was different. Now he knew the truth and it railed against all he knew. Now, he felt a small whisper of sympathy towards them and it feltâ€|strange. Furrowing his brow in confusion, he tried to come to terms with the feeling, but the Construct had noticed his expression and was questioning him.

"I'm detecting some imbalance with your hormones, but it's not triggering glee," Roh's internal predicament seemed to pique the medic's curiosity, and when he realised Roh wasn't feeling glee at the medic's death, his expression eased a little. "You're upset about the medic's death?"

Roh shook his head, "no. I'm just in a sympathetic mood."

There was a snort that extruded more steamy air, "indeed."

A frown eased onto Roh's face as he remembered that the Demon had

also left. She was likely another reason for the medic's sour mood and it made him curious towards what she may have done. No doubt she wouldn't have been happy about a Human perishing in front of her, which would lead to her retaliating.

"What of the Demon?" Roh asked carefully.

The Construct violently snorted out more steam, "she tried to take on Barricade after being injured in a previous engagement. He captured her and almost escaped, but she managed to escape; foolish, suicidal woman."

"Demon's are versatile, Construct. They are not easily eliminated," Roh wasn't sure why he said what he did to the Construct. The words were almost a praise towards the Demon, but he was merely speaking from experience. They had captured the Demon and yet she had managed to take out his team along with two others with only weapons that were to hand. Roh's fist clenched at the thought of his dead comrades. His foolishness had gotten them killed as he should've made sure the Demon was properly restrained. But, then his thought drifted to the Prophets. Had it not been for them and their lies none of them would be there in the first place. The wretched war with the Human's held no purpose, it was no longer the cleansing of the Galaxy that he'd believed it to be, it was now the genocide of a race filled with noble warriors.

"You would know wouldn't you?" The Construct snapped at him and Roh's head shot up. The Construct had its eyes narrowed at him as its usual disapproving face becoming a lot angrier than it already was.

Roh refrained from sighing, he doubted these beings "or the humans-would understand what life was like in the Covenant. They would never understand that it was something that they were trained for and taught about from an early age. They would never understand how manipulative the Prophets could be and how much he regretted mindlessly following their lead. He clenched his jaws as he stared up at the Construct remorsefully.

"You do not understand, you have not met the Proffets," Roh bit out. Despite the earlier pleasant conversation, it appeared that the Construct wasn't easily pacified. Roh could understand that, the situation between him and the Demon was a strange one. By all rights he should have died, it would have simpler that way. Yet, here he was, alive and patched up, awaiting his judgement at the hands of those who's knowledge of the Human-Covenant war merely extended to a video shown to them by a Demon.

The Construct shook his head in disbelief before frowning at Roh, "Are your people not intelligent? Can they not make their own decisions?"

"A decision was made long ago to have a truce with the Proffets, the Writ of Union," Roh explained quietly. He then proceeded to recite some of it, as the part was important to Sangheili in particular.

"So full of hate were our eyes,

That none of us could see.

Our war would yield countless dead,
But never victory.
So let us cast arms aside,
And like discard our wrath.
Thou, in faith, will keep us safe,
Whilst we find the path."

"With that we began the Covenant," Roh added soberly, before the Construct could say anything. "The Great Journey was our goal, it brought us together after almost a century of war. More races were inducted into the Covenant, and maybe as that happened we grew blind towards what the Proffets really were; manipulative. I am uncertain on how to make you understand, Construct."

The Construct didn't say anything for a few moments. His bright blue eyes stared down at Roh, occasionally rotating and refocusing as they examined him carefully. He huffed and the frown remained in place, even though his voice eased into a lighter tone.

"This was between you and these 'Prophets'?" Roh nodded in agreement. "I take it other races were offered something similar in a truce, so why did your leaders attack the Humans. You told us that they were declared heretics, why?"

"I'm uncertain, but I believe it has something to do with the way the Oracle respects the Demon," Roh responded thoughtfully. He wasn't completely sure as to why this would lead to targeting the Humans, but he had a theory that was looking solid.

The medic 'hummed' and nodded in agreement, "yes, although it makes no sense to attack those who are important to your 'Gods'. But, you look like you have a reason, I would like to hear it."

"I may be wrong Construct, but I believe that the news of the Humans relation to the Forerunners would have had the Covenant turn their backs on the Proffets and the Great Journey. The Covenant would likely have collapsed, as there would be nothing more to bring us together." He was merely trying to think back to what he would've thought if he'd been there when they had encountered the Humans. Trying to then extend that over multiple races was a challenge, as each would have their own way of reacting. The fall of the Covenant was a likely outcome and he knew that was something the Prophets would do anything to prevent. The Covenant was what sustained them and he knew they enjoyed being in power; why else would they go so far?

"You've spent a lot of time thinking about this," he commented, his face eased into woeful contemplation and Roh noted that his thoughts must have shifted onto something else. "Perhaps we both need something to occupy us for the time being. It's been a long cycle and as your Doctor I think some fresh air is in order."

Roh couldn't help but smile a little as he agreed with the Construct. Both of them being cooped up in the same room for hours on end was bound to end with the two of them going crazy, especially given the

circumstances. Despite what the Construct was offering, Roh knew that he didn't trust him, nor was he completely forgiving towards Roh's origins. But, Roh hoped that eventually the Construct and the others would get used to his past. He knew it wasn't a forgiveable subject and forgiveness wasn't what he wanted. He didn't want to cosy up to the Humans, it was just that it would make "what looked like- his indefinite stay a lot more pleasant. And while staying on Earth for the long run wasn't ideal, it was his only option. Although, that was if the Demon didn't kill him first.

A hand appeared in front of his, pulling him from his thoughts as it gestured to get his attention. The sight of it was something Roh knew would take him a while to get used to, even with all he'd seen as a Field Marshal. Thoughts about his relatively long career surfaced as he carefully stepped onto the Construct outstretched hand. He remembered one of his most prominent discoveries that had set his ascension in motion. The name of the planet he'd been on eluded him, but the discovery was something he could never forget.

He'd been entering his twenty-fifth year of life and had been second in command to a Field Marshal with the name of Coha'Vandamn. It had been an honour to serve with a relation to the Supreme Commander of the Fleet of Particular Justice and the Sangheili had been a brilliant leader. They along with the other three in the small squad had been sent to find a Forerunner site that the Luminary had discovered. The site had been on the outskirts of a major city and has also been underground. Arriving there had not proved difficult as the Humans had been much too distracted with their main force. Although, that had not meant that they did not fight. There had been a few Humans in the area that had been easily dispatched due to Coha's prowess as a tactician. Roh remembered that his group had been curious as to why there were still Humans in the area, but it hadn't been long before that question had been answered.

As they had drawn closer to the site of their prize, more Humans had appeared along with a very well concealed entrance to an underground facility. They'd cut their way through any and all Humans in their way, with Coha at the head of the assault. It didn't take them long and they all knew when they'd reached the Forerunner facility. The bland and formal Human architecture was replaced with the brightness and colour of the Forerunners and at its centre was what they'd been looking for. They weren't completely sure what the device did, but as Roh recalled the design and it's shape he realised something; it looked almost exactly like the item the Demon had found. Roh refrained from letting his internal discovery show and ploughed onwards into the memory, maybe he could determine where the device had gone?

Despite the success of their mission up to that point, it was about to go downhill. They knew something was wrong the instant the two of their squad mates "who were posted at the doorway to the Forerunner part of the facility- had failed to respond to Coha. The remainder of their group grew tense and Roh remembered the way Coha had put the pieces together instantly. Roh remembered the way the older Sangheili had growled and looked at him expectantly as he spoke the one word Roh had always hated. Demon. Coha had snapped into action instantly and had ordered them to draw them further into the facility. As they fell back Roh had been pulled aside by Coha. The grey skinned Sangheili had gently handed him the artefact and his camouflage unit. The explanation had been brief, but Coha had clarified how the Demons

would be expecting to kill a team of at least four before they would leave. Roh had remembered his attempt at auguring as he'd tried to push the objects back to Coha; his leader had been having none of it. A quick bark about Roh not looking like the group's leader had ended any debate and Roh had been forced to accept his orders. He remembered internally cursing the Demons and feeling rage towards the fact that they were going to take away the greatest comrade he'd ever had.

"May the Forerunners give you swift and light feet, Zealot." Had been the last thing Coha had said to him before motioning him to get in position. The remainder of the mission was not something that Roh was found of recalling, but he had to, he needed to know where the artefact had gone.

With his camouflage active and Coha and the other remaining member of their squad distracting the Demons Roh had slipped out the facility. He had never forgotten the look of the Demons, their dark armour and orange, emotionless faces were something that his younger mind had been sure to hold onto. Even with Coha's escaping from the facility hadn't been easy and the Warrior in Roh had almost made him turn back. His orders had overridden anything else and he had not wanted Coha's sacrifice to be meaningless. He'd known when the Demons had dispatched Coha when they'd begun running towards his position. Anger at his potential to fail spurred him on and just as he was leaving the facility a communication from a Phantom had made him grin with satisfaction. All thoughts of the Demons had escaped his mind as he'd sprinted towards the awaiting Phantom that Coha must've called in. When one of his feet had hit the purple light of the gravity lift he'd turned to make sure the Demons were not upon him. Unfortunately they had been, but there was little they could do as the Phantom bombarded them and he flashed them a mocking smirk. Inwardly he'd hoped that the Phantom would at least killed one in Coha's name. That hadn't happened as Demon's were more versatile than that, not that it mattered. The Covenant had scored another victory, even if it felt like a defeat to Roh. The loss of Coha had been a hard one, given that he'd known the Sangheili for a long time, even if he hadn't served under him; that memory was for another time.

After reaching the flagship of the invading fleet and giving his report to the Fleet Commander, Roh had been commended for his dedication towards the retrieval of the artefact. The reward for that had consisted of being promoted to the rank of Field Marshal and being given his own squad. Roh focused on the identification of the Fleet Commander and was astonished to find that it had been Luro 'Taralumee. Unsure what this could mean about the current location of the artefact Roh was about to press forward when the Construct interrupted him.

"You're quiet, is something on your mind?" the voice was curious and as Roh looked up at the Construct he debated about telling him the truth. The debate didn't last long as he glanced warily at the large metal fingers that seemed to be closing around with him. The warrior in him almost tensed as he expected them to curl closer around him and squash him at any moment. He eyed them in his peripheral vision with unease as the Construct continued his steady walking pace.

Roh shrugged nonchalantly as he answered, "not particularly, I wasâ€¦remiscing about how different everything appears, given what I know now."

The Construct nodded, but didn't comment as they continued down the corridor. A few Humans passed them, their eyes widening slightly when they noticed him. He almost laughed at the strangeness of it all, but managed to keep it in; even when they started waving at him and the Construct. His companion made no comment at the Irony, but Roh heard him make the occasional noise that could've been mistook for a laugh.

Twenty minutes and a numerous amount of waving from Human's later, Roh found himself on a sandy area surrounded by water. The Construct stayed at the edge of the area, mentioning that sand got everywhere and he didn't want to spend the remainder of his day trying to clean it out. Roh couldn't argue with that and enjoyed the feeling of the small warm grains in between his toes. His bruised and aching skin basked in the sun's rays and he allowed himself to revel in the novelty of it all. The brightness of the landscape had his eyes squinting in a way he hadn't experienced since he was a youngling.

"Pleasant, isn't it?" the Construct's usual factual voice was soft and had a cheerful nature to it. Roh tore his eyes from the reflective sea and looked up at the Construct. He nodded in agreement before he rambled slightly, hoping to avoid any subject that was too sensitive.

"Indeed, it has been a long time since I have enjoyed the heat of a sun. The beauty of space has little compared to the feeling."

"It appears we are in agreement," the Construct admitted. Something appeared to grab his attention as he stared at Roh with excitable interest, "your planet, what's it like?"

Roh was taken aback by the question. It had been a while since he'd thought of his home and lurch of fear ran through him as he found himself unable to recall it. He settled himself with a slow breath as he gently tugged at the appropriate memories. He smiled at a particular one involving one of his brothers and a game he couldn't quite remember the name of.

"Sangheilious is the home of my species. I remember the days being long and hot, especially in the summer. We would always train outside, no matter the season, so we all learned to fight in the heat. It's not as green as here," Roh continued with a thoughtful smile. "The ground is mainly a swirl of reds and oranges that are either flattened out into endless plains, dragged down into valleys or torn up into mountain ranges. A lot of the plains are farmland, so they don't like it when younglings play on them, but that never stopped us. Our keep was near the ocean, so it was almost constantly windy; not that it eased the heat. Night-time was always my favourite time of day, not because of the lack of training, but because it meant I didn't have to see my mother's worrying eyes and I could stare up at the sky and wish to be out there. It was almost always a clear sky and I would always sit with two of my brothers and look past our two moons and at the stars that we would soon travel. We were excited about it, but I never thought about how much I would miss home."

"The Humans have a saying," the Construct replied wistfully. "'You don't know what you've got 'till it's gone', perhaps that is

appropriate for your situation."

Roh 'hummed', "The Humans are full of interesting sayings. What about you, Construct? What of your home?"

He didn't receive an answer for a while and Roh wondered if the subject was one he should've steered clear of. After all, he'd seen what the one they called 'Optimus' had shown them and he remembered what the leader had told them about their home. It hadn't looked good, but maybe it hadn't been as bad as it looked? When it came to the Constructs, Roh wasn't sure what to expect.

"Cybertronâ€¦ it is lost to us," the voice of the Construct was despondent when he finally spoke. Roh could just about make out a myriad of emotions churning within the Construct; guilt, anger and regret. However, he made no attempt to talk as he doubted the Construct was finished.

"The loss of the All Spark has ensured that, leaving our home a lifeless husk of metal," the Construct sighed in frustration as he continued. "This is our home now."

The Construct sounded bitter as he said the words, but Roh could understand. While the Earth was a beautiful looking planet, it couldn't take the place of home. The topic of home had left the atmosphere around them heavy with loss that Roh found even effecting him. He sighed, casting his head down to look at the sea as he held his hand out into the sun. As the rays barely baked at his skin it only served to remind him how much hotter and better Sangheilius was to him. The heat here was weaker, so much so that it barely permeated his thick skin.

Neither he nor the Construct said anything more as they stood in the Earth's bright, hot sun. Its rays probably the only thing that would bring them closer to their own home, which were appearing more and more unreachable.

15. Honour's Song

Heyy all, apologies about the time between updates, I went to Amsterdam at the end of the summer and then uni started again, and considering its 3rd year it's getting busy :L

Hope you all enjoy the chapter, not sure when I'll get around to the next one though, but I will defiantly put one up as a Christmas present :)

Thank you for all the favs, follows and reviews:

****BloodDragonKing:** **oh yeah, ah the Spanish robot :P he was great. O'mally was funny and just downright mental for most of it :L Ah, I'm glad you're liking what I'm writing, I do attempt to be as quick as possible but at the moment it's just not going that way, hopefully this'll last until the next one :)

****Densho:** **Thank you, I've just finished episode 6 and I gotta say it was a bit of a mindfuck, didn't really expect for them to do what they did :L

****B312: ****Thank you so much :D I know, the whole NEST team's gonna be broken up about it for a while, which isn't gonna help matters for Six either

****Hurperman: ****Thank you, I thought so to and was surprised that there weren't that many. I'm hoping that she'll eventually relax to the situation, it's only been a few days, but she'll gradually get used to it all :) Glad you like Roh too though, he felt like a bit of hit and miss when I made him.

****ww1990ww: ****Oh, cheers for telling me that, it was my attempt to try and figure out how a normal soldier would react to someone such as Six. I know you always hear them going "where'd he/she come from" but you don't really see anything else when it comes to the 2's and 3's :)

****The One and Only MUDKIP: ****God damnit, why'd you have to say that? Had me laughing though XD

****Telron: ****Thank you :) Don't worry, he'll be okay, Ratchets appears to be beginning to like him

****xSunstreakerzandxLegolasx: ****Ah well, as much as she might want to at times, I don't think that'd sit well with the rest of NEST. They'd be inclined to imprison her or something, which wouldn't be useful for getting back :L

.

Honour's Song

****Noble Six, Hurlburt Field US Air Force Base, Florida****

After the small confrontation with Evans and her small chat with the Major, the remainder of the flight had been mostly silent. It gave her time to think about things that needed thinking on, such as how she could get better at killing these new aliens. Her wounds also flared up as the painkillers ran out, but she didn't complain. The gash she'd received was the only one that truly bothered her and she was fortunate that the metallic substance on her chest led around there. She had a feeling that had it been flesh then she probably wouldn't have been as fortunate. The remainder of her injuries were miniscule cuts and bruises that came from doing what she did, especially if it was without armour. Even with all that and the lack of sleep the night before, she couldn't feel more awake and she was defiantly ready to jump back into a fight should she need to. Perhaps it was fortunate that they had arrived at a well-protected base. Although, it didn't comfort her, she'd seen bases with ten times the protection fall quickly to the onslaught of the Covenant.

Their arrival went relatively smoothly after they touched down. The Major ensured that she and Anderson were taken straight to the med-bay while he discussed other matters with the base's Lieutenant General. There were a few curious looks sent her way when people heard what the Major called her as well as confused looks from the medics when they saw the metallic substance on her chest. She let them know it was nothing to worry about, which only made them wear a permanent expression of worry. They chidingly make a few comments to her about staying away from the battlefield for at least a week, but she shrugged them off. It was the same with all these people, she

knew what she could handle. She'd also been given a clean set of clothes that she had quickly changed into after they'd attended to the larger wound. The action had drawn more looks, mainly towards the surgical-like scars that ran along her body. None questioned it, but she could tell they wanted to. Even the medic still with her held the inquisitive look in his eye.

"We've done as much as we can," the medic said as he cleared away his things. "The rest is up to you, so stay away from the field for a while. I know you don't want to, but you should."

Six waved him off, "I'll be fine, thank you."

He sighed, clearly knowing he was fighting a losing battle. "Take your painkillers and stay out of trouble. Major Lennox is still talking with the Lieutenant General, so I think it's best if you stay here. Most of your teammates are here too."

She nearly snorted, as if that would make her stay; she wasn't particularly fond of medical bays anyway. Lifting herself off the bed she grabbed her medication and forcefully told the medic, "I'll be on the runway, but I have a radio."

She grabbed the radio from the table beside the bed she'd just vacated and tapped it for emphasis. The medic opened his mouth to say something, but he was interrupted by a smiling Master Sergeant White.

"I've got her Harris, stubborn one this one is. Only person she really listens to is Lennox," White said playfully. The Woman's caramel skin was mostly still covered in dirt, the only patches that were clean being the ones that were wounded. Her eyes were a little bloodshot and Six had a feeling that the woman had shed a couple of tears over her fallen comrade.

The medic laughed in response, "I can tell."

He then turned and walked off to the other end of the room to dispose of his gloves before grabbing a new pair. Six nodded her thanks at White and began to walk out the room when the woman started after her. She fell into step beside Six, her brunette head barely reaching Six's waist as she looked up to address the Spartan.

"C'mon, Six. I told him I had you-" She began in an unnaturally chirpy voice.

"-And I appreciate it, but I can look after myself," Six interrupted in her usual toneless voice. "You should stay with your teammates."

"What? All that testosterone?" White gave a shaky laugh, "I think I'll take the woman that killed two 'Cons."

"Just doing my job."

"So were we, but we didn't take out two 'Cons solo," White's voice began to grow thick and Six knew what was coming next. She looked down at the woman whose face was filled with confusion and grief, which conveyed the question she had seen too often, 'why?'.

"I have no answers for you," Six said truthfully before White could ask anything. "Only that I wasn't quick enough."

White shook her head as they walked, her eyes hardening, but it wasn't in anger. She gave a sad smile, "It comes with the job, but that doesn't make it any easier. She was a great friend and an even better medic. You shouldn't blame yourself, you're only Human after all."

Six had nothing of worth to say in response so she remained silent. They passed a lot of personnel on their way through the base, but White stopped any potential misunderstanding before it could happen. With a smile or a curt nod towards White and a wary glance at Six, the people would leave. After the fourth time of Six receiving a wary look, White barked out a short laugh before covering her mouth. Six looked down at the woman and quirked a brow, curious as to why she found the looks she received so amusing.

Sensing Six's stare, White looked up. A dirt covered hand still covered her mouth as her blue eyes danced with shallow amusement. She removed her hand after a moment and attempted to pull her lips into a flat line. The attempt only made her laugh a bit more and Six found herself frowning at the woman who was evidently delirious with loss.

"I'm sorry," White managed to say as her lips continued to twitch up into a grin. "It's just, one look and you have people scowling at you. I guess the scar gives you a _fearsome_ look."

Six sighed before grunting in agreement. She was about to look back down the corridor when she noticed White's grin fall a little and her brows knit together.

"You don't talk much," she commented softly.

"I don't need to," Six replied smoothly. "I speak when it's necessary."

"Which doesn't seem to be that often," White mused as they turned down another corridor and Six spotted their exit at the end. "What kind of soldier are you?"

The question surprised Six, but she soon recovered and sent White a strange glance. The woman raised a brow in amusement while her lips pulled into another small smile. Six's frown only deepened as she wondered where the question had suddenly come from.

"We know you're Special Forces, _that's _just written all over you," she gestured up and down Six as they walked. "But, Lennox was talking about a meeting to introduce you and your, ahâ€¦" she stopped as they reached the base exit. There was an extremely bored looking man sat at a computer behind a large glass window. He looked up at their approach and scrutinized them for a moment before requesting who they were.

"Master Sergeant White and Noble Six," she nodded to Six. "From NEST."

The man nodded at White and as the woman walked away he frowned at Six and motioned for her to stop.

"I don't have anything on you," he said warily. "Why would that be, ma'am?"

Six returned his frown as her lips curled into a smirk, "Classified."

The man growled, his eyes narrowing further as he opened his mouth to speak. Although, it was at that moment that White interrupted, having noticed Six's lack of following.

"Major Lennox will vouch for her," she explained calmly. The man nodded and hastily typed something into his computer, his frown remaining in place as he did so.

Six sighed as she continued out of the now open door. She was too used to being recognised and with ONI privileges. Then there was also the fact that the people who knew about her knew what she was capable of, she wasn't labelled a 'personal grim reaper' for no reason. She knew using 'classified' was not the best way to answer the man, but what else could she say that wouldn't potentially conflict with what the Major might've said?

"They really don't like you, do they?" White quipped. "Guess it's a good thing I came, looked like you were going to rip his head off."

"I don't kill Military personal," Six responded, insulted.

"Course you don't, you don't look like you would," White hastily said apologetically. "So, back to what I was saying—why do you and your friends need an introduction?"

Six refrained from snapping that the hinge-head wasn't her 'friend' and instead decided to give White a vague answer. "We're from off world and he needs to explain it."

White snorted in amusement, "I know you're from off world, everyone at base knows that. The spaceship gave it away. What I want to know is how you managed to take down two 'Cons at the same time!"

"I've had a lot of training," Six answered cryptically.

White groaned in frustration, "that's all you're going to tell me isn't it?" She slumped in mock defeat when Six nodded, "I thought so. We'll wait here," she gestured to the perfectly trimmed grass that was facing the base's two main runways.

When they reached their spot, Six took a seat and found that the grass was rather short and prickly. She shifted a little in an attempt to get more comfortable, but it didn't seem to be working so she stopped. Placing her arms behind her, Six leaned back a little to soak up the sun's heat. Her lips pulled into a tiny smile that was hardly noticeable and she found herself marvelling over the fact that she was essentially sunbathing, on Earth. There was no armour between her and the sun either, which was unnerving in itself. Overall, the whole situation was ridiculous and seemed like something out of a twisted dream.

"Not going to burn are you?" White teased as she glanced from the sun

and to Six's pale skin. Her hands were cupped over the top of her eyes in an attempt to shield them from the blinding light.

Six snorted in response as a cool breeze rushed over them along with a loud noise. Scanning the runways, she managed to make out a large aircraft "similar to what she'd been on earlier- gradually making its way down the runway and towards them. She and White silently watched the craft slow down and pull around into one of the parking bays. White must've noticed her gaze because she spoke up.

"It's not the one that got usâ€|" she 'hummed' in thought as they both analysed the aircraft. White was right, the craft was a little different, but it was hardly noticeable. "Lennox said they wouldn't be back for another few hours and we'll probably be gone by then. Waitâ€|is that â€|Spectre?"

Six raised a brow at the woman's disbelieving tone, but said nothing as she analysed the aircraft. While it looked similar to the one that had been their transport there were noticeable additions. The main one she could make out was the weaponry that had been mounted on one side. There were a few scratches all over the hull although, there didn't appear to be any serious damage and most of it was contained to one side.

"Guess you don't know what it is," White chuckled lightly, her eyes still on the aircraft as its passengers unloaded. "It's mainly used for air support, which is probably obvious to someone like you. Damn good at its job too, we've had one give us a hand with some wayward 'Cons a couple of months back," she grinned as she likely remembered the event. "Lennox doesn't like to be reminded of it though, the guys here tease him and Epps about it like you wouldn't believe. In fact, they tease all NEST people about it and I think we're about to get some in the form of a welcome."

Six sighed as her eyes caught sight of two soldiers from the ship walking in their direction; was it so difficult to avoid things like this? They were still clad in all their gear and it had Six wondering why they would detour to come and speak to two people they didn't know, unlessâ€|Six glanced between one of the soldiers and White, then rubbed at her scar when the same pair of eyes greeted her.

"Fancy seeing you here, needed our help again, huh?" The man who Six believed to be related to White smirked. His blue eyes flickered between Six and White with amusement before they paused on Six for a little longer than White. Six cocked a brow at him in response and he focused on White.

"Only for an evac, Six had us covered when it came to the bad guys," White grinned and tapped Six's arm, shifting the attention back to her.

"Six?" the other soldier chipped in, his voice puzzled.

"Well, Noble Six, but we call her Six," White shrugged in response as if the lack of proper name didn't bother her. "By the way, this is my charming older brother, Kyle," White gestured to the blue eyed man who'd spoken first. "And his equally charming friend, Matt," she gestured to the other man with short blond hair.

Six nodded, "Noble Six."

"She's new to NEST," White added.

"Really?" Kyle rose a brow in curiosity, "How'd you find your first robot rodeo?"

Six sent him a noncommittal shrug, "A little different to the usual, but it's good to mix it up sometimes."

"You've done something similar before?" Kyle hedged, his voice growing more curious.

"Something like that."

Six felt someone's gaze on her and turned her head a little to find Matt scrutinising her. He didn't give much away, but Six could tell by the way his brows drew together some that he was confused.

"What did you used to be? Before NEST swiped you," despite the small frown Matt still managed to add a measure of amusement to his words on NEST.

"Classified," Six smirked and White groaned while the other two gave them bemused looks.

White waved away any potential questions and moved the conversation in another direction. Six decided to stop her contribution and merely listened as she wondered where Guardian was. While their conversation mainly consisted of the siblings catching up with each other, they made an attempt to include the other two. Although, Six wasn't particularly bothered as she didn't do small talk and her attention was elsewhere.

It wasn't that she was worried about Guardian, but she didn't completely trust him and he had Dot. The AI needed an eye kept on it all the time if she were to make sure critical information didn't fall into anyone's hands. Six knew she should decommission the AI as it was a potential security breach. The thing was, she couldn't. She needed to keep Dot, not only to record information but, to remind herself why she'd joined NEST. She also needed to remind herself that she wasn't the traitor that her mind kept insisting she was.

Suddenly there was static on the radio that was swiftly followed by the gleeful voice of Guardian, "Reclaimer?"

Jumping to her feet, Six moved away from the group so she could talk to Guardian without being overheard; unless he was calling her through the designated main channel. She doubted that was the case though and responded, "Receiving, something wrong?"

"I have finished my gathering," Guardian announced proudly, his voice containing too much enthusiasm for Six's liking. "Shall I lock onto your location and return you and your companions to their facility?"

Six's brows lifted a little in surprise, he'd finished a lot quicker than she'd expected. However, it was good timing on his part as she had a feeling that the Major would want to return soon. But, given

the fact that this base wasn't a NEST one, she wasn't sure it would be the best idea to have Guardian landing on their runway. Although, that didn't mean that she was going to let the orb fly back to base without them. After all, what kind of Spartan would she be if she didn't make use of the ships cloaking asset?

She kept her words quick and quite, but made sure to emphasise it enough so that Guardian shouldn't ignore her. "Leave the ships cloak up when you land and do not leave the ship, I need to speak with the Major."

"Of course, Reclaimer."

The usual response didn't alleviate her concerns about Guardian keeping to himself. Clicking off the radio she ran back to White and asked her where she could find the Major. She would've radioed the man, but knowing that he was in a meeting meant he'd probably turned it off. The answer from White was that he was busy, which wasn't what Six needed so she tried again; stressing that she had to see him. White shifted a little as she put together what was going on. The new answer told her something she already knew, that the Major was in a meeting with the bases Lieutenant General. Frowning she managed to coerce White's brother into telling her the location of the Lieutenant General's office. The man offered to show her the way, which after a brief reflection Six accepted, as she didn't have time to be repeatedly stopped in the corridors for her lack of existence. Although, when Six accepted Kyle's aid, she didn't realise it came with two tagalongs.

What occurred next was her following after Kyle while dodging his questions and ushering him to move faster. Of course, the ushering only prompted more questions, which she promptly ignored and likely only encouraged more. Six wasn't particularly worried though, as it was unlikely that she would see these people again and what they thought of her wasn't her concern. Although, it appeared it wasn't that black and white when she reached the door to the Lieutenant General's office.

Outside the metal windowed door where two more soldiers in full kit. They eyed Six warily as they recognised the Kyle and Matt, White on the other hand merely stood passively enough to not warrant their direct attention.

"The Lieutenant General's in a meeting," one of them said calmly, yet forcefully at the same time.

"I need to speak with Major Lennox, now," Six stressed, indicating to the door for emphasis.

The other soldier at the door shook his head before apologising, "I'm sorry, Ma'am. It'll have to wait until they've finished."

"Please, I think you should," White chipped in from the back. Her usual soft voice hard as she nodded to Six roughly, "Six wouldn't interrupt if it wasn't important."

The two didn't show any surprise towards her name as the second one spoke again, "I'm sorry, but the Lieutenant General asked not to be interrupted."

Her lips twitched up as they usually did when she got irritated and the men before her tensed. Narrowing her eyes at their reaction she repeated sharply, "you need to let me in. I have some _important _information for the Major and he needs to hear it _immediately_."

The two looked at each other as they weighed up her words and insistence. One sighed and quickly knocked on the door behind him. There was a stern "come in", to which the soldier entered and the door shut behind him. Six couldn't hear the conversation that went on, but less than twenty seconds later Lennox dashed through the door. The soldier who'd been the one to go in

"What's up?" He asked her quickly, his posture tense as if her were expecting the aliens to rain down on them. An unasked question was sent her way as he caught her eye, _"'Cons?"_

Six shook her head to answer his non-verbal question and then divulged what she needed to so he understood, "our transport is incoming."

His eyes widened in realisation and he nodded before ushering her into the office he'd just emerged from.

As she entered she heard White sigh before speaking as if she were replying to someone, "Don't look at me, she's got more secrets than the Secret Service on steroids."

White's play at ignorance was interesting to say the least, but it was also useful as it meant that they wouldn't probe her for answer. Satisfied with the outcome so far, Six continued into the room and turned her attention to the Lieutenant General. The man had the look of someone who'd been in the service for a long time. He also had an air about him that reminded her "to a certain degree- of Colonel Holland. It was mainly the way his thin lips were set into a stern line and how his hard blue eyes analysed her with scrutiny. The man was sat behind a desk similar to that of the Major's, only there was an abundance of papers and files that no doubt contained classified information.

"Please, take a seat," the man said smoothly, gesturing to a seat as he did. Six nodded curtly and eyed the chair warily out of habit before realising that she wasn't in armour. Still being cautious she perched herself on one of the metal chairs that were in front of the man's desk. She heard the door click shut behind her as the Major walked over and took a seat next to her.

"What's your name soldier?" The man asked as he observed her curiously. He no doubt already knew she was called Noble Six, but since being here she had come to realise that these people weren't satisfied with just calling her Six.

"Noble Six, Sir," Six said crisply and respectfully.

He frowned a little and Six caught him glance at the Major. She couldn't see the Major's replying expression and the Lieutenant General gave away nothing as he introduced himself, "I'm Lieutenant General Donald Wurster of AFSOC but, General Wurster or 'Sir' will suffice for now. I'm curious to know what it is that required you to interrupt a senior officer meeting."

The name of his branch was mostly lost on Six, but she knew that it was special operations and from what little she'd seen of the base it was likely air force. She had hoped a man that ran a Special Forces branch would be more accommodating to interruptions, unless they were proven pointless. She couldn't fault him though, he was likely a busy man and considering his desk's abundance of paperwork, he had a lot of work to be getting on with. That was probably why he was only partially berating her and if she were any other soldier she would admit her mistake. However, she wasn't any other soldier and she knew that the Major needed to know Guardian was on his way before something potentially bad happened. Even with her telling Guardian to keep the ship cloaked and stay in it, she knew the orb had a way with wondering around and if anyone saw him, they'd probably shoot first and ask questions later.

"We have a transport incoming, it and its pilot are of alien origin, Sir," Six explained briefly. Wurster raised an eyebrow as his eyes widened slightly. He glanced at the Major for clarification and Six saw him nod in response.

"I see," he answered thoughtfully. "Is this one of your assets, Major Lennox?"

"No, this one is from somewhere else, Sir," the Major was curt in his response, but not in a disrespectful way. "I believe General Morshower sent a memo about recent developments."

Wurster's face frowned a little before he told them to 'wait a moment' as he did something at his computer. He apparently soon found what he was looking for because his eyes started rapidly scanning the screen. His lips pulled into a hard line as he got further into whatever it was he was reading and he occasionally glanced Six's way. His eyes were hard, but respectful as he seemed to be seeing her in a different way; the change only made Six wonder what Morshower had written on her.

After a few minutes Wurster cleared his throat before speaking hoarsely, "I see. It has permission to land, but keep it out of the way and I want it gone ASAP. No offence to you or your men Major, but your group seems to attract aliens in a way that would not be good for the state of Florida."

The Major nodded, laughing a little as he did, "Understood, Sir. As soon as my men are ready we'll leave, you have our thanks for the assist."

Wurster waved the Major's thanks away with a smile, "No need Major, happy to help as always. The quicker we can contain these aliens the better."

"If there's nothing else you need from us I'll go get my men ready," the Major smiled respectfully as he spoke in a similar tone. Six merely remained silent, not needing to impart anything worthwhile to the two commanders.

"I think we've discussed everything we need to," Wurster confirmed. "You're free to go."

"Sir," both Six and the Major spoke at the same time, their hands

also coming up to salute the man before he returned one with a slight quirk of his lips. Taking their leave, both she and the Major turned and quietly left the office. The door clicked shut behind them as they passed the two men who were still outside. They said nothing as they passed and Six noticed that White was nowhere to be seen. Although, that was a given, she probably wasn't be allowed to hang around outside Wurster's office without a reason.

"Six..." the Major began uncertainty, a trait she was beginning to notice when it came to her. It was as if he thought she was fragile to his words, that they would easily hurt her or raise a reaction from her. She was curious as to where he'd got such a notion from, but she had a feeling that it was related to her age and the fact he was a father.

"Sir?" she asked as stoically as ever. They didn't stop as they walked, the Major appeared to be on autopilot as he was hardly paying attention to where they were going. Just as they turned down a white corridor she caught a glimpse of a sign labelling their direction as 'Exit L1'. While she wasn't completely sure, the path appeared similar to the one she'd travelled to get in, so they were probably heading to the runways.

"How're you holding up? They caught you pretty good, but you seem to be taking it pretty well." The Major was solid in his tone, yet he wasn't uncaring. Six glanced at him briefly, caught in a glimpse of his concerned eyes and tense jaw.

"I've taken worse beatings, it aches a little and it'll be stiff for a while," she clamped one hand over the hard injured muscle that was covered in a layer of metal. She squeezed a little to test it, the pain she received was moderate, but that wasn't what she was interested in. What interested her the most was how tight and stiff the muscles felt, if it was bad then it could have an adverse effect on her working capacity; she couldn't have that. The corner of her lip twitched, tugging at her scar in irritation as the muscles felt frustratingly tight and hot with stiffness. She shrugged it off, reasoning that she'd find a way to relieve it.

"It won't affect my capabilities on the battlefield," she ensured the Major. From the corner of her vision she saw him shake his head in what she thought was disbelief.

"I'm not worried about that, my men are important to me no matter what. If they're too injured to fight then I'm not going to grill them about it." There was frustration in his voice along with what Six could only describe as helplessness as he continued, "You're still recovering from your other injuries. You can take time away from the field, I don't expect you to keep going until you run yourself into the ground."

"I appreciate the concern, Sir. But, as I've mentioned I know my limits." She knew he didn't believe her or just couldn't determine her limits. The constant concern was foreign to her, normally if she said she was fine people believed her. Although, there was one person who hadn't always believed her...

She mentally shook her head, clearing away thoughts that she shouldn't be wasting her time on. There were too many other things to worry about, she couldn't concentrate on herself. Too many depended

on her.

"I'm aware but," he paused as he thought about what he was going to say. Six looked at him out of the corner of her eye and found his face in an expression of conflict; whatever it was must've been important. After a while he came to a decision, the determined look on his face giving him away as he looked in her direction, "this is something we need to talk at base about."

His answer was unexpected, but it didn't worry her. Whatever it was that he had to say to her couldn't be that bad, even if she did have to wait till they were back at base. Although, part of her eyed the Major suspiciously. Something was up and had been for a while, even without the expected suspicion for her sudden appearance. A frown became visible on her face slightly as the pale lines of her grimy skin creased.

The remainder of their walk was in silence as Six wondered what the Major needed to talk to her about. She had an inkling it was to do with the alien she'd been questioning. That had been something that the Major hadn't approved of, even if it could've landed them with some useful information. Perhaps if she knew more about these aliens she could be quicker in the future and then nobody would have to witness it. A small smile crept onto her face at the thought. It would no doubt make her a better soldier and aid NEST with ridding Earth of these _unwanted _aliens.

As it seems there is such a thing as a wanted alien now, her mind commented with a snort. She agreed with the feeling, but knowing the lack of like-minded people around she kept the thought to herself. Her only issue concerning the aliens weak points was that they were as unlikely to tell her as she was to ask them, which meant she'd have to ask someone else. Dot and Guardian instantly came to mind and she internally nodded. Either one of them would know more information to do with the robot aliens, however, Guardian was probably the most viable option as Dot was limited in her capabilities.

When they eventually crossed back down the grass and past the guard who'd previously stopped her, they entered the med bay. The atmosphere was a lot less strained then it had been earlier and most of the NEST soldiers had been tended to. The only one who still had a medic at their side was Anderson, but as Six understood he'd been injured pretty badly. She hadn't asked what had happened as there was no need. She wasn't one to offer her sympathies and it wasn't difficult to figure out that the man had been caught in a close range explosion.

Six ignored some of the wary glances she got from the others as she propped herself against a wall. She had no doubt the looks were because her seemingly white-knight attitude had turned out to be darker than they expected. Inwardly, she laughed at the thought of her being a white knight, she was anything but that. On the outside she listened to the Major tell the others that they'd be leaving as soon as Anderson had the okay. At the same time she scanned the crowd for White, wondering if the woman had said her farewells and was in the room. It wasn't long before she spotted the brunettes still wild hair. Satisfied that she was back and that they wouldn't be leaving people behind, Six returned her eyes to the Major and eased further into her position against the wall.

After the Major had finished his short speech that had also consisted of a few respectful words about the late Sergeant Carter, he went to check on Anderson. While they all waited for the news on their dust off time most returned to talking amongst themselves. Six stayed where she was, observing the room quietly as always. Unfortunately, it appeared her quiet observing was mistook for something akin to loneliness as White made her way over.

"Hey," she greeted, receiving a nod of acknowledgement from Six. She smiled at something before adding, "Looks like you sorted it then, wouldn't believe how much they grilled me about it. You looking forward to returning to base?"

Six shrugged and was about to say something noncommittal when she caught the look on White's face. The woman's eyes were soft with grief and her brows were knitted together in conflict. Her teeth gently nibbled at her lip and while Six was not one for offering unnecessary comfort, she decided to say a little more to encourage a small conversation.

"I could use some sleep," she said truthfully. Between the little sleep she'd gotten last night and the irregular hours she'd managed to grab during Reach's invasion, her body was beginning to feel it.

White's laugh was hollow. "I know what you mean, I could do with some myself."

Six frowned at the woman's obvious lying. It was evident she didn't want to sleep, or just wasn't sure if she could. The death of her comrade was wearing at her and the stress of almost losing another was probably difficult. Six sighed inwardly, she couldn't help the woman. She needed to be with her own people, not trying to distract herself with Six's shiny newness.

"White," Six murmured to the woman, her voice hard despite its quietness. "Go talk to your people, I'm not what you need right now."

The woman sent her a look of understanding, but Six could see the underlying hurt. Regardless, she said nothing as the woman nodded and returned to her comrades. Six itched at the scar that tugged at her lips. She'd never been good with civilians and it appeared that extended to the soldiers here. Emile had been like that too. The skull-faced Spartan had sometimes been more aggressive than needed, but she doubted it had been with malicious intent. Her attitude towards civilians wasn't like Emile's though, or at least she wasn't as transparent about it. Not that she faulted Emile for it as he did make people move faster, be they civilian or insurrectionist.

The radio's earpiece buzzed and the voice of Guardian interrupted her thoughts, "I have arrived, Reclaimer."

"Stay there, we'll be there shortly," Six whispered sternly. She frowned when the orb didn't reply and walked over to the Major. The others seemed to take her movement as a cue as rustling erupted around her while they gathered their things. The Major must've noticed as he turned around to find Six a few metres from him. Brief surprise flickered over his face before it was pushed away by an understanding nod.

"They're just grabbing a trolley for Anderson," he said soberly. He looked up and raised his voice a little, "Walker!"

The man in question came running over immediately. As he arrived he asked, "Sir?"

The Major gestured to Six, "Follow Six and get everyone loaded up, Ironhide and Knockout will meet you on the runway. I'll stay with Anderson."

"Understood, Sir," Walker flashed them a grin as he rounded everyone up. The Major nodded at her and she sent him a salute in response. Dismissing herself she turned to find everyone ready to go as she silently led them out the room. Walker joined her upfront, but he didn't push her for conversation. The pair of them settled into the comfortable silence as they left the complex for the last time. The sun still assaulted her when they left, making her wish she had her armour. She instantly found the aliens in their vehicle modes as they rolled across the empty runway to greet them. The bike was silent for once, allowing the truck to speak.

"Where's the little glitch then?" As soon as the question left the alien Guardian contacted her on the radio.

"Continue down the landing zone and I will decloak when you are within the ships vicinity, Reclaimer."

Six tilted her head in Walker's direction, "This way."

She indicated down the runway where it was completely bare of anything living or otherwise. The walk was short but slow as nobody had any idea when the ship would appear. A few soldiers chatted about what they planned to do when they got back, others remained silent as they likely mulled over their dead comrade. For the most part the two aliens were quiet, although Six had a feeling they were communicating over a private comm. Occasionally the truck would quip in a comment while the bike remained mostly subdued. Its silence piqued Six's interest as it was such a stark contrast to how chatty it had been initially. She would've guessed that it was some kind of silent protest towards her, but it hardly affected her.

With her eyes continuously scanning the environment they were eventually greeted with the sight of something shimmering into existence. The noises of wonder from the soldiers were something she promptly blocked out as the back ramp of the ship descended and she strode into the ship. She heard Walker order his team to remain in place before he followed her up the ramp. His boots thudded loudly against the ship's metal interior while hers remained silent. His noise and their movement must've caught Guardians' attention as the orb seemingly appeared out of nowhere. His bright blue eye thrust itself into her vision before he must've realised his closeness and backed away.

"Reclaimer," he greeted her, paying no attention to Walker. The man didn't appear offended as his speech demanded Guardians' attention.

"You ready for us to load up?" Walker asked, his voice still commanding despite his obvious exhaustion.

"Indeed," Guardian's reply was almost dismissive and Six refrained from sending the orb a warning look. She wasn't his keeper, as he'd proved numerous times already that he would do things with or without her approval. "Take care that your allies do not damage my resources."

"We'll be gentle," the soldier smirked at the orb. He'd evidently noticed Guardian's tone and had responded by teasing him. Six's lip quirked a little before she tamed it when Walker turned her way, "you don't need me to tell you to stay here do you?"

"No, Sir."

He nodded with a smile, "thought not, probably best if you ask him what we're taking back to base too. He doesn't seem to like me."

"Aye, Sir," Six agreed as the soldier bid her goodbye and began to get the rest loaded up. Guardian stared after Walker almost disapprovingly and Six sent him a questioning look.

Guardian soon noticed as he turned back to Six, "they're difficult to understand."

"They're different," Six offered in way of explanation.

"Indeed, they do not appear to approve of you." Six snorted at the comment, the orb was more observant then she'd thought. Guardian seemed to take her silence as leave to continue, leading her to the front of the ship where containers sat in front of the console.

"Is it your social conventions they do not understand?" He seemed genuinely curious.

Six shrugged, examining the containers as she trailed her hand across their cool surface, "probably. What are these?"

"I will forward the data to your Ancilla." He brushed her off and she clenched her jaw in irritation. It didn't last long as her thoughts instantly went to Dot.

"Where's she?" She almost snapped out the question, her hand curling into a fist on top of the metal container. Her answer came in the form of Guardian disappearing for a moment before reappearing with her helmet cradled in the light from his eye. Eyeing the helmet with concern she held out her hands to catch it. Guardian complied with her silent request and dropped the battered helmet into her dirt covered hands. Subconsciously she flipped the helmet over and over, checking for damage or anything that looked out of place since the last time she'd seen it.

"Your Ancilla is still functional." The orb's assurance did little to comfort her.

"Dot?" She had to check for herself. Guardian had done little to truly gain her trust, but then again that was an almost impossible thing to achieve.

The familiar voice eased some of Six's tension as the AI spoke, "yes,

Noble Six?"

"All good?"

"Affirmative."

Six smiled and shifted the helmet under her arm. Behind her the rumbling of the trucks engine vibrated through the air as it inched closer. It said nothing this time as it came to a stop behind her, its grill mere inches from her leg.

"Are we expecting more after this?" Guardian enquired, moving off to her left and towards the control panel. She followed, seeing no reason to remain standing in front of the alien truck.

"Just the Major and Anderson," She clarified, settling herself against the wall by the control panel. The bright hologram glared in her peripheral vision, its mass of numbers symbols and images occasionally flickering to something else. Curious as to what it all meant she was about to ask Guardian when the shine of the metal containers captured her attention. How the orb had managed to acquire the materials she wasn't sure. She doubted he'd actually spoken to anyone, which probably meant he'd pilfered the materials. Her brows creased into a brow at the thought and she decided to voice her disgruntlement.

"Did you pay for those materials?"

"Of course." Six's frown didn't ease at the answer, but she couldn't force the AI to pay and for all she knew, he had. Despite that she nodded, dismissing herself from the orb and taking up a position against the wall of the ship. The warm metal soothed into her back where armour usually was and she shook off the uncomfortable sensation. Palming her helmet in both hands she stared down at the cracked glass, flashes of Reach shifted through her mind causing her to grip the helmet tighter. Exhaling, she tried to calm herself, the grip on her helmet barely loosening as he knuckles remained white with pressure. She didn't want to admit it, but something was piercing her usual stoic mask and it bothered her.

16. Welcome To The Show

Happy Holidays all, would've got this up sooner, but my laptop died, taking one of my assignments with it so I had to spend a week redoing that rather than finishing this off :L

Thanks go to gwb99 for checking this over :)

Also thank you all for the reviews, favs and follows!

****xSunstreakerxandxLegolasx:**** Glad you liked it, there'll probably end up being more comments like that :P and here's the next one

****Telron:**** Thank you, hope you enjoy this one too :)

****B312:**** Wait no longer :D

****BloodDragonKing:** ******Thank you. Ah, it's cool a little bit of cheesiness every now and then isn't a bad thing :P I glad that you enjoy my work so much and I don't plan on stopping this story until it's finished. I've heard of yogscast but not skydoesminecraft, although I don't really watch streamers that much :L

****AnalPoptarts:****__Thank you and here's the next one :)

**** .9279:** ******Thank you :)

The next chapter should be up soon, but it's a busy time so I can't promise anything. If I don't pop a chapter up by the end of next week I hope you all have a happy new year!

.

Welcome To The Show

****Noble Six**, **NEST Base ****

The ride back passed quickly for Six. She was mostly left alone at the front of the ship. The others were more concerned about their teammate and had no reason to wonder over her. Six welcomed the silence, it allowed her to straighten out her thoughts and mull over what would happen next. What the Major had said to her before they left being stuck in her mind for the majority of the trip. It hadn't sounded positive and she had no doubt that it was to do with her actions at the mine. The thought of that made her lip twitch in irritation, but she quelled it. It wouldn't do to get riled up over something that she'd done right just because those here didn't see the value in it.

When they'd left the ship the Sun was getting closer to the horizon. The Major dismissed everyone and told her he'd call on her later as he had to let everyone know that the meeting was postponed until the evening. Six had accepted his words and dismissed herself to sit outside and log the day's events with Dot. There'd been no particular reason for her choice of venue, but she had ensured that she was far enough away from the base that she wouldn't be disturbed. Her AI had accepted the new information, hardly commenting on any of it as Six clinically explained what had happened.

The sun was starting to set when she was interrupted. The reds and oranges of the horizon a warm backdrop as she spoke to Dot. With waves from the expansive deep blue sea crashing before her it was hauntingly peaceful. But then the ground rumbled beneath her and all of that was shattered as her mind switched into battle mode. The grass rustled and shook frantically as she jumped to her feet, her hands reaching for the empty pistol she still carried. It didn't stop her from holding it up on reflex, prepared to give whatever it was that was approaching the fight of its life.

"My apologies, I didn't mean to startle you," an infuriatingly familiar voice apologised softly. The shining blue and red metal of the owner soon peaked into view, its large hands held in a calming gesture. Suspicion towards the aliens motives ran through her and her eyes narrowed in response. She watched as his eyes softened and he sighed, pressing a digit to his temple. Such a human gesture almost threw her off, but she stayed steady, awaiting his

explanation.

"Noble Six, I do not come to fight, but to offer my condolences," he explained with a tender rumble. His hands dropping to his sides as he stepped closer. "I heard about the loss of the medic and the Major mentioned that you were quieter than usual. His men alsoâ€¦stated a few things about you. They didn't do it maliciously and I just hope it is them misunderstanding you."

Six chuckled darkly, the ridges above the alien's eyes rose in question. A smirked pulled onto her face as she spoke, "so they send you to appeal to me?" She snorted, "there is nothing to speak about, the medic died and nothing can change that."

She turned away from him, hoping that the conversation would drop and he would leave. Unfortunately, it wasn't that simple. As she turned she heard him walk closer and then he appeared at her side. She frowned at him, her muscles tense at his closeness. Her hands itched for some kind of weapon, or anything. Without her armour she felt so vulnerable and even more so without a weapon; it was irritating, as was his presence.

"I cannot understand your outlook, do you not value the lives of others?" Despite the kindness that was always in his soft tone, as he spoke this time it was harder. There was an underlying reprimand in there somewhere and as she looked up at him, she noticed it in his face. His eyes were narrowed slightly while his metal lips were pulled into a thin line. The stormy blue eyes that were his weren't looking at her as he spoke, instead they were looking out over the sea. Her lips flattened into a thin line in response as anger bubbled within her. Who was he to question the way she dealt with things? What gave him the right to more or less accuse her of being a heartless bitch? Even though he hadn't used those words, she could see the disapproving anger in his eyes.

"Grieving is not in my nature. Incidents like this are just a part of war, there's no changing it." Her voice was calm as she spoke and even with the sneer that twitched at her lips, she managed to keep herself in check. An argument with the alien was not something she wanted and if she kept herself quite he would eventually leave her in peace. He didn't appear satisfied with her answer and it made her wonder how the commander of an almost extinct race could not understand the need to move on. _He's not like us, that's why,_ she silently agreed with herself, of course aliens would never understand.

"The medic's sacrifice is not one that should be forgotten so easily, nobody's should." His voice had gone quiet, as if he was remembering something and she felt his eyes on her. She focused back on him, watching as his hard eyes softened, not with understanding, but grief. Schooling her expression, she kept her features neutral because this wasn't the type of conversation she wanted to have with a Human let alone an alien. Her feelings towards death weren't something she could easily explain because they were just feelings. Why should it matter if she reacted so little to the death of someone? It wouldn't make her a better soldier and that was all that mattered.

She decided to rebut him as she usually did, "she was a soldier, they're never forgotten, but this is what we do."

Her words weren't as hollow as they sounded, but he didn't appear to see that. Whatever it was that he'd been remembering was snapped away at her words and his gaze turned sharp again. Her feet turned to leave and she was about to go when he held a large hand out.

"Please listen," he asked, his polite words a contradiction to the current indignant expression on his face. Her mind considered it for a moment, but her decision was easy to make. The conversation would end up going in circles and they would get nowhere. It wasn't possible to argue with an alien and come to a conclusion because they couldn't understand Humanity. Defeat crashed over his face as she took a step away from him, but despite the falling expression it still retained some of his anger. She quirked a brow at him, wondering why he cared so much about understanding the way she viewed things. Was it an attempt to get under her skin? Or was it merely him trying to understand how Humans saw things? She snorted softly at the latter, she was a soldier, a Spartan even, which was not a prime example for understanding Humanity.

Suddenly another voice spoke up, "I would like to listen. The opinion of another alien culture would be valuable information to log."

Six nearly cursed the AI, but was more surprised that Dot sounded interested. It wasn't something that a dumb AI usually had the prerogative for, so against her better judgement Six decided to stay and listen to what the robot had to say.

"Thank you," he directed at her AI before returning his gaze to her, curiosity now encroaching on his features. "My words to you were going to be that while giving your life for a cause you believe in is noble, it is not always the way."

She opened her mouth to speak, but he held up a metal hand. He smiled sadly, as if he knew what she would've said, before he continued, "your 'brushing off' of the death of your comrades is almost clinical and this is something I've never seen in a Human. Those who you refer to as soldiers, they're Human too are they not? They have families and friends they all care about, being a soldier doesn't make them any less human."

Six shook her head, he just didn't get it. "It isn't that simple. They signed on to protect those people, to protect Humanity. That's what a soldier is, that's what I am. As an alien you wouldn't understand."

A hiss of smoke escaped the robot and Six knew that was a sign he was annoyed. Her lips crept upwards at his response and she wondered what he had been expecting from her. A soft clang reached her ears as he ran a hand over his face, revealing an exasperated expression when it returned to hanging tensely at his side. He didn't say anything for a moment, but she felt him analyse her during the silence. The occasional distant crash of the waves against the nearby beach was the only sound she could hear over his whirling hydraulics.

"During my life I have witnessed those I knew and cared for sacrificed themselves for what they believe." Veiled fury was imbedded his remorseful words as he explained, "Over the years it has never become easier, only harder, and the ability to look at it as remotely as you do is something that has never overcome me. In my

spark, I know that to look at my comrades as little more than soldiers is to become like Megatron. I do not intend to call you a Decepticon, but it is a comparison I think you need to see."

She snapped. This was the second time someone had referred to her as one of those damn aliens and she wasn't going to stand for it. Her reasons for her remoteness from loss were perfectly justified. Losing more and more every day to the Covenant was difficult and if she let it affect her then what good was she? Spartans were efficient because they got the job done, no matter what, and they had the psychological strength for it. Devastating events didn't bring them down easily and for her it only made her stronger, they couldn't be weak. Humanity was counting on them, there was too much at stake for her to lament over the terrible events in her life. She clenched her fist, her anger and irritation at the pointlessness of the conversation no longer hidden. A sneer formed prominently on her lips as her eyes blazed from his words.

"I'm nothing like them!" The sneer left her, the force of it slapping surprise on the alien's face, "I do not kill for enjoyment," _liar_, "I do not torture for fun," _liar_, "and I do not fight for genocide!" _You would if you could._ Her mind berated at her as she spoke, taunting her with the fact that she did enjoy what she did. Although, it only made her all the better at it. Her shoulders were square as she glared up at the robot with so much conviction that she was nearly surprised he didn't look away. She watched as his initial surprise quickly turned into regret at her outburst. He must've replayed the words in his mind because as his eyes quickly widened again with crushing realisation. He looked down for moment, before he glanced back up at her with soft eyes.

"Noble Sixâ€¦" he began softly, voice thick with regret. "It was never my intention to call you a Decepticon, I know that you're nothing like Megatron and his followers, but others may not notice so much. I've heard that this has already happened and I want you to-

"Why?!" She yelled, confused at his intentions, his attitude and everything about him. She didn't â€"couldn't- understand how he could be soâ€¦her mind fumbled for the word, but it soon came to her. How could he be so sympathetic towards her and so caring? "Why do you care so much?"

His eyes blinked, as if he didn't understand why she didn't _understand_. He spoke after a second, giving her time to prepare herself for the next statement that she would be unable to determine his true motivations from.

"Why would I not?" He asked her simply, blue eyes staring at her in a concerned manner. She shook her head, she didn't want this. She didn't want to see this _grey_ area. Aliens were the enemy, they didn't care about Humans, they only wanted to see them dead. Scratching her scar in discomfort she decided it was time to go, this point in the conversation proving why she hadn't wanted it in the first place.

She turned to go, noticing how his gaze followed her every move, scrutinized it even. The boots that were still covered in the blood of his kind scuffed against the short grass with her movement. He must've noticed, because air left him softly, but he didn't comment

on it. Although, she was mostly covered in the stuff, so it was likely that he'd seen it, but hadn't noticed it. She frowned up at him, speaking forcefully and resolutely, "Because you're an alien."

She didn't wait for his repose as she walked away. Her steps only managed to take her a small distance away before â€"much to her annoyance- a familiar green medical truck came speeding around the corner. A groan escaped her lips and she continued to walk until she was forced to stop as it squealed to a stop in front of her. She heard Optimus begin walking over, his steps loud and careful as he did. The large blue and red robot came into view just as the green one transformed. A tingle shot through her as he did and she scowled up at him, irritated at his persistence.

"You should've come straight to me, or at least the Human med bay," he berated her. "The damage you received could have serious implications on your recovery. Never mind the Energon you're still covered in."

He trailed off muttering about how it should have been cleaned off already. She didn't bother to mention that it was only he hands and face that were now covered in energon. Instead, Six sighed before waving him off and moving to walk around him, "I was seen to earlier."

"By men and women who do not have the knowledge to deal with what has been done to you." He rebutted her, his words not insulting the medics who'd seen to her. A hand came into her path and she looked back up at him, irritation stark on his face. Although, she was sure he always held that expression.

"You've scanned me, if it was serious you would've tried to drag me away by now," she snapped at him, moving to side step his hand. He growled in response, a hiss followed afterwards that no doubt meant he'd exhaled steam. She didn't stop in her movement, which forced him to move into her path with surprising quickness.

"I'm not in the business of manhandling Humans." He huffed, his voice turning reprimanding, "You were advised not to engage in anything strenuous, do you not realise how damaged you are?"

"I'm fine." She shrugged him off, despite the fact that she knew he was right. She knew she was injured and so did her body. It constantly ached and howled at her, but what else could she do but ignore it? Sitting around waiting for her body to heal itself was not something she could easily do and besides, today had been an exception. Their trip to gather materials hadn't been done with the intention of running into the enemy, but she knew well enough that things didn't always go to plan.

He scoffed aggressively, "'Fine?' There's nothing fine about you, you little glitch. Why do you insist on being-"

"Ratchet," Optimus interrupted smoothly. The angered green robot turned its narrowed eyes from her to his leader. He huffed as Optimus continued to speak, "we cannot force her to do what she does not wish. I will speak to the Major and determine his opinion on the matter."

Six took that as her cue to leave. The robots could continue their speech without her as she had no desire to contribute. She wasn't sure where she was going, she had nothing to do, no orders to carry out, nothing. It wasn't a pleasant feeling. She was too used to doing something or knowing what her next orders were. Here she had nothing to do, there was no alien menace constantly attacking Earth. Instead they were already here and they were hiding, waiting for an opportune moment to strike and there was nothing she could do about it. With a sigh of frustration she made her way over the tarmac and towards Guardian's ship. She hoped the orb had something to occupy her mind, even an update on her armour would be useful.

As she stepped into the blue illuminated ship she spotted Guardian at the back. She caught a glimpse of her new armour held in mid-air by some kind of artificial gravity technology. The small application was mildly interesting to her as she continued to stride into the ship. Despite her light footsteps she was still noticed, but that didn't surprise her. Guardian's full capabilities were still unknown to her.

The orb in question didn't turn around as it spoke in a rather exasperated tone, "Reclaimer, I believe I requested isolation for the repair of your armour."

She nodded, even though he couldn't see her, "I know. I just wanted to ask, how are we going to get back?"

Six thought she heard him sigh, the metallic and artificial noise sounding strange on her ears. He turned around this time as he addressed her, brushing off her question as he always did, "Return later and we shall discuss this. I recommend you getting some nourishment and rest in the meantime."

Her fists clenched at his attitude, but she said nothing as she left the ship. She began making her way towards her room to drop off her helmet before making her way to grab food. Prying eyes were not something she wanted staring at Dot while she ate her food. The AI would be safe enough locked in her room and tucked away, as much as Six didn't enjoy leaving her unprotected.

"Six!" It was the slightly more cheery voice of the Major who stopped her from walking. She looked over to find him dressed in cleaner and less battle based clothes. He was walking casually in her direction and she could see the still talking robots behind him. Although, a few more had joined them, a few she didn't recognise. She narrowed her eyes in suspicion before movement further back caught her attention and she glanced over to see a lot of soldiers gathering in the hangar. The reason for their gathering soon hit her like a Hunter and she realised that the Major was going to introduce her and the hinge-head. Her lips twitched at the thought as she scanned the area for him, unable to find him until a shorter green robot appeared with the hinge-head at his side. She fought the urge to attack or do anything to the hinge-head and instead walked stiffly over to the Major.

"Sir," she greeted.

He gestured for her to walk further into the hangar, "you ready?"

She nodded in response, her body tense due to the presence of the Elite. The Major appeared to notice as he sent her a questioning look, but he said nothing about it.

"You won't need to say much, I'll tell them where you're both from, and then just tell them your nameâ€|or ahâ€|number and maybe a little extra."

"Affirmative."

The Major smiled in response as he led her deeper into the hangar and closer to the hinge-head. Her hands twitched as she neared her lifelong enemy. She heard the Major whisper a caution and quickly accepted his order. Clenching her fists in frustration she flattened her lips into a hard line that accentuated her locked jaw. Her eyes remained on the hinge-head, analysing his every move as his beady eyes bored into her.

"Demon." He acknowledged her first with a nod of his head.

She growled back quietly at him, "Hinge-head."

The Major cast a glance in their direction as he indicated for them to wait as he strode over to the centre of the room. A myriad of soldiers were crowded around him and up to the front of the hangar. Silence fell over them as the Major took his position and they all focused on him. A lot of them were wearing varying types of gear as it was evident that some were more inclined to the intelligence area sector than combat. There were also a few in casual clothes that looked useable to general exercise while the rest were in combat gear and a little scrapped up.

She noticed a few glances at her and the hinge-head as she took her place beside him. There was a reasonable distance between them, but she was close enough that if he tried to do something she could stop him. Part of her questioned what he could possibly do in his situation only to be thoroughly squashed down.

"Well, you all know why we're here," the Major said with a grin, his hands gesturing to Six and the hinge-head. He frowned a little at them, but as he looked back out the hangar it eased. Curious as to what he was worried over, Six followed the Major's gaze and instantly understood when she saw one of the robots coercing Guardian towards the large meeting.

"Yesterday we received a trio of unusual guests, even stranger than the 'Bots," the Major continued and a few of the soldiers nodded in agreement, small smiles on their faces. "Today will be aâ€|formal introduction for most of you guys, but first I need to explain something."

The Major chuckled a little as he began his explanation, "just don't think I'm crazy. These three are from the future," there were a few laughs at that and even few shocked looks. "But, there's more to it, as well as being from the futureâ€|.they're from another _dimension_," Six could tell the man looked uncomfortable saying the word. She agreed with the feeling too some extent, but most of it was lost on her because of the exposure she'd had to slip-space.

She heard a bit more laughing that the Major joined in with as he let

it sink in, reassuring them that he was telling the truth. Most people looked disbelieving, which the Major accepted and assured everyone that it didn't matter if they believed, but it would make the rest of the explanation make sense. Her body froze a little as she concentrated on the Major. This was it. It was time to find out what the Major had decided to say in order to keep the hinge-head among the living. Out of the corner of her eyes she noticed the hinge-head shift in his place slightly as well as Guardian making his way over to her. The orb settled next to her silently as she returned her attention to the Major, waiting on what he was about to say to save the hinge-heads skin.

"You will notice that Six," he gestured to her, "and Roh," he gestured to the hinge-head, "will not get along." She heard him take a long breath, "the reason for this is because there used to be a war between their people, not like the one we have with the 'Cons, and they both lost a lot to it."

Six inwardly laughed at the Major's cooked up lie, but kept her expression neutral as she observed the reactions before her. His words appeared to sober up those in the room as their faces all systematically turned serious. Their gazes glanced over to her and the hinge-head, searching them both as they attempted to figure out if there was a side they should chose. Whatever decision any of them came to they kept it hidden as Six couldn't determine the majority. A few here and there looked like they sided with her, while others appeared sympathetic to the hinge-head and that threw her. The silence the Major had given everyone soon came to a close as he picked up his explanation.

"I don't want any of you to take sides, treat them as you do each other and the 'Bots," the Major spoke as if he knew what was already happening within the minds of his men. Six couldn't quite believe the small explanation he'd given, it felt too close to how the situation really was, but instead of a 'peaceful' resolution it would either be the destruction of humanity, or possibly the galaxy; if they reached the 'Halo' rings. It took considerable effort for her to keep the disbelief and irritation she felt towards the Major. Even though she knew he wouldn't implicate the hinge-head, to do it like this wasn't what she'd expected as it opened up all sorts of question. Such as, who started it? Why did it start? Who ended it? Why did it end? And there were so many more. She wasn't the most sympathetic looking of cases and she knew that. Six knew that her whole demeanour wasn't approachable, but Spartan's weren't designed to be approachable, they were soldiers, no more no less.

"I'm not going to go into detail about their war, but I'll send a memo around for anyone who wants to know more," He finished with a grimace before he gestured to Guardian, noticing how the orb didn't want to be there. "First is Guardian's Approach"

Guardian floated forwards, a few looked at him curiously while other had barely concealed excitement on their faces. To them it was like meeting another one of the robots, but Guardian's brief introduction soon cleared up that he was created artificially.

"Greetings, I am five-three-seven Guardian's Approach, Forerunner AI and Monitor of Forerunner Outpost zero-seven. It is my duty to ensure the Reclaimer returns home without delay," Guardian spoke impersonally and quickly. She watched as the Major frowned a little

at his behaviour, but remained silent as he allowed Guardian to finish. "I ask that I not be disturbed while I complete my task."

With that brisk ending, Guardian flew over his captive audience and out of the hangar. The robots at the back watched him with varying degrees of interest, although their medic merely scowled at him. Her lip twitched in amusement at that, but it soon faded as the Major called her over.

"This is Noble Six"

With her back straight and her expression neutral she strode over to stand next to the Major. He sent her a reassuring smile that she believed was unnecessary, but didn't say anything to falter it. As she stood before her new comrades she nodded in greeting. The all looked back up at her "or down as it were for the aliens- with the Humans holding certain looks of shock, awe, excitement or suspicion. Their emotions were all so numerous it was strange to her, she'd expected the shock and awe as she got that at home. But, the excitement and the distrust, it was so contrasting that it left her wondering how it would affect her stay.

"Name's Noble Six or Spartan Bee-three-one-two." She watched as a few nodded at her words, their expressions instantly changed at her distant tone. A few frowned while others looked with interest as they analysed her, taking in all her scars and injuries. A few whispered things to each other and the most she managed to catch were to do with her height and abnormally pale skin. Amongst it all she spotted White mouthing enthusiastically at a couple of soldiers next to her and gesturing to her. The woman noticed her stare and sent her a big smile that Six acknowledged with a nod. She opened her mouth to say more when movement right at the back caught her attention. Diverting her eyes she smirked as she saw one of the robots with their hand up a little. He wasn't one that she'd spoken to before, but it probably didn't matter as he'd likely heard all about her from his alien buddies.

He took her looking at him as leave to ask his question, "I thought all squishes had a name, why don't you?"

Six shrugged at him, her voice as nonchalant as she could make it when talking to an alien, "I'm a Spartan."

"But, you have to have one don't you?" he pressed with friendly confusion.

"Longarm," the one called Optimus warned.

"Not me," Six said ambiguously. Her challenging eyes watched as the robot sighed and let it go.

"Oh"

he looked slightly put out, but accepted it her answer. "I see, thank you," the politeness through her off, but she didn't allow it to show. With her face forced to relax, she decided that she'd said enough and was about to turn away when someone caught her attention. It wasn't anyone she knew, but from the way they were looking at her, they knew enough about her. Stopping in her tracks she matched her gaze with the indeterminable one of her would be questioner. A tense silence settled around them as a few wondered why

she'd stopped. In order to relieve it quickly she nodded in the man who'd grabbed her attention.

"What's a Spartan?" His rolling voice broke the silence as many heads turned in her direction. A few looked expecting, almost searching while others looked at her with knowing grins; she was evidently a subject of interest at the moment.

"Classified." As soon as the words left her lips the tension lifted and quite a few people chuckled. Some then shook their heads at the answer that they'd likely heard many times before. Six twitched her lips into a small smile as her questioner smirked at her answer, the look in his eyes softening a fraction as he did. With that done, Six beat a retreat, wondering how the hinge-head would handle his introduction. As she passed the hinge-head on his way up her lips fell and the scar tugged on side into a sneer. His head briefly turned to her and he snapped his jaws in response, fortunately the exchange went unnoticed by most in the room.

~/~

****Roh 'Rithinee, Diego Garcia****

Roh snapped his jaws at the Demon as she sneered at him during their passing. Her introduction had contained a certain degree of tension, but that was no doubt just because it was the Demon. She had an air about her that he'd noticed was always around her, even when he wasn't her centre of attention. The way she walked, held herself and gazed at those around her was constantly supported by undertones of barely contained cold anger. While a strange way of describing it, it was how Roh saw it. The Demon wasn't openly aggressive all the time as he'd witnessed, but she kept it hidden and passive under her seemingly uncaring demeanour. It had been evident with her quick speech and even more so, however, few had noticed and Roh believed the only reason he did was because he knew the Demon. As much as he was loathed to admit it, he was the closest living person to understand how she worked.

"Lastly, this is Roh Rithinee," the Human Major introduced him, his pronunciation not quite right, but Roh let it slide. Now was not the time for him to pick at a Human's speech when he was surrounded by them and a Demon.

As the Major stepped off to the side Roh continued his journey forwards. A sea of curiosity that wasn't without its wryness greeted him during his steps. There were a couple of wide eyes at his appearance, which didn't surprise him. These Humans may have alien allies, but it was evident that they'd never seen a biological alien such as him.

"Greetings, I'm Roh'Rithinee," He spoke carefully, keeping his speech as clear as he could as he grappled his mandibles around his words. "I'm a Sangheili."

There were a few murmurs of "he's even bigger than her" that made Roh stifle a grin, without a doubt they would not recognise the expression. After the initial excitement his audience drifted into silence and with a loss of anything to say, but wanting to fill the gap, Roh asked if anyone had any questions. It was perhaps a mistake because a fair few people made themselves known. He glanced over to

the Major who gave him an encouraging nod. Roh returned the gesture neutrally as he briefly mulled over what the Major had said.

The brown haired human hadn't implicated him in anyway, instead he'd explained the basis of the true situation and then edited it. Roh wasn't sure why the Major had decided not to allow his men to hate him, but Humans were difficult creatures. Now, because of the way the Major had explained it, Rob was no more an outsider then their Construct allies. The Demon, on the other hand, appeared to be struggling with her people. It was evident to him why, being a Demon made her difficult to approach. He knew this from the reports he'd read and while there were few of them, what he had seen was detailed. Demons were also a big concern to the Covenant, especially when there were multiple or _The Demon_.

Before he allowed his mind to wonder any further, Roh focused his eyes on a grinning Human female. He nodded at her to voice her question and a mild expression of surprise fluttered over her face before the expression turned curious.

"What's _your_ home like?" She accentuated the word 'your', her eyes twinkling with barely contained interest as she did. Roh chuckled quietly, unnoticed tension leaving his body as he did. He hadn't realised how his muscles had coiled instinctively, because it was just a natural reaction when surrounded by Humans. But, now it was different and he couldn't act on his previous instincts. So much more was at stake than his waning disdain for Humanity. Doing something foolish and unnecessary now would only further condemn his people and prevent him from saving them from the lies of the Prophets. He felt his laugh fade at the thought and so not as to think on it any further he answered the Human's question.

"Some might consider my home beautiful," Roh began, knowing there were a fair few who didn't like Sangheilious for various reasons. He pushed those thoughts away as he concentrate on what made his home so great and how he could relate it to the Humans. "It is unlike the Earth in almost every way. The days are always hot and even though my home was near the coast, the wind didn't ease it. As I mentioned to the Construct earlier, the land consists of burning colours of reds and oranges that were long ago flattened into plains or pulled into mountains. A lot of it is farmland, like Earth and we also have our own monuments to the Arbiters â€œleaders of our people- and the Gods." Roh stopped himself as he took in the fascinated faces of the soldiers before him. It was such a stark contrast to the other Humans. These ones had only heard of the wonders of space, they had yet to touch the stars as he had andâ€¦it was completely baffling.

A few more looked like they wanted to ask him more, but the Major intervened and gently moved his people onto something else.

"Alright guys, that's it from Roh. We've got a lot to fit in and not much time to do it. Roh will be around base, just don't swamp him," the Major said light heartedly, chuckling at the end as he gestured for Roh to walk back to his original position. The Major continued to speak as Roh moved himself away, although he had little chance to pay attention as the Demon was pinning him with a vicious stare. Roh huffed at her expression, but did little else to express his irritation while he resumed his position next to the Demon.

"You do little to help yourself Demon," he mused referencing her

distant and harsh attitude towards the new Humans. He knew that they weren't taking to her, the emotions were so obvious on their faces that even Roh could read them. Perhaps the Demon just didn't see it the way he did, but what he saw wasn't completely positive. There were a few who looked like they respected the Demon while most appeared distrustful, suspicious even. Although, Roh didn't blame them, the Demon hardly did anything to promote trust.

Out of the corner of his eye the Demon's head turned a fraction in his direction. Her scarred lips were flattened into a tense line as her harsh blue eyes were narrowed at him.

"They just don't know what you really are." She bit back at him, but she kept her voice low enough that only he could hear. The Major continued to speak about recent events and mentioned something about someone called Bumblebee paying a visit. Another name was mentioned, one that Roh recognised from the explanation the Construct called Optimus had given them. What the Major said was that the human boy called Sam may be accompanying the Construct, but the likelihood of that depended on the enemy activity in the province of the boy's dwelling.

"Perhaps, but you are only isolating yourself from your people. I would have thought you were smarter than to do that," Roy chuckled softly as the Demon's eyes became harsher and her lips tugged into a sneer.

"They're not my people, not really." Her tone was icy as she flickered her gaze to those gathered in the hangar. The arm tensed around the helmet that she always kept close to her as her eyes returned to him, as cold and distant as ever. "But, they're Humanity and I'll protect them from the likes of you until I leave."

Roh shook his head slightly at her. Could she not see that these Humans weren't that receptive of her actions? Despite his dislike towards the Humans it didn't mean Roh didn't understand them. Years of fighting against them and studying their weaknesses, for when he lead missions that required subtlety, had proved useful in understanding their behaviour. He could see that these Humans didn't need an untouchable, ferocious Demon to stand as their shield and sword. They needed something else, but as to what that was? It was beyond Roh's understanding of Humans.

"They appear capable of that without you, Demon." He mulled over his own words as he rebutted her, "Despite what they say, perhaps they don't need you."

His words were intentionally ambiguous and while he was referring to her viewpoint, he knew she would assume he meant her. Although he knew the Demon was unlikely to be deterred by his words he knew they would affect her. They'd turn her attention elsewhere and away from him, leaving him to hopefully live long enough to think over his fate. One thing he hadn't expected was to silence her. He'd been expecting a swift snapping response, but only silence lingered between the two of them as the Major continued his talk. His words on recent enemy activity were logged into Roh's mind as he studied the suddenly quiet Demon.

She made no indication that she was going to respond as she stared forwards at the Major. Her body was wrought with tension as she

breathed shortly though her dirt covered nose. The faint stench of sweat, blood and electricity hit him again, making him curious as to what the dried blue substance on her was. It was most likely blood, but it was like nothing he'd ever seen before. He made a note to ask the medical Construct another time and was about to consider his talk with the Demon over when she sudden spoke.

"They will," She growled, still keeping her tone strong despite how quiet she was. Anything Roh was about to say in response was halted as silence descended around them. The Major had paused in his speech, glancing at them from the corner of his eye before starting off again and mentioning them in the training plan for the week.

"Tomorrow, teams Delta and Foxtrot will be out with Knockout and Beachbreaker. You'll be faced off against 'Hide, Optimus and Longarm." A grin was on the Major's face as there were a few groans and laughs from his men. He answered them with a chuckle and a light, "good luck guys, you'll need it."

"Charlie will be looking into the emp mines some more," Roh watched as the Major nodded towards a brown haired woman. She responded with a small smile, which the Major continued from, "Alpha, Bravo, Echo, and Golf will be on the range rotation and running additional laps. Hotel and India will be on call. Juliet and Mike, you guys will be on patrol while Kilo and Lima work intelligence as usual. The rest of the rota will be in the usual place, which brings me to our new additions. Due to injury, Noble Six will not be participating, but she will be assigned to Charlie. Roh is still under consideration and will not be assigned to anyone for a while."

There was an excited "yes!" from the Human who the Major had nodded to earlier. There were a few grumbles while others clapped the woman on her back. She was grinning widely at the news, which made Roh curious as to why this woman was so glad to have the Demon. He looked over at the Demon, but her face gave away nothing and remained as stoic as ever. A crease in her brows formed as she noticed his gaze, the muscles in her jaw flexing as she clenched her teeth together. Although, that was the only response he received and decided it was best not to push her. Demons were volatile beings and with his current disadvantage, incurring her wrath was not advisable.

With the Major apparently finished the meeting drew to a close. The Humans began to filter out of the room in one main direction, which led Roh to believe it was now their meal time. A few of the Constructs departed out of the hangar and down the road behind it. Their tires squealing as they left, leaving the smells off burning rubber drifting in his direction. Three remained and were exchanging glances between each other. A frown was prominent on the medic's face while the black one had a roguish grin on his face. Their leader glanced between them, his eyes shining with brief amusement before it eased away.

"Ratchet will take you back to the med bay, unless you want to eat with us?" The Major called to Roh as he made his way over. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed the Demon stiffen, however her face remained unreadable.

Roh considered the offer briefly. Eating with others would be an interesting event, even if it was Humans. Although, Roh wasn't sure if he was that desperate for company that wasn't the Construct,

perhaps even the Construct wanted a break from him. While he admired the Humans to some extent, he wasn't about to forget everything and dine with them. He hummed to himself before sighing and nodding to the Major.

"I will join you, if I may," he said. "No doubt the Construct tires of my 'brooding'."

The Major chuckled in response before commenting, "can't imagine you brooding in Ratchet's med bay. What about you Six?" he turned to the Demon as he addressed her. In response she swept her free hand across her body, adding to the gesture with a simple comment.

"Lead on, Sir." There wasn't any malice behind the words, but as Roy caught her gaze he could see it in her eyes. It was only there for a second before she blinked it away and the familiar cold blue of the Demon's eyes returned. Whether or not the hatred was aimed at the Major was something Roy couldn't determine. He doubted it was as the Demon had little reason to hate the Major, however, the mind of a Demon was not something easily predicted.

17. Born To Die

Heyy all! I'm sorry this took so long, but I've been spending most of my time doing my dissertation, which I handed in today, YAY! The next update should be around the end of this month as I have no more assignments after then :)

Thanks to gwb99 for betaing :D

Thankyou for all the reviews, favs and follows, they mean a lot!

****TheEliteDucky:**** I glad you enjoy them so much, apologies for the lack of updates. Y'know I went back over it and though the same when I realised how little time had passed :p

****B312:**** Thankyou, I'm always a bit unsure if I'm getting the original character's in character :L hope you had a good new year and Holidays, even if it was a while ago :p

****Telron:****Thankyou! It should start to pick up soon and there will be a few timeskips coming up.

****Lycaon117:****Glad you think so, thing with Six is this is how she's chosen to deal with everything that's been thrown at her. She was probably a nice kid when she was younger, but losing everything and then being encouraged to channel it into killing things kinda had this effect.

****Guest:****Now you will know :p

****PVonTuckIII:****I know what you mean about Six, and yeah the Spartan's are professionals, but in a way Six is an exception. She's not insubordinate and she'll do whatever it takes to achieve her mission, but that's also her problem. Perhaps her xenophobia is exaggerated, but she was literally shuffled from a warzone to the planet she's been taut is the centre of Humanity, only to find there're aliens there. She's angry and frustrated for a few reasons

and they're the most reasonable thing for her to take it out on.

****Ryan: **Thank you! :D**

****Unholy Prophet0060: **Yeah! In a way that's one of the reasons I've made her like this as usually characters I come up with are pretty compassionate and such. Thankyou, I hope you like this one :)**

****Sparta47: **Here ya go.**

****helkil:** Haha, I think eventually some will get it, but others aren't going to be so quick to give up on her. As for finding out her real past...we'll just have to see :P**

****Jack Cypher Vex: **Thank you, hope you enjoy it :)**

.

Born To Die

Noble Six

Six was currently sat in a corner of the mess hall. The bright lights that illuminated the room did little to help her hide in the shadows. Numerous soldiers chatted around her, she caught a few snippets of their conversations. Her exploits of the day appeared to be a prime topic, as well as Guardian and the hinge-head. The words spoken about her were a mix of awe and irritation, clearly her desire for distance wasn't appreciated. Most of the soldiers were scattered on multiple tables except hers. She'd made sure no one would sit with her, being frosty to anyone who came near and doing little to encourage it as she avoided looking at anyone. Her tactics certainly worked, much to the chagrin of the Major who'd been occasionally glancing in her direction when she hadn't sat with him and the hinge-head. Blue eyes narrowed at the thought as they glanced at the hinge-head, after everything she'd told him, she couldn't believe the Major was breaking bread with the bastard. How could he look past it all? How could he just forget the murder and slaughter that the hinge-head had taken part in? Exhaling deeply, Six pushed away her finished plate. Despite her less than balanced thoughts, it's wasn't effecting her appetite, but then again, there was no reason it should.

Just as her eyes settled on her empty tray movement in her peripheral vision had them snapping back up. They instantly landed in a familiar head of dark hair and she refrained from sighing. Before her stood White, a tray of food was cradled in her arms while a large grin graced her lips.

"Figured you could use some company," she said by way of explanation as she took a seat opposite Six. "Apparently you've been giving everyone death glares, not the best way to take friends. Surprised Captain Hughes hasn't tried to grab you yet..." she scanned the room quickly before 'ahhing' in realisation. "Must've been called away again."

Six remained silent as she allowed the woman to ramble and quickly began to gather her things. White must've noticed Six's haste because she sent her a hurt look.

"Am I really that bad of a person to talk to?"

"I have things to attend to," Six murmured as she gradually got to her feet. Her stiff aching muscles protested while her no longer number wounds moaned at her. Gritting her teeth, she ignored it all and reached out to grab her tray when White spoke to her again.

"Six," White began, her emotional eyes raising to look at Six. The Spartan stilled for a moment, allowing the woman to say what she needed to. "If you ever want to chat, I'll be willing..." the woman smiled a little in understanding before continuing, "even though you said you don't do talking. Yeah?"

"Affirmative." With that said Six moved away and disposed of her tray. She made sure to avoid any that looked like they wanted to question her. People asking questions about an event they knew nothing about was not something she was interested in. Idle chat was also an activity she didn't partake in, she didn't need to, and while White's offer was kind, it was misplaced. Six wasn't someone who required frequently nonsensical communication, orders and reports were the only information she needed; not a person's favourite colour.

After leaving the mess hall and managing to avoid any small talk, Six decided to stop in on Guardian before retiring to her room. She found the orb in his ship that was still parked on the side of the tarmac runway with the rest of the aircrafts. The sun had well and truly set and the cool night air was pleasant on her skin as she walked over to the glowing blue ship. What she found the inhabitant doing made her curious, as he was surrounded by the crates of the materials he'd collected and hovering over a steaming metal container. Her ears managed to pick up the small noises of the popping of liquid bubbles as she drew closer, the air around her gradually getting hotter as she did. It was so hot in fact that she could already feel sweat beading on her forehead and clamming up her hands.

"My apologies for the heat, Reclaimer," Guardian said as he evidently noticed her body's rise in temperature. "I did not expect you to return until tomorrow and while the majority of the heat is being syphoned away, the Liberator is still slightly damaged."

"What're you doing?" She asked, cocking her head slightly as to get a better look at the contents of the container.

There was a metallic hum from him before he answered, "I've temporarily redirected the power from the engines here, so I can successfully melt and combine the metals into a workable form. From there I shall repair your armour and the remainder shall be used to create parts for our slipspace engine."

There were so many questions on the tip of her tongue, but she contained herself. Asking so much at once would probably set the orb on edge, as he already appeared touchy about revealing anything to her. Instead she nodded to his statement and asked him one question.

"What're you using?"

"There are numerous elements within the mixture, but do not threat, Reclaimer. I shall forward any relevant information to your Ancilla," there was a small pause and she opened her mouth to say more when he spoke again. "Which reminds me, there are fragments from the armour's previous Ancilla and it may be possible to integrate them into yours. This would be a significant upgrade from its current limited abilities."

Six frowned at his change of subject as well as the idea of AI 'fragments' lingering in the armour. What had been so destructive to the owner that even their AI was reduced to fragments? Perhaps integrating them into Dot would give her an answer to that, so long as it didn't have an adverse effect on Dot.

"Would it damage Dot?"

"No, your Ancilla will remain intact. Now, perhaps you should retire for the day," Guardian hedged as he floated over to an unopened box. "You appear to need the respite."

Six nodded and began to leave the ship, but an important question made itself know and she decided to ask it before she left. "Before I go, how are you going to make a Splispace engine? The technology doesn't exist here and-"

Guardian cut her off, "I have the knowledge, but I will likely need the aid of the Ancilla Hybrids."

He didn't sound happy at the prospect, but neither was Six. She didn't like the fact that they were going to have to share important information and technology with a group of aliens she barely trusted. However, there's little she could do about it apart from suck it up, if she wanted to get back she's going to have to let them help and considering Guardian's disdain for them, he'd certainly keep an eye on them.

"Do what you must," was all she answered, letting him know that she agreed with his resentment towards the idea. She doesn't wait for a reply as she continued down the ramp of the ship, thankful that the nights on this island were reasonably cool. As she relaxed into the cool sensations a small sting spiked through her side. Her teeth instantly snapped together as she refrained from touching the point of origin and forced herself to walk through it. It soon eased away, leaving an uncomfortable ache in its wake.

The hallways are quite as she takes the memorised walk back to her room. On the way she mulled over the upgrade for Dot and wondered what the AI thought about the prospect. It was probably a pointless thought as Dot didn't particularly have opinions, because they were more like predetermined protocols, which influenced her decision. There was nothing emotional about Dot, not a lot anyway, as there were moments where she did appear to express some sympathy.

"Dot," Six murmured as she briefly flicked her eyes down to her helmet.

"Yes, Noble Six?" the reply came through the helmet's speakers as it always did. The same monotone voice echoing down the corridor as she turned onto the final stretch before her room.

"What do you think about an upgrade? Using fragments from a Forerunner AI?" Six kept her voice quite, despite the fact that the area around her was empty.

There was little pause before Dot spoke, her voice as unwavering as ever, "As long as there is not a possibility for a breach in UNSC security, then I shall agree. It would greatly improve my ability to aid you and interface with the new armour."

With a small smile Six pushed open the door to her room, allowing the door to clang shut before she answered her AI companion. "It'll be fine, I'll make sure of it."

There was no reply from Dot and Six flickered the lights for her room on. The bright light assaulted her eyes, but they quickly adjusted and she made her way over to her bed. Setting the battered helmet down on her bed, she then proceeded to unlace and kick off her blood caked boots. Deciding to clean them after her shower Six swiftly grabbed a towel and some sleeping clothes and marched into the shower room.

After hanging her towel up and depositing her clothes in a place they wouldn't get wet, she turned one of the knobs round and the shower started up. It wasn't long before steam filled the room and by the time she'd discarded her dirty clothes in a heap, the water was pleasantly hot. Without hesitation she stepped into the hot water, flinching slightly when it ran down her gauze covered gash.

As she washed she took care to make sure as little water as possible came into contact with the gauze. While doing that she managed to clear off the remainder of the dirt and blood from her body. A small grin graced her face as she did, her eyes watching as the proof of her protecting humanity was washed down the drain. When the last of the alien blood flowed away her thoughts drifted to how strange it all was. The routine of the place was wrong to her, having stable warm meals every day was not something she could get used to, let alone having shower and sleeping in a warm bed "without armour. A frown eased onto her face as her hands scrubbed at a particularly hard piece of grime. She found it all nice, but it just wasn't her. Being out there protecting Humanity and fighting their battles was her, because she couldn't think of anything she'd rather be doing. Humanity was worth everything she had and she wouldn't ever give up being a Spartan, as they needed her; they needed Spartans and Soldiers. The dirt she'd been scrubbing at finally came loose and a tiny smile eased onto her face. She then turned off the shower and after drying and dressing herself she returned to her room to search for something to clean her boots with.

It wasn't long before she found something in one of the cabinets. With the polish, brush and clean cloth in hand she grabbed her boots and sat next to Dot. She set one boot down on the floor while the other was laid on her lap, it's bumpy and grimy surface feeling rough under her hands. As she begins to scrub her boots she doesn't particularly think about anything, she just lets her mind drift as dried pieces of blood and dirt fall to the floor. Out of the corner of her eye she glances at her dog tags, attacking the dirt with more prejudice as she laments over how foolish it is to keep them. She'd never been sentimental before, why now? It would be easy to get rid of them, no doubt the UNSC had declared them all MIA when Reach fell. They'd never be KIA, no, Spartans didn't die, they were only ever

missing. She wasn't sure what she felt about the fact that her fellow Spartans didn't get a proper acknowledged death, but perhaps that's her answer; it simply didn't bother her.

Her hands continue scrubbing as she flips the boot. She didn't take her eyes off the dog tags, even as the lids become heavy, and she considers throwing them away. There're not something she needed to keep, just another thing to remind her of how bad things were back where she belongs. But, maybe that's what she needed. She needed a reminder so that she remembers not to get too close to the events here. It may be Earth, but it was not her Earth.

But you're already there, aren't you? Her mind reprimands her and she promptly ignores it. There's nothing to say she wouldn't leave tomorrow if she could. The only thing she'd have to do would be to kill the hinge-head. As for the aliens who now appeared so intent on capturing her? They'd all end up too busy fighting each other to remember her and today proved that staying was not really in the best interests of NEST. In fact, today proved that even if she wanted it, this place would never be her home. The people here were so caught up in trying to placate an alien faction that they didn't realise the true threat aliens could pose. Their disapproval towards her actions today was only further indication that they weren't willing to do what was necessary. They weren't committed enough to the cause.

She feels the boot she scrubbing slowly slip from her grip. She catches it before it hits the floor, but the incident tells her that she must be tried, even if her mind's running at a hundred miles an hour. With the boot in her grip reasonably clean of large chunks she picks up the other and continues her relentless scrubbing. Her trail of thought resumes too, as if she'd never faltered on it.

Six knew from experience that information could be the difference between life and death. Cole protocol was a good example, because without it, the Covenant would've long ago found Earth. Her arms filled with fatigue as she continued to scrub, causing her to frown; she wasn't that tired was she? Her tired eyes were testament to that and she noticed it more when she tore them away from the dog tags. She blinked repeatedly in an attempt to keep herself awake, she still had to see the Major, she couldn't do something as ridiculous as fall asleep. Her mind was still working overtime, but the rest of her appeared content to give into sleep.

In an attempt to keep herself awake she concentrated on her thoughts, hoping they would distract from the lull of sleep. It perhaps worked for a couple of minutes as she reflected over the fact that she didn't understand these people, their ways were so different and the sheer amount difference of it all felt so suffocating. The feeling of it all made her wonder that if she stayed too long she would lose who she was, not that she was easily influenced. But, she would have to accept their ways and she knew that was where it would begin. Afterwards, it would develop into more and she didn't see the benefits in accepting the way they felt towards aliens. She enjoying being who she was because she knew it made her a good soldier. It allowed her not to get attached and separate her emotions from the situation. It- her mind drew a blank as her eyes refused to stay open and the boot in her hand slipped from her grasp again. A look of annoyance began to creep onto her face, but it didn't have time to take hold as she attempted to blink herself awake, only to have her eyes stay shut. Sleep was quick to take her fatigued body and she was

out before she fell back onto the bed.

~/~

Will Lennox

It was almost eleven by the time he managed to get to Six's quarters. He knew she'd be in her room because even though he'd only known her a short time, she didn't seem to be the type to socialise with others freely. He would've arrived sooner, but her presence wasn't being as easily accepted as he'd initially thought, unlike Roh's and Guardian's. Since introducing her and the others it had been busy and he'd been busy attending to peoples questions; not that he minded. He knew she wasn't happy about what he'd said and he'd kept it purposely near the truth, even if it had adverse effects on her. Segregating Roh would've been all too easy, but he wasn't that kind of person and from what all the Bots had said he appeared genuinely repentant. Will trusted the Bots and if they said Roh deserved another chance, then he was willing to give it.

Six on the other hand didn't appear to see things that way, but he understood as much as he could. He just hoped that she'd come around eventually, although he doubted she would. Today's events had shown him that she wasn't just a girl who'd been a soldier for just under a decade, there was more to it. The experience she'd told him didn't add up to the fact that she'd managed to take out two 'Cons. Alone. She'd even had time to interrogate one and then live through a tangle with Barricade afterwards. While everyone was impressed with her work, the torture he and the others had walked into was not something they could easily forget. The deep energon blue that coated her body had only made the wide gleeful grin on her face all the more haunting as she'd stared down at the immobilised 'Con. He hadn't been able to see her eyes because of the shadows cast over her face, but he had a feeling that they wouldn't be pretty.

Talk about the incident had spread too, among both 'Bots and Humans. Everyone was wary of her now and Will felt a similar feeling towards her. He knew she hadn't told him everything, but until now he thought she'd spilled more than she really had. Her reaction towards the death of Carter hadn't helped her reputation either. Everyone at base was almost as close as family and to witness a reaction such as Six's was disturbing. White had appeared to be the only one to appreciate Six's lack of reaction, much to the chagrin of everyone else. Although, it appeared the woman's friendliness had gotten her burnt with repeated dismissals from Six.

He sighed as he reached her door, the past two days hadn't been easy and today was possibly the worst. Losing a valued comrade was not something Will ever thought he'd get used to. Ringing the family was always the hardest part and when he'd done it before his meeting with the Lieutenant General, he'd felt like the worst person in the universe. As soon as he'd told them who he was they known, he'd told them as much as he could, trying to be as compassionate yet distant as possible. He hadn't wanted to encourage any tears from the husband on the other end and had therefore kept the call short but informative.

He quickly knocked on the door of her room, preparing himself to give her the speech he'd been preparing for her on his way down. The reaction he'd probably get wasn't likely to be positive, but after

talking it over with Optimus and her new team leader -Captain Hughes- they'd all agreed that it was for the best. A frown eased onto his face when there was no sound from the other side and he slowly eased the door open, not expecting the sight before him.

Lying on the bed, looking unbelievably peaceful was Six. She barely made a noise as her pale form slowly breathed in and out. Her scarred face was relaxed as she faced the helmet she never let out of her sight. A pair of boots lay messily next to her bed, as if she'd been attempting to clean them before falling asleep. Will smiled a little, as he continued to take her in and soon came to realise that she looked so young. Now that her face wasn't swamped with bitterness and the aura of hostility that surrounded her was gone, she looked like any other Human being. Deciding it was best to let her sleep, Will eased out of her room, still surprised at how young and serene she looked. The feeling made him wonder how she could be so cold and aggressive, it also made him question what she'd really been through to make her like that. As he clicked the door shut he decided it was best for him to have a small meeting with all the Autobots before calling it a night.

~/~

He found Optimus out on the air strip and it wasn't long before the rest of the 'Bots joined them. There were only eight of them on Earth, seven were stationed at the base because Bumblebee was looking out for Sam. All the 'Bots were of varying sizes, but their leader was without a doubt the tallest and most talented on the battlefield. That didn't mean that the others weren't, Will had seen them all in action at least once to know that he was glad they were on the same side. Beachbreak and KnockOut were the only two they'd had from space so far while Longarm arm and Salvage had been a by-product from the All Spark.

"Thanks for coming guys," Will sent them all a grin as he looked up at them.

"It is our pleasure, Major Lennox," Optimus answered for all the 'Bots.

"I guess Optimus has filled you all in about why you're here?" The 'Bot in question nodded, but said nothing as it was Knockout who spoke up.

"You want to talk to us about Six," KnockOut's tone of voice held a hint of venom at the woman's name. Will nodded in answer, not surprised at the unfriendly tone coming from the hot-headed 'Bot. He knew KnockOut had been at the brunt of Six's dislike of aliens for most of the day, which was bound to incite some anger.

Will grimaced as he answered, "yeah...I know she's difficult, but-

"But what?" Knockout interrupted, his eyes blazing with anger as he spoke. "We should just-

Knockout stopped as Optimus put a calming hand on his shoulder. Will relaxed a little as Knockout eased back, but his eyes still blazed a bright white blue. He looked up at Optimus, confusion seeping into his furious features.

"Optimus? You cant- She's nothing like them!" Knockouts voice was low and quiet. But, that didn't stop his fury from seeping though as he spluttered his disbelief at Optimus.

"She'll come around, she just needs time to adjust," Optimus said diplomatically. Will rose a brow at the Autobot Commander, curious as to why he was so certain about her future acceptance. Ratchet appeared to agree with his sentiment to some extent as the Medic snorted.

"Optimus, you can't believe that. She's unreasonable and unstable, what we have seen from her previous battles only proves this. She's seen world's collapse and her people slaughtered, not to mention the 'enhancements' she's received." Ratchet had his arms crossed as he listed off his disputes. He was anything but aggressive to Optimus, although that didn't mean there wasn't any force behind his words.

"Have we not been through similar events, old friend?" Was Optimus' counter.

Ratchet nodded before pinching the bridge of his nose and sighing, "But we have not become consumed by it like she has."

"Then, perhaps we should help her move though her tragedies? Show her that she can be an effective warrior, but not at the cost of herself."

"She's already a damn good fighter," Ironhide chipped in with a huge grin. The grin faltered a moment later, "but, there's a couple of things she can work on."

"Like not torturing 'Cons?" Will's eyes flicked to Knockout. He remembered all to well what they were talking about and it had partly been the reason for him wanting to talk to her.

"She tortured one of them?" Beachbreaker contributed with a tone of disbelief. Optimus, on the other hand, frowned as he watched the conversation continue.

Ironhide chuffed, "sure did, not that I mind watching the fraggers squirm..."

Optimus had sent Ironhide a stern look, to which the scarred warrior had trailed off describing his slight approval towards Six's actions.

"Ironhide..." Optimus reinforced his rebuttal with words. The large scarred mech held his hands up in surrender and his roguish grin fell away. Optimus nodded in satisfaction before he looked down at Will and asked his permission, "May I?"

A smile broke out on his face as he responded to the Autobot leader, "go ahead."

With a bow of his metal head Optimus relayed his gratitude as he moved so he could face his men. While he moved Ironhide's large metal hand reached out to Will in invitation. Without hesitation Will stepped onto the outstretched hand and soon found himself holding on

as he was whisked through the air. Ironhide then nudged Will onto his shoulder where he quickly got comfortable next to a large piece of metal.

"When it comes to Noble Six and her accomplices we must not forget where they're from. You've all seen what their home is like and while it does not excuse their actions, it should allow us to understand and show them compassion. Like us they're far from home and on a world that is much unlike theirs. Even Noble Six who is Human is no exception to this. Her actions today only showed us how large the divide between our worlds are." From his vantage point Will could see a slight frown on Optimus' face as his gravelly voice rolled through the empty Autobot hangar. "We must show her that not all aliens are the same. Even when she lashes out, we cannot allow that to deter us because she probably feels alone and angry at her apparently helpless situation."

"I don't understandâ€¦" Longarm's words were so quiet Will almost didn't hear him. The bulky white and blue Autobot had a frown on his face as his tow cable hung dejectedly over his shoulder. Before anyone could ask him what the problem was, he spoke again, his voice more confused than ever. "I don't understand how anyone could do that and how she could become so cruel from it. Knockout told me what happenedâ€¦.and after all the horrible events that've happened to her, how can she want to inflict that on another being?"

Will could now see why Longarm was having a problem. From experience he knew how the 'Bot got when talking about the 'Cons. It wasn't that he got angry, instead he got confused. He'd always exclaimed how he couldn't figure out how the 'Cons could be so angry and treacherous. Will had never been sure what to respond and had figured that Longarm would just need some time to adjust. But, he doubted the 'Bot would ever truly adjust. Longarm was a nice guy, he was always happy to help anyone and while he wasn't as capable in combat as the others, he never left anyone behind.

"I believe Six's experiences are the reason she acts the way she does. It may also be down to her training as she has suggested to the notion of being around the military for much of her lifeâ€¦.Yes, old friend?" Optimus finished by sending a questioning gaze towards Ratchet.

The Autobot's Chief Medical Officer had a frown on his face, which didn't ease, even as he spoke, "I could determine more solid facts on her life. If I could scan her augmentations more thoroughly, I could determine when she received them." Ratchet sent Will an apologetic look, "not that I'm devaluing your judgment, Will, but she has yet to prove we can really trust her."

"I'd be worried if you didn't but, I want to trust her, she just needs to prove that we can," he admitted. "Also, hopefully she starts to trust us, especially you guys."

The Autobot's nodded in agreement, all knowing far too well how Six was around aliens. Even though she'd only been around for just over a day, news about her spread like crazy. Will himself wasn't sure how he felt about her. He had a lot of mixed feelings when it came to her and it wasn't just her persona, but her age. Seeing her asleep had only reinforced how young she was and made him feel all the more uncomfortable for pushing her to join.

General Morshower shared some of his hesitancy towards Six. While he was impressed by her, her mental state made him wary and had him asking for tabs to be kept on her. Doing so was difficult without attracting her attention, so he'd sent Optimus to partially do the job. The 'Bot in question wasn't all that bothered about watching her, but that didn't stop it from wearing on him. Will knew Optimus was finding her difficult, although she didn't appear to be faring that much better. Given what little he knew about her, he could only wonder how long it would be before cracks started forming in her psych. That was of they did at all, and if they didn't then it only made Will all the warier of her machine-like personality.

"For someone such as her, I'm afraid it will take much longer than we expect and even then it may be false. All we can trust in for the moment is her motives," Optimus rumbled softly. His eyes were showing their ever present regret that seemed to have been added to since meeting Six. "Guardian is one I do not trust, he must be watched closely as I fear he hides ulterior motives from all of us."

Will nodded in agreement, he too had a strange feeling in his gut whenever Guardian was around. He wasn't sure how Six felt towards him as she gave so little away when it came to her home, but she appeared to trust him to some degree. The other 'Bots also seemed to hold similar sentiments as they murmured in agreement. Longarm being one to mention with a shudder that he got a bad feeling from the orb, one that made his spark turn cold.

As silence fell over them all, Will decided it was time to wrap the small meeting up, "Anyone else want to add?"

"I believe we have discussed all we can on Noble Six," Optimus was the one to answer as he looked over each of his men to check. No one spoke up and Will felt a sombre feeling roll over him as Ironhide shifted under him slightly.

"I'll bring her to see you after our meeting tomorrow, Ratchet," as he spoke Ironhide brought his hand around and silently put Will on the floor. Will glanced back up to his large friend and found the brief smile he was about to plaster on his face wiped away by the expression on Ironhide's face. Even though Ironhide's face wasn't easy to read, the hardness in his optics and the tense set in his jaw told Will all he needed to know; something was bothering him. In an attempt to discover what was wrong, Will sent him a quick questioning look. The large being indicated his head to the left in a half shake that insisted it wasn't a problem for discussing.

Ratchet hummed in agreement, "yes, besides her injuries need to be checked and monitored; today must've taken its toll on her body."

Will nodded while Optimus finished up and dismissed everyone. Gears shifted and metal slid into place as a few of them transformed, accompanied by the quiet thuds off Ratchet and Beachbreak walking out by foot. There was a moment of silence that was broken by the creaking of metal as Optimus leaned towards him. He looked up at the tall, red and blue 'Bot, curiosity and confusion welling on his face.

"Best get some rest, Will," the soft blue optics of Optimus rotated a

little as his smooth voice sailed through the night air. "You've done all you can to make her feel welcome, the rest is up to her, we cannot force her to accept us."

"I know," he ruffled some of his hair in frustration. But, he knew Optimus was right and he could only hope that Six would eventually come around. "And you're right, see you tomorrow Optimus."

"Goodnight, Will."

With a smile and a nod to each other both Will and Optimus departed from the hangar in separate directions. As he left the hangar he made a quick call to one of the Captains of the night squads and gave him a quick update. Although, what was supposed to be a short call turned into one that lasted half an hour, as he had numerous questions. Will didn't mind though, he never liked keeping his men in the dark and with the way the night squad rotations went, it was sometimes difficult. By the end of the call everything appeared to be up to date with the Captain and Will was finally able to get some shut eye.

End
file.